This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

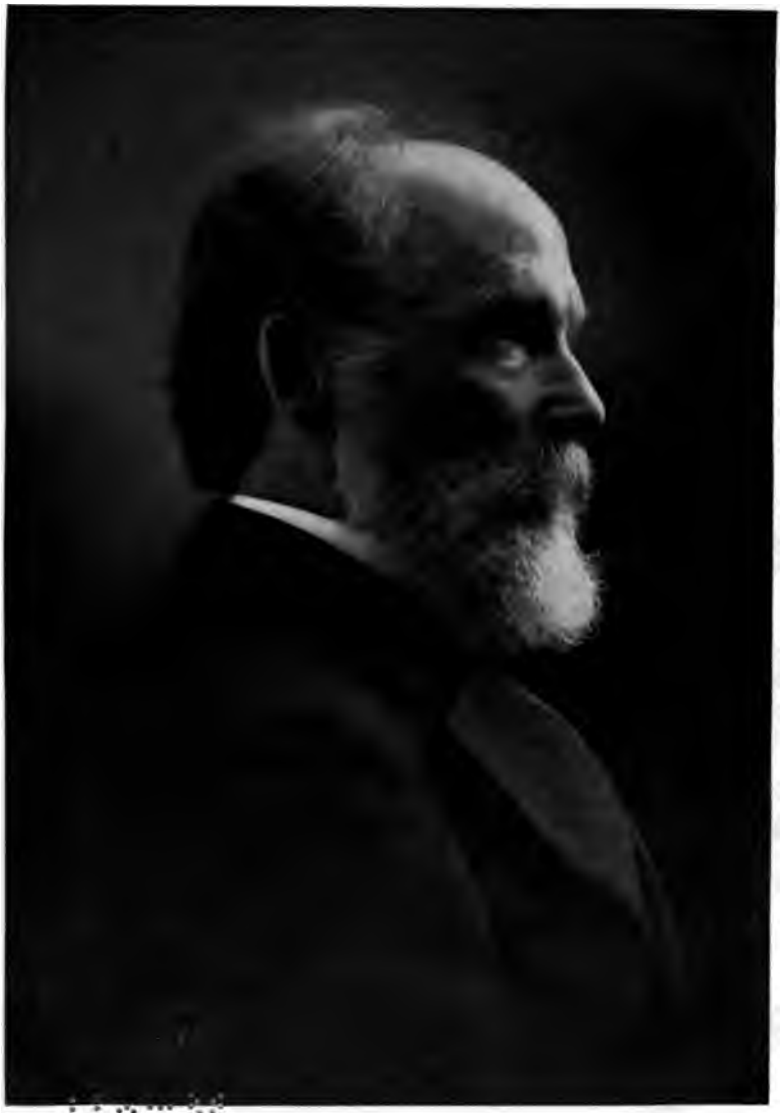
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 961,933

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
LIBRARIES
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
1817

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
LIBRARIES
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
1817



MOSES COIT TYLER

MOSES COIT TYLER

1833–1900

SELECTIONS FROM
HIS LETTERS AND DIARIES

MADE AND EDITED BY
JESSICA TYLER AUSTEN

ILLUSTRATED

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
MCMXI

828
T983
A9

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, INCLUDING THAT OF TRANSLATION
INTO FOREIGN LANGUAGES, INCLUDING THE SCANDINAVIAN

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

PREFACE

The following material, which might in a very broad sense be called an autobiography, is made up, as is indicated on the title page, of selections from the letters and diaries of Moses Coit Tyler. When they were written, there was doubtless no thought of publication. There are long silences in the diaries and no attempt has been made to fill these. The only desire has been to let my father tell in his own language as continuous a story of his life as possible. The words in brackets are the editor's, all the rest are my father's. I wish to thank, in addition to the members of my own family for help and advice, Miss Lilian Whiting.

Ithaca, N. Y. *J. T. A.*

237062

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Parentage, Birth, and Early Life, 1794–1854	3
II.	1854–1863	7
III.	1863–1866	23
IV.	1867–1869	34
V.	1870–1871	46
VI.	1871–1872	64
VII.	1873–1875	77
VIII.	1876–1879	97
IX.	1880–1881	107
X.	1882	125
XI.	1883	177
XII.	1884	188
XIII.	1885–1886	198
XIV.	1886–1887	204
XV.	1888	211
XVI.	1889	234
XVII.	1890	252
XVIII.	1891–1894	266
XIX.	1895–1897	280
XX.	1898	302
XXI.	1899–1900	315

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Moses Coit Tyler	*Frontispiece*
Moses Coit Tyler at the age of eight	4
Elisha and Mary Tyler	224
Miss Jeannette H. Gilbert	282

MOSES COIT TYLER

Moses Coit Tyler

CHAPTER I

PARENTAGE, BIRTH, AND EARLY LIFE

1794 — 1854

MOSES COIT TYLER was born August 2, 1835, at Griswold, Conn., and died December 28, 1900, at Ithaca, N. Y. His father, Elisha Tyler, captain in the War of 1812, was born at Griswold, Conn., November 2, 1794, and died at Detroit, Mich., February 5, 1857. His mother, Mary Greene, of Quaker stock, was born August 18, 1807, at Scituate, R. I., and died February 2, 1894. Elisha and Mary were married March 9, 1830, and had nine children, Moses being the fourth child.

"It is the voice of tradition," according to a statement of Elisha Tyler's, "that during the early settlement of New England three brothers, named Nathaniel, Abraham, and Job, coming from England, landed at Plymouth, and after a little delay seated themselves on a log, partook of their refreshments, arose, embraced and kissed each other; then each went his way, and it saith not that they ever again met."

This was about 1653. One settled in Virginia, to which stock John Tyler, President of the United States, is said to have belonged; one in the New Haven Colony, and one in Andover. From the latter stock was born James, son of Job and Hope-still, who afterward removed to and settled at Preston, near

Griswold. Moses Coit Tyler belonged to this latter branch, and was the eighth generation from Job.

Elisha Tyler was an only son with five younger sisters.

Moses Coit Tyler writes, upon reading some of his father's letters, that "they give an impression exceeding what I ever before had of the intellectual grasp and the literary ability of my father. It is tragic to think that in his early life he longed to go to college, to take a profession, and that his father and mother refused, apparently, on the ground that he was the only son and must stand by them on the farm. He would have made a name in the world and would have been a power for good. He was a high-minded man always."

It was not until after the death of his father that Elisha was able to extricate himself from home ties; and it was not until his thirty-sixth year that he married and migrated to the West. In a letter to his son Moses, he said: "I proposed this to my father. He said he was too old to remove; that I was the only son; that duty required me to remain during his life; that when he died I might go if I chose. I accordingly remained on the old homestead, always wishing to go to a more fertile region, but saw no way to do it and keep peace in the family and discharge what I believed to be duty."

Late in life he writes pathetically of his failures: "In all my pecuniary transactions I have used my better judgments to secure a fortune, but now have to lament that at the age of sixty-two I find myself and family poor, and nothing very prosperous at hand for the future of any of us. From my present standpoint I can look back and see how some of my mistakes occurred which have proved so disastrous, and can as easily see how a different course would have given me possession of millions. You will probably ask why I should thus mistake. I say I did as well as I knew how."

In 1837 the removal of the family to the West began. The

MOSES COIT TYLER
EIGHT YEARS OLD
PAID FOR WITH THE FIRST MONEY HE
EARNED DRIVING THE COWS TO PASTURE

long journey was undertaken by easy stages and long halts, as it was a time of no railroads and the easiest mode of conveyance was by the Erie canal. They first went to Constantia, N. Y., which was reached after a journey, mostly by water, of two days.

Constantia is situated on the west shore of Oneida lake. Elisha Tyler's interest in that place was in a furnace company of which he became a member. They remained there only a short time, when he made known his intention of going still farther west, and of visiting Marshall, Mich. There was quite an opening at this time in Marshall and its vicinity for the erection and use of flour mills.

The prospect of having some interest in one of these mills or of owning one was his chief inducement for taking this long and tedious journey. But he felt that his faithful Pompey, brought all the way from Connecticut, was equal to the occasion, and accordingly he performed this journey in his own conveyance. They lived consecutively in Burlington, Union City, and Detroit. To this latter place, which was the last move ever made by Elisha Tyler, in mid-winter of the year 1843 he drove in a sleigh, "taking with him all his family, excepting Charles, who went afoot to drive the cow, a distance of about one hundred and twenty-five miles. In that sleigh were placed very snugly the mother with her youngest child, John; then Edward and Olive and Moses and Susannah and Rowland. They had excellent sleighing the whole way, and were drawn by a single horse, the incomparable Pompey, who was lost and found not long after their arrival in what seemed to them the great and mighty city."

When Moses was fourteen years old his father wrote him: "You are aware that we can do but little, and that you will be under the necessity to rely principally on your own efforts; therefore you will understand that indolence you cannot afford to tolerate in any degree; that *dig, dig, dig* is the order of

the day for you. I should not urge you so if I did not love you and feel such a desire for your prosperity."

With this paternal injunction ringing in his ears, Moses Tyler set forth in 1849, a mere child, to make his way in the world. A cousin at this time wrote of him: "I think Moses has the most intellectual face in the family. He is determined to be a scholar at all events. We shall hear from him some time."

His struggles continued until his seventeenth year, when he was able to go to college. He went first to Michigan university, but remained there one year, going in the following year to Yale. His first letter, written a few days after his matriculation at the latter place, relates his experiences.

CHAPTER II

1854 — 1863

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MRS. DORCAS GREENE

New Haven, Sept. 12, 1854

MY DEAR AUNT:

I can hardly explain what twist or turn of the wheel of chance it was that the time I spent in Rhode Island passed away without my seeing you again after that flying call I made. I no more supposed that that should be my only visit with you than that I should fly from Cranston to New Haven in mid-air. But it did go by, and I left Rhode Island without taking a good look at you, for the little occasional squint I got of you that day was an aggravation rather than otherwise.

I have been here several days. Our term begins to-morrow and the students are pouring in at a numerous rate. It is probable that the coming class will be a very large one, and it is a singular fact that at no time since the foundation of old Yale itself have there been so many Southern students presented for admission. This is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that during the past few months many of the more influential journals of the South have denounced the college in the most unmeasured terms in consequence of the bold stand which was taken by the faculty in the Nebraska question. But the result of the outcry against the college seems not to correspond with the design. So it is that nothing is ever lost by taking a firm stand on all moral questions and by displaying moral courage and independence of character. . . . Your friend Thomas K. Beecher was in the city last Sabbath but did not preach. I saw him at a distance walking rapidly across the Green, with that long dark shawl of his (which belonged to Mrs. B.) trailing behind him in the wind. I sincerely regret having never made his acquaintance.

Affectionately, MOSES.

[During the first campaign of the Republican party in the summer of 1856, upon a visit home, Moses Tyler stumped the state, making political speeches for Fremont. These long journeys from New Haven to Michigan were not numerous, and the last one, made under painful circumstances in the winter of 1857, occurred during his senior year, after receiving a letter from his father which filled him with alarm.] Moses writes: "My father's letter written at Detroit was received by me at New Haven on Saturday evening, January 17; and, feeling assured that he was near the end of this earthly life, I instantly packed my travelling bag and started for Detroit via train to New York, in the midst of a tremendous snow storm. There I was snow-bound till the following Tuesday (20 Jan.), having for my fellow-prisoner my new friend, Andrew D. White, then on his way to Syracuse, ostensibly to deliver his lecture on *Russia*, but more particularly to see his beloved, whom he afterward married. When, at last, the train started, its progress was so slow that we were thirty hours in reaching Albany. By that time the track had been cleared, and I was enabled to get to Detroit by Friday afternoon, January 23. As to myself, I repeat what I have before remarked, that my coming to Detroit at this time is a cause of much gratification. It seemed a great journey and a great expense; but twenty years from now the thought of having seen my father once more and of having contributed a little to make his downward slope more happy, compared with these other considerations, will seem too big for expression."

[Moses Coit Tyler was graduated from Yale in 1857, and, having decided to become a minister, at once entered the Yale theological school, studying there, and, in the following year, at Andover, Mass.]

LETTERS FROM MOSES TYLER TO HIS MOTHER

Yale Seminary, August 15, 1858

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

It is Sabbath morning and I am enjoying a leisure and a rest that are latterly very rare for me upon this sacred day. The rain, for which the parched earth and the dust-browned city have been begging all the week, is coming down in thin, fine drops, distilling itself silently and yet swiftly with an incessant flow. Oh, how it comes! It is a glorious old northeaster, a watery emblem of constancy and perseverance. And I can scarcely express to you the pleasure I feel in being permitted to spend a quiet hour talking with my dearly cherished mother. I know you feel disappointed in not seeing me this summer, and I need not tell you how much I should rejoice, did all circumstances favor, to spend the summer with you. Yet it does not seem possible. And so I suppose we must just take it as it comes, living in hope of that good time coming when we shall see each other more. I have had many pressing invitations from western ministers to go West when I get ready to settle. And who knows what may turn up? How nice it would be for the mother and all her children to be living near each other once more.

And, my dearest mother, you must not give yourself up to sadness. I know how lonely you must feel at times. The widow's heart is the very type of desolation. And there are doubtless many things occurring in the friction of daily life to disturb and perplex and sadden. But cheer up, mother dear! Your lot is vastly happier than most. Every year now will tend to relieve you. As your children get settled in life they will find homes for you in so many spots, where each shall vie with the other in rendering your declining years peaceful and happy. We all love you, and with six loving children upon earth, you must not feel that you are alone.

I mentioned in my former letter your writing to my dear Jennie. When you do so it had better be in the same envelope with a letter to me, as that would seem less formal.

In little over three weeks I go to Andover, to spend the coming year. You will give me a letter before then, I trust.

Your affectionate son MOSES.

Andover, October 24, 1858

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

It happened that your good letter came while I was in the midst of the cares and toils of packing up my effects at New Haven and getting ready for moving. And I had put it down in my memorandum paper to reply immediately after I reached here, but as you see about six weeks have elapsed and I am only just getting about it.

I have not had any letters from the girls since my arrival here, and from Detroit nothing but a brief note of a few lines from Charlie. So I am even less posted than usual in regard to the recent movements of the beloved ones so far away.

I presume you have heard from my letters to others in the family how delightful a place Andover seems to me. My residence is most agreeable. So far as daily duties and natural scenery are concerned I have all that heart can desire. Everything is pleasant, genial, just to my fancy.

I often think of my dear mother and wish it were my privilege to see you oftener. It seems to me that the older I grow the more sacred become the names of home and dear kindred. I sometimes get to musing of past years, of the long, long ago, at Burlington and Union City and the Phillips House at Detroit, and the pottery, and copper stock, and of all those scenes, sad and happy, which filled up my childhood. And then the last six years appear to me like a dream, and I wake up and find all things changed, our home broken up, our beloved father and Eddy gone from us; and then ourselves so widely separated. I cannot realize that we are the same persons that lived and moved in that old familiar stage, ten and fifteen years ago, and I almost lose my old identity. But I know we are the same and I hope growing better and fitting ourselves for that blessed family gathering above. Though I have deferred writing so long, I yet hope that you will not imitate my example.

I want to hear from you very much. Tell me all about your health and your daily pursuits and feelings.

Give my love to Susy, Olive and Albert and John. Ah, when shall I be out of debt? Writing that last name brings with it

a twinge of conscience, for I have owed that dear boy a long time for the best letter he ever wrote.

In love, your son MOSES.

[Moses Coit Tyler's marriage to Miss Jeannette Hull Gilbert, of New Haven, took place on October 26, 1859, and of this event he writes, on October 10, to a bachelor uncle as follows:]

DEAR UNCLE EDWARD:

When I left you last May it was with the resolution good and strong that you should hear from me more frequently than in the past. But the harvest is past and the summer is ended and still I have not done it. And so now at last, in anticipation of an event which is to happen in New Haven on the 26th inst., I am driven, by all that is respectful and nephew-ly, to break the silence.

You know that an old writer saith something about its not being good for man to be alone. Of course, I do not quote this to you, under the supposition that you endorse the sentiment, but merely as an expression of my own condition. Sure am I, at least, it is not good for a parson to be alone, and that is at least one consoling evidence that parsons have one thing in common with human beings.

Now, Uncle Edward, if it is in your power and in your heart to shake off the confinement of home for a little airing in the outside world, come over to the Elm City and see us "do it."

Affectionately, MOSES.

[The following letter, written after their marriage by his friend Washington Gladden, was characterized by Moses Tyler as the funniest letter ever written. It was addressed to Charles Tyler, of Detroit, and is as follows:]

Nov. 11, 1859, Owego, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:

A man calling himself Moses Tyler and professing to be a brother of yours, who has been preaching in the Congregational church of this village for some time past, left this place for

New Haven on or about the 24th of October for the avowed purpose of getting married. On the 28th of October he wrote from Albany, saying that he had been married, and should leave that place for Niagara on his way to Detroit in about an hour. Since that time we have not heard from him. He is about five feet six inches high — broad shouldered — has very light hair — walks fast, and has the appearance of being in a hurry when in the streets. He has a youthful appearance — could not be taken to be more than twenty-one years old — and a stranger would consider him remarkably honest and disingenuous. When he left he wore a suit of black clothes and a black silk hat. It is not certain whether he wore any undershirt or drawers or not; his washerwoman has not been consulted.

For some time before he left, it was noticed that his deportment had greatly changed. He was often observed gazing intently upon the calendar which lay upon his table, and making incoherent remarks about some event of which he was apprehensive. The last night he remained with us his conduct was singularly mild and mysterious; and we are in great fear that he may have been led by some hallucination into danger, if not destruction. He spoke, when he went away, of visiting Niagara, and we are afraid he has been led to attempt to rival Blondin by carrying his wife (if he has one) across the river on his back. At all events, something has happened to him or we should have heard from him before this, as he promised us many times before he left that he would write soon and often. If we do not hear from him shortly we shall proceed to expose the effects which he has left behind him for public sale. They are as follows: One blue horse, four years old, with one watch eye and a great proclivity to oats; saddle, bridle, and whip, currycomb and brush; one overalls and shirt; half a bushel of oats, more or less hay; an old pair of boots; a shovel, a lamp; an old straw hat; a few quires of sermon paper, an inkstand, and some matches in a safe; about a quarter of a cord of wood, and a large circle of mourning friends.

Doubts having been expressed by his landlady and others of his being any connection of yours, and great anxiety being

felt in regard to his whereabouts, we have addressed you on the subject. If you know anything about him, please inform us instantly. We shall not advertise him until we hear from you.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

[After the marriage they settled in Owego for one year, going in September of 1860 to Poughkeepsie, where they spent the following two years, until overwork caused a breakdown. Aside from his own ill health, this was to him a time of special anxiety, as a brother, John, had enlisted in the army. This brother was among the first young men in Michigan to respond to President Lincoln's call for volunteers. He served through the war, attaining the honor of brevet major of volunteers. He was engaged in battle at Campbell's Station, East Tennessee, on November 16, 1863, where he was twice wounded, one musket ball penetrating through his left side, the other through his left forearm. After the news of the first battle of Bull Run, on July 22, 1861, Moses Tyler writes of these events:]

It is about six o'clock and I am plunged in gloom over the tidings from Washington. After a day of glory came a sundown of infinite and unmitigable shame. If we may credit the telegrams, our soldiers have been frightened like sheep, and ran away, ignominiously, from the phantom of a teamster's cowardly imagination. O horrors! horrors! horrors! I want to hide my head under the waves of the sea. But there's no use in boo-hooing. I should show equal cowardice and folly, if even this damnable transaction could take away my faith in this righteous cause. No, I will not despair. It is the attribute of a good cause that it must rise mightier even from disasters. And this infamy shall be wiped out. I have watched the position of Johnny's division throughout. We know not but the poor boy has been slain. I see it stated that Colonel Wilcox is killed. Probably John's regiment was in the thickest and deadliest of the fight.

O God! how hard it is to think of his possible sufferings, and how hard not to think of them. Affectionately, MOSES.

[Of his resignation from the pastorate, Moses Coit Tyler writes to an uncle, on November 14, 1862, from Boston, as follows:]

DEAR UNCLE:

I proceed to say that after my return to Poughkeepsie I was again taken sick; and my whole state seemed so weak, incapable of work, and perpetually shivering on the brink of good-for-nothingness, that I was thoroughly disgusted and discouraged. Moreover, the doctors told me what my own consciousness confirmed, that this sort of business could not safely go on a great while longer. I had been working too hard for some years, and this more recent tendency to illness was only an alarm bell informing me of my danger of completely breaking down. I myself thought the hint was getting rather too broad for comfort, and concluded to take it forthwith. Jenny was anxious that I should give up the parish work and go away to recuperate. When I brought the matter before the church, they urged me not to resign, but take an indefinite leave of absence; they would continue my salary and send me to the Mediterranean, to China, to the West Indies, and I presume to the Devil, if they believed the old gentleman could have restored me. I appreciated their kindness and most respectfully declined it. I did not wish the church to hold a mortgage on me to such an extent. The upshot of the whole business was I came to Boston to spend a few weeks with Dr. Dio Lewis. And accordingly here I am. Thus far the experiment works well. Freedom from the exhausting care of a parish, together with the healthful exercises of Doctor Lewis's gymnastic system, are working wonders upon me. Already am I beginning to feel myself a new man. I keep myself as cheerful as I can under the circumstances. What I shall do next spring when I get restored I do not exactly know. I have had a professorship informally offered me in Vassar college and may conclude to accept it. I have abundant openings for church settlements, but I think I shall bid good-bye to clerical life. I was not built

for a parson. If I had a little cottage and a few acres of land, I would take my books thither and devote myself exclusively to literary pursuits. That is my passion and I think my mission; and I don't think I shall feel like home until I get into some such fix. Meanwhile I am going to work for that end.

Perhaps for a year or so I may devote myself to this new profession of physical culture. Doctor Lewis is anxious that I should, and assures me it will pay handsomely. But time will tell.

My article on Vassar College has had better success than I anticipated. The trustees have sent me an extremely complimentary letter expressive of their thanks and accompanied by a present of $50. This letter is all about myself, not from any trivial egotism, but because your kind letter indicates such an interest in me as renders a full exposition of my affairs due to you. So you have it and I know you will not misinterpret my spirit.

Affectionately, MOSES.

[On December 14, 1862, from Boston, Moses Coit Tyler writes to his wife of the events at Fredericksburg:]

I wrote and mailed a letter for you this afternoon; and finding myself in the mood I will improve the moments before bedtime by spinning out a few more lines. My heart aches with anxiety to know how Burnside's splendid dash across the Rappahannock is likely to succeed, and all these general rays converge to a searching focus in the thought of Johnny's possible fate. The morning papers will doubtless contain vast news. . . .

I learned the other day some further facts about Miss Peabody. The latter has during her life, amid the activities of a very wide scholarship, given especial attention to two great branches, theology and history. She is a gifted linguist and has written considerably for the heavy quarterlies — like the *North American*. She was very intimate with Doctor Channing and imbibed profoundly his ideas upon theology and has studied deeply all systems of creed. She is said to be able in controversy. In history she is deeply versed and has for years had advanced classes of students in that department, whose reading she has guided, and to whom she has expounded her philosophy. I think she is not

free from the necessity of earning her own living, which she has usually done by teaching, having been for many years distinguished in Boston by her enterprise in adopting all the latest improvements in teaching. I think she is a remarkable woman, although a sight of her bulky form and pulpy face and watery eyes and a few minutes spent in hearing her talk about kindergarten would not particularly impress a stranger. She seemed a little too fussy and kinky, but I doubt not, when at her ease and properly drawn out by stimulating questions, she would reveal both learning and original power.

I am daily more impressed with the right of Boston to the name of Athens. It is the brain of this continent, the great idea-breeder and thought-radiator. Great scholars, orators, poets, philosophers are sprinkled in the throng of the streets; while through the mass of the people are diffused an intense activity of mind, culture, thought. The very atmosphere seems charged with floating particles of intelligence and every breath you draw an inhalation of knowledge with the stimulus to enjoy and extend it. Dear me! Blessed old Poughkeepsie seems like a big Dutch village off on the planet Jupiter. . . . MOSE.

LETTERS FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS WIFE

Boston, December 17, 1862

The news from Burnside is very discouraging. The retreat across the Potomac is so different from the glorious anticipations we had been indulging. I know it can be said he has acted prudently, doubtless, but the state of things which makes a retreat prudent is the very thing at which I mourn. I fear that we have neither statesmen nor warriors. I cannot but admire the magnificent conduct of the Southern chieftains both in council and in fight. They are vigilant, ingenious, unerring. Nothing but the wickedness of their cause can ever defeat them. But enough of politics. I have heard nothing of John since the recent battles, but presume he is safe. Had it been otherwise we should have heard.

Last Saturday evening I was sitting in the Public Library when a tall man entered and commenced looking at the papers.

I instantly thought, that must be Emerson. I had never seen anything but the engraving of his face. I was not mistaken, as I afterward learned. It is pleasant to live where such things are apt to heave in sight occasionally. I am getting to be Boston-cracked, as you perceive. . . . MOSES.

Boston, 18 Dec., 1862

MY OWN DEAREST WIFE:

Public affairs seem shrouded with gloom. The loss on our side from last Saturday's battle proves to be vastly greater than was anticipated. Fifteen thousand! Ugh! How dreadful! I spent last evening with Mr. ——. It was a brilliant assemblage. I had a long talk with Miss Peabody, who was there, and found her conversation very interesting. She is a scholar, and it is a rare treat to hear her. The first impression of not exactly liking her, which I before alluded to, wore off. She told me a great deal about Emerson, his personal and domestic life, his habits of study, writing, conversation, etc. She has had a long acquaintance with him, has even lived in his family. He is possessed of a snug little property, leads the life of a philosopher, is the most faithful and accurate man in the discharge of all the duties of life. He always writes, instead of reads, when the spirit moves, believing that his chief function is as a producer of thought but he is besides an immense reader in old English, German, Orientalism, and in the natural sciences. He has a singular mode of composing. He keeps a great blank book which he calls his diary; in this he writes all thoughts which come into his mind from day to day. It is the diary of his intellect. He lets his pen run on in this book at its own sweet will, and the book thus constitutes a kind of store house of all his best thoughts in their freshest expression as they rise in glory in his mind; and it is by picking out sentences from his book that all his essays, lectures, etc., are made up. He is a great walker; goes out every day in the woods, in which he delights to wander. His family is an absolutely happy one, consisting of a wife and one son and two daughters. I know that there are so many children, and perhaps there are more. He is very mirthful at home and on terms of beautiful familiarity with his children, by whom he is

worshipped. It is indeed a happy family — well provided for, industrious, loving, and enjoying literature, music, and art. Mrs. Emerson is a noble woman, very domestic, but in poor health.

Mr. Emerson is the most rigidly truthful man, loathing all exaggeration and inaccuracy of statement. While he is a transcendentalist and a poet, he does not think himself free from the obligations he is under as parent, neighbor or citizen. He is not so much wrapped in his own sublimities as to forget the plain everyday duties of life. He watches all political movements; keeps in close touch with the progress of the war. He is a round, full, harmonious, and beautiful character, a great good man. He is remarkable for his punctuality in keeping engagements, etc. I have thus thrown together the outlines of what Miss Peabody told me of Emerson. There were many details which fill up this skeleton which I cannot make room to write, but you may well imagine that I was deeply interested in listening to such an enthusiastic and appreciative friend of the great philosopher. . . . THY HUSBAND.

Boston, 22 Dec., 1862

. . . The wildest stories are flying about revolutions in cabinets and disasters in the field. I am sick of them. This nation might be saved by the exertions of some splendid genius. Alas! none such has appeared. Red tape and rottenness are all we have to save us. I would I could lay my heart to sleep till this imbecility were passed. But I take that back. It is a cowardly wish.

We are in a dark period. I have been intending to give you an account of my evening call at Mr. Garrison's, but while it was fresh in my mind I did not do it; and now I do not feel like it. I must wait till the spirit moves.

YOUR LOVING HUSBAND.

Boston, December 26, 1862

MY DARLING:

I am invited to spend the evening at the Garrisons'. I believe there is to be a little company there, among others Wendell Phillips. I shall try to give you some description of it to-mor-

row. Mr. Garrison himself is a lofty and lovely nature, full of divine benevolence, and radiating kindness upon all. If everybody could know him there would not be a reviler of the Apostle of Abolitionism left upon the earth. . . . MOSES.

Boston, Dec. 27, 1862

MY DARLING:

As I told you yesterday of my expectation to spend the evening at Mr. Garrison's, I went accordingly. The party was somewhat different from my anticipations, being mostly of young people. Mr. Phillips was not there. There was nothing unique. It was mostly a pleasant, chatty, gamesome, musical sociable. I was inducted into the awful mysteries of muggins, which doubtless is an old acquaintance of yours. I had no special conversation with Mr. Garrison, which would have been an enjoyment prized above anything else. The colloquial speech of a gifted and cultivated man seems to me the greatest luxury to enjoy. Next Friday our normal course begins, much to my joy. It will seem like the beginning of the end of my exile from you. . . . THY HUSBAND.

Boston, Jan. 1, 1863

The first letter of the year, my darling, let me dedicate to you. I remember to have seen a letter by John Adams to his wife on the day of the Declaration of Independence. After alluding to the event, he predicts that future generations will celebrate the day with the ringing of bells, with bonfires, and all the other methods of popular jubilation. I think the date at the top of this letter is the *greatest* one for America and perhaps for the human family since July 4, 1776. To-day goes forth that glorious edict which strikes off the chains of those millions of slaves and liberates the nation from the viler slavery of a terrible iniquity.

The Bostonians are giving the day a fitting welcome. Tremont Temple is open all day and speeches are being made by Fred Douglass and others. Music Hall was filled this afternoon by a highly fashionable audience to listen to a magnificent mu-

sical performance in honor of the day. It is under the auspices of Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Whittier, and Holmes and others. THY HUSBAND.

Boston, 8 Jan., 1863

I had the pleasure this afternoon of calling on Wendell Phillips. He lives near Doctor Lewis's office in a plain three-story double brick house. He is a very rich man by inheritance and marriage, but his residence is of the commonest appearance without and within. I understand that his income is about $15,000 per year. He is very liberal to the poor, especially to the Negroes, though his charities are by stealth. There is a beautiful fellowship between the anti-slavery people of New England, and Mr. Phillips is beloved and honored by them almost to adoration. Perhaps you have heard that Mrs. Phillips has been an invalid all her life. She was marrried in her bed and has remained there ever since. It is said that Mr. P. is extremely devoted to her, and has been very much molded by her sweet and restraining and inspiring influence.

Mr. Phillips received me very affably and in a manner so simple that I at once felt quite at my ease. He has no airs nor pomposity, but is frank, cordial, and delicate. I had dreaded to approach the lion, but all my fears fled the instant he opened his lips.

He commenced by alluding to Poughkeepsie and telling me he was to lecture there to-morrow night. Then the conversation bore upon my coming to Boston and the general subject of health. He expressed a very high opinion of Doctor Lewis and his system: its adaptedness to the needs of the world at this time, etc., etc. And after asking me if I intended to teach it, he expressed the opinion that there was in it a great field for usefulness and success. Then I asked him whether his own health through life had always been good and whether he had taken special pains to preserve and maintain it. He replied that with but slight exceptions he had always had excellent health; and he attributed this mainly to care as to his food and drink, and what Goethe calls "the talent of sleeping"; that he was the only lecturer save Henry

Ward Beecher who had maintained a long career of lecturing without breaking down; that when he was a student at Cambridge he was very zealously devoted to the arts of boxing and fencing and horsemanship; that he had never led a strictly sedentary life; that every summer he took a long free vacation of eight or twelve weeks which he devoted to swimming, boating, fishing, riding, swinging in trees in the woods, etc., etc., but that, after all, his main resource was upon rest, by sleep and freedom from brain work; that Parker utterly neglected his health and cut his own grave by unceasing toil, never relieving himself from pulpit tasks for a single sermon year in and year out, till Emerson and he persuaded him to let them occasionally preach for him.

I asked him whether he (Phillips) came back from lecturing campaigns exhausted. He said no, but quite otherwise. He would be off six or eight weeks at a stretch, but slept more than half the time on the cars. He gave me some amusing stories of how he evaded the oppression of bores on the cars who were inclined to pounce upon him and make him talk and waste his strength in that way. He had found that a French book or a Greek one kept back inquisitive people much better than an English one, they seeming to be awed by the sight of his reading a volume in a foreign language. He said that Theodore Parker always carried on profound studies in travelling, among others, learned Russian that way; that for his own part, he avoided talking in the cars as much as possible, and would often squelch a bore by "going very politely and gracefully to sleep." Our conversation then changed and — lest I should tempt the great orator to practise upon me some of his arts for the extinguishment of bores — I rose and took my leave. He bade me good-bye very pleasantly, and in his most sincere tones urged me to run in and see him often while I was in Boston.

I have thus given you a sketch of my interview with Mr. Phillips. You must remember it pretends to be only an outline. It does not represent either the language he used or the filling up of thoughts, and especially the exquisite felicity and democratic grace of his manner — his bright, serene, intellectual face — his playful lips and speculative eyes — and the fine, relaxed naïveté of his postures. Still, defective as it must be, I thought

you would be pleased to have a description of this interview with a man of illustrious rank in the world whose influence upon the destinies of American civilization has been and will be incalculable and whose name will be one of the few shining and immortal legacies of this age to posterity. . . . THY HUSBAND.

Boston, 1 Feb., 1863

. . . I went this A. M. to Trinity Church. It was expected that General McClellan, who is now in town and is being outrageously lionized, would be present; and on this popular scent an unusually large concourse was present and hundreds stood in the street about the doors to see him pass in and out. Alas! they were sold and I too. The General concluded to stay away. I am very anxious to see his face. There is to be a public reception at his hotel to-morrow and I shall run the risk of smashing in my ribs in order to see him and shake his hand. . . .

THY HUSBAND.

Boston, 4 Feb., 1863

. . . General McClellan is receiving great attention. He is treated like a prince. I had the honor of being presented to him and of shaking his hand. He is a splendid-looking fellow; a little shorter than I, with a magnificent form in its proportions; a frank, generous, open face; light hair and moustache. . . .

CHAPTER III

1863 — 1866

[On April 16, 1863, Moses Coit Tyler sailed on a ship called the *Victoria*, and, after a voyage of eighteen days, landed in England, expecting to find a new home in a foreign land. He established himself in London for the next three years, at the end of which time he returned to America to accept a professorship of English literature, at Michigan University. While living abroad he made trips for lecturing purposes into Wales, and many corners of England, at the same time getting acquainted with the people and the life. Besides lecturing and teaching, during this period, he wrote continuously for the *Independent* and other New York papers, thus gradually making a name for himself. Soon after his arrival in London, in a diary letter, he chronicles his first impressions:] "Here I am in the greatest city this earth ever bore up on its shaky crust! You know I told you I had studied the map of London so much that I thought I could find my way if I were suddenly set down in the city. Now was a good opportunity to try. I had nothing to carry. I had been told of good lodgings at 11 Craven street, Strand. Very well, I said to myself, I will just try to walk there without asking anybody how to go, and I did it. I landed at Euston Square. I knew the names of the streets I wanted to pass through to get to Craven street, and I just walked out of the depot as familiarly as if I had been there fifty years, identified street after street as I came to it, went directly to Craven street, and to No. 11, rang the bell, called for Mrs. Henley, said 'How do you do?' and went to my room, where I sit now perfectly at home."

London, June 3, 1863. It is now quite late. I have been out this evening to quite a brilliant party at Dr. Brown-Sequard's, where, in the course of the evening, I had the honor of preaching a little Muscular Christianity, and of explaining the methods of the new gymnastics. Dr. Brown-Sequard is an eminent French savant, a great medical writer, and in large practice as a physician. His wife is an American lady, a niece of Daniel Webster. Dr. Brown-Sequard has great influence, and, if he throws it in my favor, can be of immense benefit to me. He seemed highly pleased, and said he should soon call upon me for assistance (as he expressed it) in connection with some of his patients.

London, June 7, 1863. This is quite an era in my history. I have been to hear the famous Spurgeon in his new tabernacle. It is an immense stone edifice and holds seven thousand people, and is filled every Sunday morning and evening. I was greatly pleased with the interior of this great temple. It is plain and simple, but very grand; has a bright, airy, cheerful, sunny look. It is very long, and has two huge galleries running around the four sides. It is a finer spectacle even than Beecher's. Every space from floor to ceiling seems filled with human heads. Spurgeon himself, surrounded by men and women, stands on a great scaffolding or platform very high up. The singing is congregational and tremendous. They have a precentor who has a rich, loud voice. There is no organ or other artificial instrument of sound; but seven thousand throats pouring forth their notes in one vast current make a volume of sound which would almost drown the loudest organ. As to Spurgeon himself, he is certainly a powerful and able man, but a thousand leagues behind Henry Ward Beecher. I think his success is owing to his voice, which is rich beyond praise and modulated with great beauty; to his downright earnestness, singleness, boldness, and

honesty; to his amazing fluency of speech; to his tact and knack of putting things. But he has absolutely none of Beecher's breadth of philosophic thought and ideality and spiritual creativeness. Consequently his prayers are commonplace, straightforward, and rather dictatorial hortations to somebody called God, but utterly destitute of the soul-lifting simplicity, pathos, and poetic beauty of Beecher's, that exquisite, wonderful, empyrean spirituality and tenderness of filial reverence which make one of Beecher's prayers worth going around the globe to hear.

Then, Spurgeon's sermon was just like those published, glib, felicitous, having hits and sharp points, but narrow, textual, absolutely barren of thought, simply a well put exhortation and a very good, pious talk.

London, November 4, 1864. Lectured on *American oratory* at Mr. B.'s school at seven. Before the lecture, sitting in the parlor, was introduced to a slight, pale lad, Lord K——. He has special privileges; seems not to occupy the boys' mess-rooms, etc. Never having shaken hands with a lord, I did not know what to do when the introduction was pronounced. He instantly rose, most cordially and without patronizing gave me his hand. I had quite a chat with him. He had the perfect courtesy of a true gentleman of rank; but in thought and expression indicated perhaps less than the average force. Mr. B., in private, criticised America in the usual fashion which I have heard *ad nauseam*. He is like all the rest on the American question, an Englishman with an infinite, quiet complacency, liking to preach to America of humility.

London, December 16, 1864. Returned from Barnet this P. M., with Mrs. Bayly, author of *Ragged homes and how to mend them*. She told me the story of Mrs. Balfour's life.

Mrs. Balfour was born of wealthy and highly respectable par-

ents; was sent to boarding-school, where her voracious tastes for reading extended beyond the privileges of the school. A servant boy, who cleaned the girls' boots, used to smuggle to her such contraband literature as she chose to order; and when she was only sixteen years old she ran away with this boy and was married. Her friends totally repudiated her, and she sank out of notice. Years after, walking through some poor street, Doctor Burns saw a woman cleaning the doorsteps. He judged from her face and bearing that she was not born in such a station; he spoke with her, learned her history, and at once tried to help her. He discovered that she possessed rare powers of mind, and he urged her to write for the press or to lecture. That poor woman is now the renowned Clara Lucas Balfour! "But," said I, "are not her relatives now proud to own her?" "Oh, no; they look upon lecturing as very common!" In that sentence speaks the heart of English social life.

December 18, 1864. London. I lectured at the London Mechanics' Institution to-night. I incidentally mentioned the name of the Confederate General Lee, at which a storm of cheers broke out, succeeded by hisses, and then a war of sounds tumultuous. At another point I named Abraham Lincoln, at which many hisses, then counter cheers, etc. We were expecting to get the news this evening of his re-election.

London, December 21, 1864. Met this evening a French lady, Madam Ver, who has seen much of the nobility and distinguished people. Has met Macaulay and Gladstone. She says Macaulay talked just as he wrote, a stream of brilliant, epigrammatic, sarcastic, and glowing eloquence; was a great talker, incessant. He was bearish to strangers on their being introduced. Seemed to know that they were staring at him; and had a gruff way of saluting them with a forward lunge of his head and whirling partly around in his chair to avert his face from them. But

after the ceremony was over and the ice melted he was most cordial, kindly, modest, unassuming. She says Gladstone, however, is always far gentler; except when he gets upon his political horse, when his eyes flame with fire and his tongue rolls forth torrents of excited talk.

London, February 8, 1865. Went this evening to a reception at Aubrey House, Notting Hill. Called for Moncure Conway, and was conducted in by him. Conway expects great harm to our cause from Louis Napoleon, who is waiting for the humbling of the South to secure his own terms, get them under his grasp, and thus control the cotton and gold fields of the world. The company seemed, to my novice eyes, quite splendid. Aubrey House is as old as Queen Anne's time, with walls three feet thick, and is near the celebrated Holland House. Mr. Taylor told us that in the latter a cannon was fired off every night at precisely eleven o'clock. This suggested to some one the story of the Irishman who, hearing a gun discharged in a garrison and being told that it was the sunset gun, wanted to know if the sun made such a devil of a noise in that country every time it set. Mr. Holyoake was there, whom Conway described as the most celebrated atheist now living. He is a fine, intellectual, brave looking man, with a woman's voice and gentle ways. He has gone through imprisonment and vast obloquy for his opinions. He told me that he suffered acutely from abuse. Sometimes he had been praised and applauded, and then he scarcely knew how to take it, it was so strange.

London, February 11, 1865. This morning went to St. Peter's Chapel to hear Rev. F. D. Maurice. I made out the face of Thomas Hughes, whose head, hairless upon top, peered just above the pew on the left of the pulpit. I knew him from his photographs. I was surprised at the curate yawning hugely,

and several times in the pauses of the service opening his jaws portentously, and the last time covering the aperture with the hymn book, the corner of which he proceeded to nibble after his yawn was completed. What could not some Yankee Trollope or Zola make of this? The whole effect of the sermon was to enrich, sweeten, humble and strengthen the spiritual natures of those who heard.

Wales, January 18, 1866. After reaching Bristol and putting up at the Bristol eating house kept by a T. Gregor, in the clean dining-room upstairs, to my surprise, I saw as I entered, hanging on the wall, a large map of Auburn, Cayuga county, New York, date 1857. In this distant spot, amid so many strange scenes, the sight of it was like the face of an old friend. I have been looking at it with delight. I find huge placards all about the town announcing me for next Tuesday as "The Great American Orator!" On the train I went into a smoking carriage. A very glib and somewhat flashy young gentleman entered soon after and commenced conversation, referring to his having crossed the Atlantic six times. I put a great many questions to him about America, and he gave me much valuable information upon the subject. He owned five thousand acres of land near Nashville, "supposed I had heard of Nashville," etc. He seemed very full of admiration for the Americans, liked them and their ways, their railroads, etc. Was in New York when the news of Lincoln's assassination came; said he never saw people "so cut up"; offered me whiskey and drank my health "with his regards." He advised me to go to America for a few months; was sure it would interest me. As to this Auburn map, I find the owner went there in 1857 and stayed a few months, got discouraged and came home. Last night I talked with some commercial travellers and was amazed at their glib ignorance. One man said that America was originally settled by spirit rappers, somewhere

about 1760 or so. He had read it in a history of America by somebody; he forgot who.

Cardiff, Wales, January 20, 1866. I have been out on the streets this evening. They are very foul. Especially in Bute street and lanes leading to it, there are hell holes blazing and fuming. I was never more disgusted. I have not seen whoring so coarsely displayed before. The sailors are the chief patrons. I went into many of the dens; the men were swinish and the women beastly. There are no mitigations of the business. It was sickening. I observed in my walk to-day through the country that nearly all the placards were of quack doctors of secret diseases; ominous of Welsh customs. In the very midst of these filthy caverns was a Gospel hall. Tired, dirty, and disgusted, I went to the hotel and to bed at ten.

Caerphilly, Sunday, January 21, 1866. As it rained on my arrival, partly for shelter and partly for curiosity I hunted out the Welsh Baptist meeting house and attended service. I could not understand one word. Saw now and then a Bible name and knew "Christmas, E-vans." I stood in the little space by the door and several who peeped pointed me to a seat. The minister was going it strong. I saw by his attitude that he was praying. He was a Celtic looking young chap with a rather modest face, thick and unctuous with a rotund voice, somewhat hoarse. As he approached the end of his prayer he reached white heat; his voice was suffused with enthusiasm; a distinct rhythm pervaded his sentences, which were delivered with a wild, strange, and rapturous chant. It was fine; quite Druidic or Celtic. At the end of the service they brought in a loaf of bread and wine, and I walked out with the goats and came home. I am now off for the Cardiff ruins.

Sunday evening. I saw the ruins. They are majestic, vast, imposing, solemn, the most impressive I have yet seen. I

climbed the old towers and gazed long from the old peep-holes. One can't help trying to clothe these old ruins with the splendid life of feudal times. I lay down under the famous leaning tower but could not frighten myself.

Cardiff, January 22, 1866. Have just returned from a call upon the American consul, Mr. Birch. I was entertained by an account of the applications made to him for passage to America. A crowd of men and women stood in front of the house and every moment some one would knock at the door to know if he might put his name down to go to America. It seems that about a week ago Mr. Birch sent out a few (one hundred) pamphlets as a feeler, containing the later laws of the United States concerning encouragement to emigration. He says they would go by the thousand, both Irish and Welsh. It was touching to see the poor people assembled in the streets, standing in the pouring rain and gazing upward at the window, as if destiny dwelt in the American consul's office. They even appeared to think they could read their fate in my face. We had a very pleasant talk about the antiquities of the district, English politics, etc. Mr. Birch thought England was now held back as a power in the world by the fact that it was nominally one thing and really another, pretending to be a monarchy and really a republic; that the power of England was wasted in the conflict between the elements of aristocracy and democracy. France as a pure monarchy, America as a pure republic, were instances of the power of a nation where being and seeming were in harmony.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS WIFE

London, Sept. 15, 1866

MY OWN DARLING JENNIE:

Your letter dated August 14 found me at Ramsgate, where I spent a very profitable week. The sea air braced me up and gave me inspiration for my lecture on *England*, at which I worked

hard and happily every morning. I am happy to say that I have been safely delivered of the lecture and am as well as could be expected. The brat only lacks now a little polishing up and a tail, and he'll be ready. I was very lonely, or at least should have been had I not been so busy. Never before since I have been abroad has there been such a mob of Americans as now. I have to-day called on Mr. Ivison and family. He is the celebrated publisher of the firm of Ivison and Phinney and has brought letters from Boston people. I have engaged to spend part of Monday with them, and pilot them about London. They are very rich and go in style. I have also been piloting Miss Alcott, of Concord, author of *Moods* and *Hospital sketches*. She is a jolly Yankee girl, full of the old Nick and thoroughly posted on English literature, so that it is great fun to take her about, as she appreciates all the literary associations. We have had some most ludicrous adventures in the old haunts of London. She had resolved to see the street in which "Sairy Gamp" lived if she saw nothing else. So I took her to Kingsgate street, and after we had gawked through it and had fixed upon a house we thought most likely to have been Sairy's, the idea entered my head that it would be rare fun to inquire at the shop for Mrs. Gamp, as if she were a real person. Well, the conversation I had at the shop door with the people who thought it all earnest was killing. Miss Alcott had continually to turn her back to hide her laughing and finally ran away to the end of the street to let off. You know she is of the Emerson and Hawthorne set. Her enthusiasm and appreciation of drollery reminded me continually of Susy, who would have relished our adventure beyond measure, as would you. MOSES.

[The following letter from Louisa M. Alcott, although chronologically out of place, is inserted here on account of its connection with the preceding event:]

Boston, January 5, 1868

MY DEAR MR. TYLER:

On my return yesterday from a holiday lark I was agreeably surprised to find your letter. It is very good of you not to mind being called a chump, and put in print "j'intly" with an

irrepressible spinster on the rampage. But I did have such a good time that day, thanks to my prince of guides, that when I was ordered to write a sketch I couldn't resist trying to tell the fun of that expedition. As you perceive, the last part is an addition for you, and I didn't eat meat pie nor visit the monument. But I did, with Mr. K ——, one of the young bachelors, and though that trip was like the play of *Hamlet* minus the prince, I thought it would make a proper finale for Dickens day and, availing myself of the literary license, I up and did it.

If Mr. Johnson asks for any more, I'll give him No. 2 of the same sort, for I think the world would enjoy an account of the professor tapping away at Milton's chimney for a bit of the original brick, and eating gingerbread out of a paper bag in Smithfield, not to mention insinuating himself and party into the Charter House and sundry other famous places by the persuasive power of "the cherubic countenance."

Tell Mrs. Gage not to get prophetic, for L. M. A. is a chronic spinster and knew that the professor was already appropriated, so she could enjoy London with a free mind and find balm for her solitary soul in that memorable mixture of shrines and shillings, history and happiness, mud and metaphysics.

I still cherish the dream of returning for another novel, in dear, dirty, delightful London, for I enjoyed myself there more than anywhere else and felt at home. Before sailing I'll drop you a line suggesting that you put your university in one pocket, your wife in the other, and come too.

I have had several very pleasant letters from Mrs. Taylor and the Conways and from time to time have enjoyed your articles in the *Independent*, especially the House of Commons letter, for I wanted it shown up and couldn't do it myself, because, being stowed in the cage, my "mission was limited," which remark reminds me that I've heard Dickens read again, and though I enjoyed it very much, I couldn't set up again this idol who fell with a crash last year in London. Why will he wear two rivers of watch guards meandering over his vest, a diamond ring on each hand, curl his gray hair, and come upon the stage with a youthful skip? Oh, why? I am spending the winter in Boston and having a capital time. If you ever come

this way call at "Gamp's Garret," No. 6 Haywood place, and try the "cowcumber." With regards to your wife and "the orphans," I am yours truly in a corner,

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

London, November 14, 1866. Visited Highgate cemetery. The chapel of the grammar school is built over Coleridge's grave. The workmen saw me looking through the little church. I asked them where Coleridge was buried. They did not know, but said if I would apply to Mr. Eagles, a seedsman, he could tell. I found his shop and him, an elderly, tall, and venerable man with none of the usual manner of small English tradesmen. He promptly directed me; but when I said I came from a distant country where Coleridge was greatly honored, from America, his face brightened. "This is very extraordinary," he said. "I have had a great many American gentlemen here for the same errand in former years before the war. I shall be most happy to go with you myself. I am going that way." He soon got ready, apologizing for detaining me so long. On the way he told me he had lived there all his life, that he had often seen and talked with Coleridge, that he was himself apprenticed to a gardener, and used to see Coleridge with his long flowing locks pacing up and down beneath the elms with a book in hand. He had many talks with him. His tones, he said, he should always remember, they were so rich and beautiful and kind. Coleridge was a great favorite with the little boys and girls of the place, who used to rush up to him and hold long and merry interviews with him. Mr. Eagles remembers that a little man used to lodge at his master's; and he remembers a company meeting there one night which included Charles Lamb, Coleridge, and others. He heard Coleridge's voice much of the time. They got very merry over their wine, and when one gave the toast "Here's to the lasses," some one else, with an offering of glasses, threw two large trays of them on the floor.

CHAPTER IV

1867 — 1869

[On December 5, 1866, Moses Coit Tyler sailed on an Inman steamer that left Liverpool for America. He returned many times to England to revisit old haunts, but never to make it his permanent home. During those years in England he had made great efforts to keep the wolf from the door, but lecturing and such writing as he could get from American newspapers had furnished but insufficient support.]

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS WIFE

Chicago, January 3, 1867

MY DARLING:

. . . It seems all a dream. I have not been in Rockford. I am not in America. Your next letter should be addressed to 337 Strand, London, as usual.

However, I reached Chicago in due season. Edward Forman was waiting for me. He knew me instantly, as I did him. I had his guidance to see Mr. Brown, who said it was too late in the season to do anything, but he would take pleasure in helping me another year. I then saw Norman Perkins in his law office. He looked at me a full minute before he recognized me and then nearly hugged me to death. I am engaged to lecture in Detroit January 23. I leave for the East to-morrow at ten and shall arrive in Poughkeepsie about noon Saturday. Shall stop there over Sunday and leave for Worcester Monday. Stop in Worcester over night and go to New Bedford the next day. Shall return to New York and lecture in Poughkeepsie Friday. . . .

MOSES.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS WIFE

Poughkeepsie, July 31, 1867

MY DARLING:

I have accepted the professorship in Michigan University. I cannot express to you how happy I am to have this suspense removed. I have been in very low spirits, or, rather, perturbed spirits, during the crisis. To-day my writing inspiration has come back to me with all its old vim. The university does not open until about October 1. Shall remain here and in New York two weeks longer and then go to Ypsilanti to be ready to receive my precious treasures. . . .

YOUR HUSBAND.

[During those anxious months Moses Coit Tyler was putting material together for his first book, called *The Brawnville papers*, being memorials of the so-called Brawnville Athletic Club. These papers were originally written for the *Herald of health*. They were on the general subject of physical culture, but were somewhat changed in book form. They were published in Boston by Field, Osgood & Company in 1869.]

LETTER FROM CHARLES WARREN STODDARD TO MOSES COIT TYLER

21st August, 1869, San Francisco, Cal.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR:

Let me thank you for a book so full of life and health — namely, *The Brawnville papers*. It should have been born in our climate. I found them in Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, recently, where I was sojourning temporarily as a correspondent of the *Bulletin* of this city.

May I ask a favor of you? Do you think a fellow of six and twenty without a standing reputation to back him could do anything with a lecture on the Sandwich Islands in the East? I know he could burn it, if he liked, so please don't suggest that. I should like to try my fortune away from home, and your first chapter is so electrical that I cannot resist asking your opinion

upon this little matter. I send you a few of my verses. They are out of a volume that died early. I hope they won't bore you.

Your true and grateful friend,
CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

LETTERS FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS WIFE

Syracuse, N. Y., Sunday, August 4, 1867

MY DARLING:

You will be rather surprised to get a letter from me at this place. I went up to Albany on Friday, but Mr. White did not arrive that evening. He was delayed at Boston. But he came early the next morning and found me in bed at the Delavan House.

"Come, Moses, go with me down to Syracuse. I can't stop to talk with you here." So I dressed, got breakfast, and was off. We arrived here about one, and Mr. White's carriage was waiting for us. He inherits wealth and lives in noble style. His family are decidedly of the aristocracy of this state, whatever that may be worth. His home is full of noble pictures and engravings; but his library is the most wonderful collection of history that I have ever seen in private possession. It consists of some six thousand volumes. Many of his books are from the private libraries of, and with marginal notes by, Lord Macaulay, Leigh Hunt, Southey, Buckle, Charles Lamb.

He is a glorious fellow and treats me as he has always done, with great kindness. I consider him the most promising young man I know. We have had a good deal of talk about professorship matters. He wants me to hold myself ready for Cornell.

I had intended to return to New York to-morrow, but he says I must wait over till Tuesday and he will go with me. So I shall stay over. . . .

THY HUSBAND.

New York, August 9, 1867

MY DARLING:

Your good long letter of the fourth came to-day. It was very refreshing to me.

I am so glad that you like the plan of going to Ann Arbor. I should be very happy if we could manage to go to housekeeping there. Perhaps we can. We will look for a furnished house and see what can be done. The salary is not large, only fifteen hundred, but perhaps that is as much as two thousand or more at the East. But certainly we can live on that; and all that I can earn by lecturing and writing must go for so much extra, to pay debts, and then to get a home.

I had a charming time yesterday. Spent the afternoon and evening with Mr. Tilton and Richard Grant White, the famous Shakespearean critic.

I shall expect to meet you in Ypsilanti two weeks from this morning. Good! THY HUSBAND.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS BROTHER, MAJOR TYLER

November 4th, 1867, Ann Arbor

DEAR JOHN:

I have been intending for many weeks to write to you, but the pressure of my new duties here has absorbed all my time and strength. I have never before been so perfectly pleased with life as at present. My professorship here is that of rhetoric and English literature, of which the salary now is only fifteen hundred. We expect the legislature to make a grant this winter which will raise the salaries all around to at least two thousand dollars. I have perfect freedom to go away and lecture, and expect to add by that means at least a thousand to my income. We have a nice little box of a cottage and are as snug as mice.

Affectionately, your brother, MOSE.

August 2, 1868. To-day I become thirty-three years old. Seven years ago I clearly recognized the inward call to a life of study, and all my flounderings since then, going out of the ministry, staying with Doctor Lewis, emigrating to England, coming home again, have been but awkward strugglings to get a resting place for my ideal scheme to stand upon. Now at last, in the free-

dom from anxiety, from restraint of every kind, which I find here, in the healthful solitude and domestic peace of this tree embowered cottage, do I find what I so long sought. Surely no time is absolutely wasted in this world; else, for the purposes which now control me, I should look upon the first thirty-two years of my life as nearly so. Even from this long experience of effort misdirected and of energy revolving fruitlessly upon itself I shall extract good; for the knowledge of what is false is the prologue to the knowledge of what is true. Besides, the discipline of real life is directly educational.

This is the most intelligently happy birthday I have yet had. Long sailing this way and that upon the sea of being, without knowing the course I was to take, I have finally opened the sealed orders, and can steer toward the harbor for which I am bound with clear ideas of my longitudes.

The question I have daily to settle is to what immediate work shall I now put my ample health, my enthusiastic energy, my ardor of intellectual curiosity and my leisure. Shall it be mainly to production, or for a while yet mainly to acquisition? I am impelled to decide for the latter.

It is when I think of the great works of literary art I have never read that I feel disposed to curse the folly which diverted me from this work into time-wasting externalities. In my boyhood I was not a reader. I had neither time nor books nor guidance. In college there was but little time and that little I misemployed.

My one year at Andover was indeed well filled with real study and has left a taste of sweetness which delights me still. Then came the feverish dissipations of my brief clerical career, from the autumn of 1859 to the autumn of 1862. Then I saw what I wanted to have, leisure for literary exertion, but I made a sad mistake in my method of procuring it. Perhaps I could have done nothing better under the circumstances of broken health.

Not until last September did I achieve the long-sought goal.

So that at the commencement of my thirty-second year I had done in general reading only what Dr. Johnson, Coleridge, De Quincey, Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Milton, Lowell, had done at eighteen. If, therefore, from now until my fortieth year I give my chief force to reception rather than production, I shall be only so well furnished as they were ten years earlier.

My general plan is first to range over everything which I ought to have contact with in English literature; next to master French and German, and if possible Italian and Spanish; perhaps also to burnish up my Greek and read Homer, Demosthenes, and the tragedians.

In this course of labor the uppermost thought is reception; but necessity and inclination, the reaction of the mind itself from taking in the thoughts of others, will prompt to production.

I will write regularly for the editorial page of the *Independent*, and less frequently than hitherto for its first page. I will also try to do something for Putnam, for the *Atlantic*, and the *North American*. I will, however, do most in this book. I will think with pen and hand to keep the mind from staggering on all subjects that kindle within me, jotting down plans for productive work to be done hereafter.

As to poetical composition, I have the idea that I might attain to something like the excellence of "the well-languaged" but "the prosaic" Daniel. I will write poetry chiefly as finger practice for writing prose.

As a prose writer I believe that I could have some success as an essayist, a biographer, and a historian, but since creation is vastly nobler than compilation, I will faithfully solicit my mind to something under the firmer shield: perhaps to the composition of short stories with a view to artistic novels. I will also try my

hand at dramatic composition. If, however, after sufficient experiment, I discover that I have not a creative intellect, I will throw myself forcefully into the sphere of compilation, history, and biography.

I propose to employ this diary as a record of thoughts as they occur. It will be to me for the purpose of ultimate literary production what the portfolio of sketches is to the artist. Upon these pages I mean to throw such germs and fragments as reflect in some swift fashion the salient features of the intellectual realm through which I travel day by day. As I read, converse, walk, meditate, nay, often as in moments of rest I float, a passive thing on the stream of being, I have glimpses and sometimes full views of ideal landscapes, which, if caught by the pen before they are forgotten, might be used in the construction of some picture worthy to live.

As water filtering through miles of rock and sand, heaved surfaceward by the beating heart of the mountains, and at last gushing through the lips of the fountain, is sweeter, purer, more effervescent than water pumped from a cistern by conscious and wilful effort, so are those thoughts which come out infinitely richer than those which are drawn out from the chambers of the mind. Yet, such idiots are we in matters of intellectual economy, these latter, the unsparkling and vapid pumpings of the brain, are commonly preserved in our literary goblets, while the bubbling and life-bright issues of the soul are permitted to flow away and do no man good. We foolishly think that what by direct effort costs nothing can be worth nothing. These streams of thought come uninvited, and are allowed to go without being asked to stay.

Jottings of thoughts seen in disconnection, thoughts which group themselves into partial arrangement for story, poem, essay, book; the flitting image of a character in human nature; methods of study; defects in method; lines of investigation to

be thereafter followed up; hints which would never ripen unless kept in the sun of memory; plans of life; analyses of past mistakes in life; resolutions which will fortify if merely remembered, but stupefy if turned into vows; whatever, in short, in the evolution of my existence, may add to my treasures or to my power as a literary artist — will find this diary their natural depository.

When during many very immature years, say from twelve to twenty-five, I kept a diary designed as a record of my outward life, and somewhat of my religious emotions, I wrote imitatively, worse yet, hypocritically, myself being the principal victim of the hypocrisy. I pretended to write for my own eye only, yet evermore I imagined, conceited little coxcomb that I was, that another eye, the multitudinous eye of some future public, was looking over my shoulder and tracing its way along the line. Inevitably there was a series of spiritual posture-takings for effect. I practised a double fraud, first upon my own soul, and, second, in intention upon that future public which was to read these things as if written by me without thinking of that imaginary reader. Those books were all sent to their proper place, the stove, and I am thankful that I can never write anything more of that kind.

Ann Arbor, August 3, 1869. "Sweep utterly all frothiness and falsehood from your heart; struggle unweariedly to acquire what is possible for every God-created man, a free, open, humble soul; speak not at all in anywise till you have somewhat to speak; care not for the reward of your speaking but, simply, and with undivided mind, for the truth of your speaking."— *Carlyle.*

The truth of every syllable in this sentence has percolated my consciousness the past four months, especially the clause preceding the first semi-colon; the solemnity of that thought has been so impressed upon my soul as almost to sicken me.

Indeed, intellectual regeneration is profoundly blended with the moral one; cannot proceed far without it. The achievement is gradual, subtle, beset with terrific dangers, on all sides difficult.

Ann Arbor, October 14, 1869. I have several times noticed that whenever my mind has been free to move whither it would, not deflected from its voluntary line of motion by unfavorable circumstances, nor overpowered by the influence of some strong book, it has gravitated toward the study of the law, and toward a life of practical endeavor for the good of human society. Never shall I accomplish any great thing without a complete consecration of my total nature to it. This problem of my life work, though my life is probably half gone, is yet unsolved. The question which for many years I have continually put to myself is this: Am I to be a literary artist, or am I to be a literary man applying his art to affairs? My own uncertainty on this subject sometimes amounts to anguish. I shudder lest when I emerge from the river of Death, and stand stark and dripping upon its farther side, I should have to think that my life here had been thrown away, or not made the most of. Then, too, I have great present pride in present success. I desire to fasten upon that path of labor for which I am best suited. It would be mortifying to spend myself in a career in which my ability, whatever it be, cannot excel.

This is the melancholy wave which ever and ever rolls up on the shore, as I place before me the life of a pure literary artist — a Matthew Arnold, a James Russell Lowell, a Howells, a Heine. I am not a poet; I have not the dreaminess, the contentment with passive sentient life, the idealism of the artist. While my powers of expression with the pen are perhaps, yes, certainly — for I will not befuddle my words by the dishonesty of sham, or self-depreciation — superior to the average, they are not, I believe

they never can be, equal to the highest, and is it worth while in literary art to be second rate?

I might be a minor poet, I think; a minor novelist, a minor dramatist. The great masterpieces of creative literature I can never, never approach.

On the other hand, when I think of the sphere of an American scholar and writer giving himself up, with pure heart, to the service of society, to the profound and conscientious study of the vast questions which now brood over our life — social and political — cultivating wisdom that his countrymen and the future may have the benefit of it; and using his powers of style both with tongue and pen to help American civilization to be a success; then I have before me a field of work which I do feel qualified to take the highest rank in.

I am conscious of an aptitude for investigating subjects of real life, and for deciding upon them. Above all other considerations, I feel that into this sphere I can carry the whole force of my moral nature — and this I cannot imagine myself as carrying into the sphere of art. I never could, I never can, do my best, unless backed up and energized by my moral activities.

So that, viewed purely as a question of individual success, the result appears to me to be this: As an artist I should be no higher than second rate, and might not be so high; as a literary and philosophical servant of American society, I might be first rate.

I should be untrue to my own soul, also, if I did not draw into this view some consideration of duty to others. This is with me no cant. My deepest nature vibrates to an appeal based on the welfare of mankind, especially of America. The difficulties of our civilization thicken upon us. Infinite consequences hang upon the experiment we are engaged in. There are very few public men who seem consecrated, absolutely honest, pure minded, unselfish. In this plenitude of terrific perils to American society, in this dearth of men supremely dedicated

to the religious work of encountering those perils, can I sit serene in my study, toying with tales, romances, epigrams, sonnets, satires, magazine articles? If a person has the highest gift for these things, with the accompanying inward call to them, he may honestly give himself to them.

Am I conscious of anything more than moderate gifts for them? Am I conscious of any inward call to them? Before God, I must say, No.

I am not about to write down here any resolve, far less anything so awful as a vow! Alas! I have myself experienced the folly and the futility of steering myself by vows. My whole nature must rise slowly, intelligently, to the level of a noble decision; I can no more lift my moral and mental being to a higher level by a single act of will than I can lift my body from the floor by tugging at my bootstraps.

I have work enough to employ me until next June. My studies in rhetoric, especially in English literature, the lectures upon each, which I must write, as well as much heavy work for the papers (that I may get out of debt), will fully employ me until the end of this college year.

Should I, however, at that time still be moving altogether in the direction which this morning's memorandum indicates, it may then be wise for me to give the leisure of the succeeding two years to the study of the law.

It does not appear to me likely that I should ever wish to practise law, but the knowledge of it is a great treasure in itself, and of inestimable value to a publicist; while the intellectual discipline gained in acquiring it would be, to my mind especially, of the very greatest benefit.

After that I should like to spend from two to four years in France, Germany, and Italy, for the acquisition of their languages and the investigation of political economy and social science, and for general literary culture.

On my return home I should feel pretty well equipped for going to work in the service of American society.

Should I name any man whom I should look to as in the main features my model, it would be Edmund Burke. I would have his learning, his philosophical habit of mental action, his personal purity and goodness, his dignity of character, his catholic and ardent literary tastes, his passion for style. I would follow him — even though afar off.

CHAPTER V

1870 — 1871

[Early in the year 1870 two invitations to enter journalism were offered: the first, to become editor of the *College courant*, published at New Haven, did not require much effort to decline, but the second invitation, to become "right-hand man" to Mr. Bowen, who had recently bought the *Brooklyn union*, my father wrote, "nearly bends my innermost obstinacy to stay and study some years longer at Ann Arbor."]

LETTER FROM THEODORE TILTON TO MOSES COIT TYLER

Brooklyn, January 1, 1870

MY DEAR MOSES:

I write you a hurried letter late to-night. Mr. Bowen has purchased the *Brooklyn union* and means to make it as fine a daily newspaper as wealth, energy, ability, and public spirit can produce in the third city of the Republic.

Of course, he means to manage and control it himself, but he has asked me to name his right-hand man and I have named Moses Coit Tyler. My statement of the case which I now make is by Mr. Bowen's authority. You will receive, if you choose to accept the offer, a salary of $4,000 for the first year, $4,500 for the second, and $5,000 for the third. His control begins with February 1. He wants his men on the spot by that time. I want you to pull up all stakes at Ann Arbor and come at once to Brooklyn. It will be the opening of a golden age to your future fortunes. Telegraph to Mr. Bowen on receipt of this note your cordial and hearty yes. Then take the train and come for a day or two, at his expense, to his house, to arrange all the details. I am your best friend and I tell you that this is the

opportunity for which you have long been waiting. Don't neglect it. He gives you a cordial invitation to come even though you shall decline this invitation, and even though you can stay here only twenty-four hours. I am off to-morrow for the West for six weeks. My whole heart is set on your coming.

Yours affectionately,

THEODORE TILTON.

Ann Arbor, January 8, 1870. I have just sent a telegram and a letter to Mr. Bowen, the former declining his invitation, and the latter giving my reasons. This has been the most seductive temptation to leave Ann Arbor and my present mode of life that has been made to me. The immediate and the permanent attractions of the position are very great. I could have made my way into the heart of metropolitan journalism, could have made money and reputation, could have gained political influence and position, and could have had innumerable social and personal advantages from residence in New York.

On the other hand, I have not completed those various studies which I desire to pursue, and if I had gone to Brooklyn I never could have completed them. Finally, if I were ready to leave my studious retirement and plunge into the affairs of the world, do I want to be a journalist? I would rather be a lawyer.

Here remaining in seclusion for five years longer I can steadily gain a quiet reputation and, better still, I can deepen and widen my knowledge, my mastery of principles, and my habits of thinking; and if it be my destiny to be a man of affairs, I shall enter upon such a career more coolly, with greater circumspection and certainty as to the way I want to go. Had I gone to Brooklyn it would have been a premature introduction to the business of the world. I have nearly completed a certain stage of literary studies; the next stage will be the study of the law, of political economy, and American history. Upon that stage of work I expect to enter soon.

Meantime, I feel greater respect for myself that I have had the poise of soul and the inflexibility of purpose to meet this tremendous onset of Theodore's; and for the sake of the ideal formed in my soul to reject so flattering and captivating a substitute.

Ann Arbor, January 20. I am about to open the first volume of Kent's *Commentaries*. I thus begin under most favorable auspices the realization of a long-cherished desire, the regular study of the law.

Ann Arbor, May 23, 1870. Week before last I had a book notice in the *Independent*, entitled *Literary labors of Charles Sumner*. To-day the editor sends me the following note:

Washington, Senate Chamber, 18th May, 1870

DEAR MR. TILTON:

The article in the *Independent* on my volumes is beyond my deserts — so I say and cannot doubt — but it has touched me much, and more than anything latterly made me feel that I have not lived in vain. I have tried without success to imagine whose partial pen has done this. May I ask you to send me three or four copies?

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

Ann Arbor, 25 May, 1870

DEAR JACK:

Theodore Tilton must have already told the illustrious Charles who "has done this," for this day's mail brought me a flood of speeches franked by him. Jennie is now absolutely confident that, having won the favor of the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, I am about to have a fat consulship

in Europe, and by to-morrow her demands will have risen to the position of Minister to France. . . .

Affectionately, MOSE.

[In his journal for December of this year my father writes from New York and Washington, where he had gone for a few weeks to furnish a weekly letter to the *Brooklyn union* and the *Independent*:]

New York, December 15, 1870. This A. M. I went to the *Independent* office, where I saw, on the stairway, Joel Benton, and then in the office, Oliver Johnson and Doctor Eggleston, and subsequently Theodore Tilton. The latter seemed restless and troubled, the cause of which I learned confidentially. Great changes are coming. When Theodore went away he kissed me tenderly on the forehead. Altogether my impression was rather a melancholy one concerning T.'s present state. The star of his life is perhaps turning upon him its dark side.

New York, December 16, 1870. Heard more about T. T. which I must not write here, hinting at his domestic troubles. T. T. does not now speak to H. W. Beecher.

New York, December 17, 1870. This morning went to *Independent* office and saw the folks — Mary Clemmer Ames, Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, and Mr. Briggs, a friend of Lowell, to whom Lowell dedicated his poems, and who knew intimately Edgar Allan Poe. Briggs said Poe had no human feeling — no heart, although after writing anything he could work himself up to shedding tears over it. He says Lowell and George William Curtis are the two most reliable literary men he knows. They can be absolutely depended upon to write what they say they will, and at the time promised. With regard to Lowell, this differs from reports that I have had of him.

Washington, December 21, 1870. Reached Washington and saw the great light blazing in the dome of the Capitol and the flag floating on its north end. So I learned that the Senate was having a night session, and this was luck. Getting into a street car, I saw therein the face of Schuyler Colfax, whom I at once recognized, though I had never seen him before. Entered myself at Ebbitt House, got washed and filled, and hurried away to the Senate. Entering the gallery, found the Senate had not yet assembled, but saw Sumner sitting in leisurely talk with another senator. Went below, intending to speak to him, but could get no page within signal to take my card. Entered the right cloak-room, where was one senator smoking, and at the other end of the room a colored man was walking about smoking. Thinking him an attendant, I felt at liberty to ask him how I was to get my card to Mr. Sumner, with a tone perhaps intimating my hope that he would perhaps consent to carry it. In very kind tones he said, "It is usual to send a page with one's card."

M. C. T.: "Has Mr. Sumner been speaking to-day?"

Colored Gentleman: "Oh yes, he has made a long speech and has excited great opposition. There is to be a great debate to-night."

M. C. T: "I find it hard to get the attention of these pages."

Colored Gentleman: "Mr. Sumner does not usually leave his seat after the Senate has opened, but if you can get your card to him now he will doubtless come."

By and by, after the Senate opened, a friend pointed out the various senators and I saw in the seat of Revels my colored friend of the cloak-room. I succeeded in getting my card to Charles Sumner, who instantly came to me very cordially, told me about his speech of the morning, and said he was to be abused this evening.

I heard a great debate, and did not get back to the hotel till nearly one o'clock. My impressions will go into my letters to the *Christian union* and *Independent.*

Saw Mr. and Mrs. Judd at the debate, also Senators Howe and Nye. There was a time when I should have taken my first look of the American Senate with awe and deep respect. I was surprised at the total absence of these emotions to-night. It seemed to me to be a crowd of strong men, indeed, but, excepting Sumner, not great men.

Washington, December 22, 1870. Went to the Capitol, going below and sending my card in to Mr. Judd. I was invited to take a seat with him and Burchard from Illinois. B. said Garfield had no great influence, "he was too scholarly." Presently Mr. Judd was called out to see a lady and he wanted me to go with him. It was Mrs. ——, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, who is a lecturer against woman's suffrage and came with petitions to that effect. After getting through her business with Judd, she turned to me and said, "Of course you stand right as to woman suffrage?" "Of course, I do, I am in favor of it."

"Oh, no, do not say so; you are too good-looking a man to be in favor of such a thing; don't be in favor of it," and so on, *ad nauseam.*

Judd talked very freely about the politicians. He said "If Lincoln had lived he would have tried charity to the rebels till all his radical friends were outraged and until he discovered the real animus of the rebels; then he would have tried severity and would have become the most popular man in the nation and would have been re-elected for a third term. Grant isn't much of a man; he doesn't know anything; he hasn't any brains; he's a good fighter, and that's all; he has made blunders from the beginning of his presidency; his gifts, favoritism, bad appointments, trying to get on in a semi-military way, slighting the politicians, etc. He's a very small man, indeed; hasn't any political ideas except what are stuffed into him. If there

was any other man in our party available, Grant would be dropped, but there's the trouble."

Between five and six had a chat with Mrs. Judd. She's a bright and charming woman. She says Grant never starts a conversation, but when started often says a neat thing. Last year there was an excursion down the Potomac. He was on board; his cabinet and a quorum of both houses. Mrs. Judd sat near him, and said: "Mr. President, it would be a bad thing to have a great accident happen to this party. Pretty nearly the whole government would be destroyed." "Yes, Mrs. Judd, but you observe the Vice-President has very prudently stayed at home."

There is a bitter fight now going on between Grant and Sumner. Here is one of Grant's sarcasms on Sumner: A statement was referred to in conversation, and it was said Sumner ought to know it. Some one said he wouldn't believe it. The first speaker said, "Well, if he wouldn't believe that, he wouldn't believe the Bible." Grant retorted, "Of course he wouldn't believe the Bible, unless he wrote it himself."

Washington, December 26, 1870. While walking in G street, I saw Vice-President Colfax coming. Resolved to charge upon him. Saluted him. He replied rather formally. I offered him Theodore Tilton's letter, which he glanced at and said: "Ah, this is Moses Coit Tyler. Why, you did not need to bring a letter to me. I know you very well. I'm most glad to see you. Now, come right home and dine with me." Of course, though I had just dined, I went.

He avows himself a decided Grant man, takes strong ground against Sumner, and declares Grant to be the man to win with in 1872. He argues stoutly against all objections to Grant. Says Grant and Schurz may be reconciled, but doesn't see how Grant and Sumner can be; says Grant is not violent against

Sumner and doesn't want Sumner removed from the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Grant feels the attacks on him acutely, but will not reply to them.

On the whole I can understand the popularity of Schuyler Colfax. His manner would be to the average person very captivating.

On returning to the hotel I found Charles Sumner's card for me, on which was written this: "I hope you will let me see you soon. Can you come Monday evening?"

His house I found to be the ideal abode of the ideal American senator. After the company had gone we sat together about an hour, talking about literary matters. Fearing that I was over-staying, I rose to go. Mr. Sumner invited me not to hasten, and wanted to know what I was doing. I told him:

"Moving about Washington and talking with people."

S.: "Ah, then you can instruct me."

T.: "Oh, no, Mr. Sumner; you know all that is going on."

S.: "No, really I do not. I scarcely go out at all and do not see people who can tell me such things. What are people talking of?"

T.: "Why, you must know. They are talking of Senator Sumner." Upon this he began to talk for half an hour about the trouble between himself and Grant. It was noble. I wish I could repeat it word for word. His voice was low, his utterance deliberate and sweet, his language choice and strong, and what he said was both forcible and high minded.

Tuesday, December 27th. To-day I called at Senator Schurz's house with a letter of introduction. I was ushered into the study and was received cordially. He talked freely about the political troubles. As to his course in the Senate, he said: "I have taken my political life in my hand. I have resolved to act as if I were to end my career with this term in the Senate; be independent, true to my real convictions, and not hesitate to say and

do what I think to be right on account of any regard for a re-election. By that fortunate clause of the Constitution which takes from me aspirations after the presidency I am saved from a great temptation; and I am going to have the luxury of doing what I think to be right." This was said with a beautiful simplicity and sweetness of tone. He carried my heart. I think him quite sincere.

Washington, December 30, 1870. Spent two hours this morning in Charles Sumner's study. He was dressed in morning gown and slippers, and looked very senatorial. I could have worshipped him. He is majestic. He greeted me very cordially. He began by speaking of the letters he had received from Longfellow, Gerrit Smith, and Garrison, parts of which he read to me. He also read part of a long letter from Gideon Welles, giving a terrible analysis of Grant. Welles thinks Grant a very dangerous man, ambitious to be made President for life, reckless as to our principles of government, and even ignorant of them, willingly so. Is Welles mad, or only dyspeptic, malignant, and sour? He denied to Grant any greatness. Charles Sumner said Grant "is curiously and subtly selfish," and that "there never had been such nepotism since the Borgian popes."

When I tried to go he called me back to show me some of the engravings about the rooms, referring to his special theme of treaties. He also had photographs of Brougham, Bright, and Gladstone. The talk turned on Brougham. I criticised him as a mere rhetorician and actor, a liar and a dupe of flattery. Sumner partly admitted it and said that it was a misfortune to him that he ever met B., the meeting so lowered him in his opinion; that B. was the grossest and most profane man in conversation that he ever knew.

"Mr. Senator, that is a good deal for you to say when you reflect who is your nearest neighbor in the Senate."

Charles Sumner: "Why, do you mean Nye?"

M. C. T.: "Certainly. He is the most obscene and profane talker I ever met."

Charles Sumner: "Well, I have been told something of that. But I never heard him talk so. He never swears or deals in gross language in conversation with me."

That I thought the greatest imaginable testimony to the greatness and purity of Charles Sumner's personal presence in the Senate.

Washington, December 31, 1870. A note from Mr. Colfax inviting me to go to church and lunch with him to-morrow.

Washington, January 1, 1871. By invitation I went to the Vice-President's this morning at 10.30. At just 10.40 his carriage drove up, two horses and a black liveried driver. Mrs. Colfax and I sat on the back seat; the Vice-President, insisting, against my protestations, on using the small movable seat which faced us. "The only place where I insist on having my own way is in my own carriage. There I will sit where I please."

Both before leaving the house and in his carriage the V.-P. slided into politics easily.

"This carriage was a present to me from Congressman Hooper. I am a poor man and never could have afforded such a thing. Mr. Hooper said that when I should be elected Vice-President he should give me a carriage. I forgot all about it. One day, after my inauguration, he came to me in the Capitol and said: 'Colfax, ride with me.' We came together to my house. He came in and chatted awhile with Mrs. Colfax and then told her to come to the window, as he had something to show her. 'There, Mrs. Colfax, that is your carriage out there. I want you to tell your husband to send round to my stable for it.' Well, that's the way a poor man came to own a carriage. And now I'll tell you about those horses. After I got my carriage

I needed something to draw it, and one day Mr. ——, the superintendent of the Adams Express Company, said he was buying horses every day and could pick me out a good span cheaper than I could get them. I told him to go ahead. 'What is the limit?' said he. 'Oh, $400 or $500.' 'Very well.' In a few days these horses came around. I handed Mr. —— my check for the amount he told me they cost. He took the check, and said he would send me the receipt. The next day came an envelope with what I supposed to be a receipt. On opening it I found my check returned to me with his compliments. And that is the way I came to be the proprietor of this equipage."

On previous occasions Mr. Colfax has talked in the same frank way about his poverty. He told me he could not live on the salary of the Vice-President; the first time in his life that an office had not supported him. I asked him about some Chinese vases in his dining-room. "I know nothing about them. They belong with the furniture to this house. I take it furnished and pay $13,000 a year for it." I think Colfax is anxious that the people should continue to think him one of them. Then, alluding to an article of mine, the Vice-President said: "You say that my cheerfulness as a public man you don't understand. Now, I'll explain it to you. I'll tell you the whole secret. In the first place, a man must be happy in his home. That is what I am. In the presence of this lady here I mustn't speak my whole mind on that point; it might embarrass her. But in my home life, thanks to a kind Providence, I have been most fortunate. In the next place, a man must keep out of quarrels. You see how here in Washington public men are jealous of each other, talking hard things of each other, and getting into all sorts of rows and wrangles. Well, now I never have anything of that. I have just one rule: If anybody wants to have a quarrel with me, he must do it all himself. I won't help him. I am on good terms with men of all parties. I never let political

differences disturb personal relations. Furthermore, I try to look on the bright side of things; to hope for the best; to believe that the right will come out ahead. I've seen the country in dark days, but I wouldn't despair. I know that things are in a bad way now. They do trouble me. Yet I resolve not to sink into the dumps about it."

Here we approached the church — the Metropolitan Methodist. There was already a crowd. Colfax was received on all hands with smiles and politeness and real affection. The aisles were filling, but the usher kept a passage open from the door to the President's pew, which was just in front of the Vice-President's.

Just as the second hymn was given out, the President came quietly in with his youngest son, Jesse, a boy of about eleven. This was my first sight of General Grant. He stood at the pew door waiting for the boy to come up. Grant's air was as calm and firm as has been represented. As he stood, his eyes were thrown in a peculiarly fixed way toward the people beyond the farther end of his pew. On sitting he bowed pleasantly to the Vice-President, paying a passing glance to Mrs. Colfax and myself. His head is like a big bullet; his face had a look of illimitable determination and quiet strength; also quite plebeian, as did his boy's. There was the mark of eye-glasses on his nose; and his eyes looked as if he had slept hard after being up late. Yet there was health in his face, as if he could stand anything without much wear and tear. He looked like a natural stoic, military and political. During the sermon he did not appear to pay much attention, any more than to keep the run of the thing and be sure that Doctor Newman talked no heresy. His eye moved quickly when it moved at all, and then rested heavily upon whatever object it settled on. During the latter part, some one fainted in the back of the church and there was a momentary noise. Grant started quickly and turned quite

around, with a startled look, as if personally suspicious of danger, and yet with an expression that could quell danger. After the benediction the Vice-President presented me to him at the pew door. He shook hands and smiled pleasantly, but by no means gushed. Neither did I. The crowd was so great that we moved out very slowly. Colfax was saluting people on both sides; Grant scarcely any one. On the church step an elderly man pushed through the crowd to Grant and offered his hand, giving his name as the "Rev. So and So," and commenced a rather slow speech of admiration to the President, who looked stolid but bored. I helped Mrs. Colfax to the carriage. I should have said that before the benediction Colfax whispered to me, after whispering with the President, and said: "We'll let Mrs. Colfax ride home; you and I will walk home with the President." I liked this, yet whispered to Mrs. Colfax that her husband was going to make me do something in very bad taste.

Just as the carriage door was closing, Grant stepped up and said, "Let Jesse get in."

So Grant, Colfax, and Tyler started together toward Pennsylvania avenue. Within two or three rods of the church, just opposite a livery stable, Grant stopped, pulled out a cigar case, offered a cigar to Colfax and to me, took one himself, and as he did so, he said with a twinkle:

"I've got so used to this sort of thing that I can't wait for my smoke till I get home from church." Then to Colfax:

"Colfax, I furnish the cigars, and you've got to furnish the light."

"All right," said Colfax, producing matches and stepping into the stable out of the wind. In a moment he returned with his cigar lighted. Grant took it and lighted his, handing it back to Colfax. I took it and lighted mine and returned Colfax's. Then on we went. Colfax showed great tact in getting

me into the ring of it. He was on the President's left, I on his right. Colfax said, looking across to me:

"Professor, how many students have you at Michigan University?"

T.: "Something more than a thousand. We have the largest number of any university in the country; about twenty larger, I think, than Harvard."

Pres.: "No, I think they have about thirteen hundred at Harvard. One of my sons is there. I see their register."

T.: "Ah, then I was mistaken about our being the largest university."

Pres.: "Well, I think they make out that number by counting in the students who are there studying anything: students in medicine and law and divinity. But those in the four classes — freshmen (here he tried to think of the names of the other classes, but without success) — well, those in the regular college — freshmen — and well, those in the (hesitatingly) four classes make only about seven hundred."

T.: "That, also, is a larger number than we have in our four classes of undergraduates. The number I just gave includes all the professional students as well as those still in the college. The university is composed of all these sorts of students."

Colfax: "Yes, that is what makes up a university. Well, Professor, I think you have no charge for tuition to students living in Michigan."

T.: "None to them or to others, either. There is a small matriculation fee, and an annual charge of $10 to the residents in Michigan and $20 to residents of other states. Further than that there's no charge. And, Mr. President, I should like to say that when your youngest gets old enough to go to college, would it not be fair for you to consider the claims of the great university of the West, which many people think to be in fact the most genuine American university in the country?"

Pres.: "Well, I have one son at West Point, and another at Harvard. But Jesse, my youngest, thinks he would like to go to West Point or Annapolis, and if I have influence enough, perhaps I can get him in at one of those schools. As he will be old enough to go to Annapolis before my term expires, perhaps I may have influence enough to get him in there." This was said in rather a grimly playful way.

T.: "Well, Mr. President, if you find that your influence is not great enough to get him into West Point or Annapolis, I hope you will try at Ann Arbor. I think you can get him in there."

Up to this point I listened intently to the President's tones of voice, to his pronunciation, choice of language, etc. There was a certain western flatness in his pronunciation, and his tones were slightly provincial. I have given almost verbatim his words, correcting an occasional slight grammatical slip. His whole manner was quite unassuming and modest. Yet he had a way of bringing out what he had to say in a pat, terse, decided way. His talk would not have suggested greatness, neither did it belie it.

Colfax now changed the subject.

V.-P.: "Oh, General, did you see that account of the interview with Clark Miller?"

Pres.: "Yes, I saw it."

V.-P.: "Well, how was it about the surrender of Lee? Is the common account of it, the giving up of the sword, etc., correct?"

Pres.: "Lee's surrender to me was made in a house. The only foundation for the apple-tree story is this: The day before the surrender General Babcock carried to Lee my note suggesting the putting an end to needless bloodshed, as further resistance, he must see, was vain. Babcock found Lee sitting under an old apple tree, and General Babcock said he looked for all the world just as if he ought to be strung up to one of

its branches. Lee's answer to me was that he would be happy to meet me to arrange terms of peace between the two governments. Of course, I could pay no attention to such a message. But by the next day things had so changed that Lee saw things in the same light that I did. It was then that I met him and arranged terms of surrender. It was all done inside of a house."

V.-P.: "Well, General, how did Lee behave?"

Pres.: "He behaved well, but I felt very much embarrassed."

M. C. T.: "Why, Mr. President, should you have felt embarrassed? I can imagine you must have had great emotion, but I cannot see why you should have felt embarrassment."

Pres.: "There wasn't any reason for it, but I did feel embarrassed. Lee behaved very well. He was dignified, quiet, and gentlemanly. He seemed very much downcast. If he hadn't behaved so well I should not have felt embarrassed. Now, when Pemberton surrendered to me at Vicksburg I didn't feel embarrassed a bit."

V.-P.: "Why not, General?"

Pres.: "Oh, he took on so. He acted as if I might have surrendered to him."

M. C. T.: "I should like to ask, Mr. President, if you did not feel some relief at the death of Lee? Did you not regard him as a dangerous man in the country?"

Pres.: "Only negatively so — only because he was idolized by the whole South. Then before his death I had heard of his saying some very bitter things, especially about getting back the Arlington estate."

V.-P.: "Were you approached by any of the family about the recovery of the Arlington place?"

Pres.: "No, not directly. But one day I received word that Mrs. Lee's lawyer was waiting to see me on the subject; and I sent him word that I couldn't see him or anybody else on that subject. I heard nothing more about it until McCreery made

his speech in the Senate and brought on the debate, which you heard (turning to me). Of all the Southern generals, I had most respect for Gen. Joe Johnston. I knew him in the army long before the war. He always comes to see me when he passes through town, in order to show that he wants to be on good terms with — Northern people. He always seems to me like a manly, honest person." (These words were themselves spoken in a manly, honest way, and as I looked at the man who uttered them with so sincere and modest a tone I could not help feeling that they very well described him. All the bad stories I had lately heard of Grant seemed confuted.)

Colfax then suggested other topics of conversation. General Grant's projected trip to California next April; a visit to Alaska; and some talk about coal mines and other things on the Pacific railway.

As we got to the east gate of the White House we turned in to escort the President to his door. "We are going with you quite to the door, Mr. President, so as to make sure that you don't get assassinated."

As we came up the steps:

Pres.: "Won't you come in and lunch with me, gentlemen?"

V.-P.: "No, thank you. Mr. Tyler is going home to lunch with me."

Just as he passed into his door, which was swung open for him, without looking around, he said, "Good morning, gentlemen," to which we of course replied.

The Vice-President's house is but a short distance off, and on our way I heartily thanked him for his thoughtful kindness in enabling me to see the President and hear him talk in so informal a way.

At luncheon nothing remarkable was said except that in reply to a question of mine, "Speaking of your joke about seeing

the President to the door, Mr. Colfax, do you think it ever passes through his head that he is liable to assassination?"

V.-P.: "Not a bit of it. At least, so I think. He never shows it. He has been twice threatened with assassination, too, and by the same man, a crazy man who is now in the asylum. The first time, the man followed the President closely and cursed him and threatened to shoot him, but the President walked on quietly, took no notice of him, and finally turned a corner and told a policeman to prevent that man from following him any farther. Not many days after he was set upon again by the same man in the Capitol grounds, and seeing Judge K. he quietly told him what the fellow was saying; and Judge K. had him arrested as a lunatic, and he was soon put into the asylum."

CHAPTER VI

1871 — 1872

Ann Arbor, March 25, 1871. What is most needed in America at present is disinterested political criticism, as courageous as that of Wendell Phillips, as temperate as that of John Stuart Mill, as skilfully fitted to be listened to as that of John Bright.

Our partisan politicians, however acute and eloquent, are slaves. They carry on their necks the yoke. They dare not think for themselves and speak plainly what they think. Charles Sumner and Carl Schurz are the two exceptions. There is something wholly vulgar in such a career. He who would serve American society now must beware of admitting into his soul the lust of office. That passion eats away every noble quality, especially intellectual courage. He must reflect that America can furnish him with a political career without his ever being in office. Neither Greeley, nor Phillips, nor Beecher, nor Gerrit Smith has needed office in order to gain the ear of the people, and to shape the destinies of the state. A man may work with party; he must not work under it.

I have lately fancied myself approaching a great undertaking which may prove to be the literary occupation of my life. My mind is still wandering about the plan, surveying it on all sides, perhaps coquetting with it, yet almost inclined to take it for better, for worse. It is to write the history of the United States, beginning with the administration of the first President.

To prepare the first volume would require a preparation of at

least five years. I doubt whether I can make any better use of myself.

Unless I have entirely mistaken the symptoms of a thorough and permanent determination of my whole nature, I have at last really found my work. Since I reached this resolution to make the study and exposition of American history my chief literary occupation I have experienced the truth of Carlyle's words, "Blessed is he who has found his work!" By all that is valuable in integrity, I mean to be faithful to this work.

The reading of books is not an end; only a means to an end. The end which it is designed to promote is to deposit knowledge in the mind of the reader, to strengthen his intellectual powers by exercise, to start him upon trains of thinking.

My mistake from earliest life has been the habit of dealing with books as if getting through them was the supreme thing. In consequence I have read too fast, have reviewed my reading too slightly and too infrequently, have taken too little pains to fasten to my soul the best fruits of my studies, and have discouraged the promptings which reading has given to independent thought. I think I should get much more good out of books if, in addition to a reform in these particulars, I should read the best books twice over.

I must try to impress upon myself, and act upon it, that the great value of a book is not what it tells but what it suggests; that the harvest of reading is not determined by the amount of seed one scatters over the mental soil, but by the amount which catches, takes root, grows, and ripens.

Be less ambitious to get over many pages. Speed in reading is a worthless consideration. Widen your range of knowledge, stretch the boundaries of your thought; it matters not whether in doing that you get over a chapter or only a sentence. Be more hospitable to new ideas that flit about the head while reading. Lay the book down, throw the windows open, and take

the strangers in. Try to feel that time spent in working my own mind is better spent than time given to picking up the spoils wrought by the working of other minds. I should like to get Emerson's habit of deferring all books to his own diary, and of making all studies secondary to the study of his own thoughts. In my own library, with my own thoughts, I have been in a hurry — goaded by a gadfly — not well poised, anxious to make up for lost time. I must try to appease myself by remembering that I have before me the unlimited leisure of immortality. Surely with that I can be calm. Also, be content with doing something well. If I can avoid hereafter all hack-work, it will be for my soul's good. Nothing desecrates my mental processes like that. It is intellectual prostitution.

To prepare myself fully for the field of American history that it may be my privilege to cultivate, I purpose first to go over critically all the writers upon the subject of any note — Bancroft, Hildreth, Grahams, Holmes, Palfrey, Robertson, and so on. I have to-day begun Bancroft. I read him twelve years ago in Owego, too rapidly, rather as a job. I have so many more grappling hooks with which to take hold of him now — wider acquaintance with books and history, and special literary interest in his theme — that I shall now grasp him with more entire attention and appreciation than I did then. The introduction to his first volume, which I have just read, is a piece of classic composition. I feel a little depressed. He has apparently pre-empted a vast portion of the field. Then, too, he began his work so early in life, and had so fine an outfit for it in knowledge of continental languages, that I am humbled by comparing myself with him. But here is a noble vocation, in which the victorious virtues are self-reliance, faith, determination, and unquenchable persistence.

I have already set to work upon the large course of study which I must pursue as a preparation for writing American

history. Believing that Buckle would help me to just ideas as to the spirit, scope, and method of historical investigations, I have commenced reading him, and am now nearly two-thirds through the first volume. I find much in his reasoning to dissent from; but still more, in his robust mental movement and in his heroic learning, to admire. Already he is to me like a bracing sea-breeze. He makes a quotation from Descartes which expresses compactly a law that I am struggling to obey for my own intellectual regeneration: "When I set forth in the pursuit of truth, I found that the best way was to reject everything I had hitherto conceived, and pluck out all my old opinions, in order that I might lay the foundations afresh. We must not pass judgment upon any subject which we do not clearly and distinctly understand; for even if such judgment is correct, it can be so only by accident, not having solid ground on which to support itself."

[On May 10, 1871, Moses Coit Tyler went to New York, where he had been invited to give an address at a mass meeting of the American Woman's Suffrage Association in Steinway Hall, and, being in sympathy with the subject, he readily accepted. There he met Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Livermore, and others interested in the cause. The following is in brief his argument for woman suffrage:]

"Women have called attention to the fact that men still apply to them in our laws and political usages the maxims that have come to us from Asia and from Europe of the middle ages, and while these maxims may be perfectly appropriate to the sort of women produced by the society of Asia or of mediæval Europe, they are not appropriate to the woman of the nineteenth century. The American woman is not a toy, a wax doll, nor a chattel. She does not wish the contemptuous worship of mediæval chivalry. She does not wish the pretty compliments at the expense

of her personality. She reads, she reasons, she has ideas, she trades, she writes, she is a person, she is a member of the state, to suffer, to serve, to pay taxes, to wield influences, to aid in shaping the destinies she is to share. She objects to pretty speeches to her and about her, so long as the practical commentary upon the pretty speeches turns them into indignities. And what is the political value of personality? Everything! The only absolutely sacred objects in this world are persons. The upshot of all modern civilization is to show the fundamental worth of personality. The upshot of modern political science is to demonstrate that all political rights rest, not in property, not in social rank, nor even in education, nor in color, nor in sex, but in personality. All the great civil convulsions in Christendom since the fifteenth century, all the great political reformers, all the famous declarations of human rights, have meant simply this incomparable superiority of persons over things and the effort to bring this truth nearer and nearer to a practical recognition in laws and institutions.

"The right of suffrage is a right resting in persons, and all persons whatsoever who are members of the state are entitled to this right, whether they as yet have it or not.

"This is no dream of transcendentalism, this is not the formula of fanaticism or of rhapsody; it is the cool and deliberate conclusion of political science. If the authority of great names in political science could add any force to a declaration so strong in its own simplicity and in its obvious truth, we might easily bring them forward. The very latest word to this effect in political science has been spoken by an American — a scholar and philosopher — Elisha Mulford, who, in his great treatise recently published on the *Foundations of civil order and political life in the United States*, has shown by principles taught by the great masters of political science, from Aristotle to Hegel and Bluntschli and Maurice, that the nation is constituted only in the

representation of persons, and not in the representation of class interests, or of families, or of the mere accidents attaching to human beings, or of color, or of sex. 'This,' says Mulford, 'is the principle which has the broadest ground in history and the only ground in reason, and the necessary ground in justice.' 'The right to vote,' says this profound political philosopher, 'is the right of every person who is a member of the nation.' And there is absolutely no exception to this principle. The repeal of the vote to foreign persons not naturalized constitutes no exception: for such persons are not as yet members of the nation. The refusal of the vote to children and minors and idiots and lunatics constitutes no exception; for these persons and individuals, either from immaturity or infirmity, have not the conscious self-determination of persons, and by the law as by philosophy are not regarded, as is the case of woman, which does come under the rule of persons. But the refusal of the vote to her is a palpable and a gross violation of this fundamental principle of political science that the right to vote is the right of every person who is a member of the state. It is as great an outrage upon common sense as it is upon common gratitude and common decency to assert that any of the reasons which justify the exclusion of foreigners not naturalized, of minors, idiots, lunatics, and criminals, apply to her case and justify her exclusion. For her exclusion from the vote there is absolutely no valid reason to be alleged on any theory which does not at the same time destroy democratic institutions altogether. The denial of woman suffrage is logically the denial of manhood suffrage, too. No political philosophy has ever recognized, nor ever can recognize, mere sex as the ground of political rights, and so the basis of suffrage. For the same reason, therefore, all citizens who are feminine have the right to vote because they are members of the state. If you deny the reason in the one case, you must deny it in the other. The vote is the right of personality

but personality is not an affair of sex. Personality includes both sexes. Therefore the right to vote includes both sexes."

New York, May 10, 1871. Started this morning for Brooklyn. Walked. Reached Theodore Tilton's, 174 Livingston street, at one o'clock. Was invited up to his sky study. As I approached the door it partly opened and a hand came forth and a voice saying, "Ticket, please; ticket!" Then the door swung open and I was cordially greeted by him. Found there Frank Moulton. Theodore Tilton looked rather grim. He is working hard and is certainly not a happy man at home. I was impressed with the bitterness of his spirit. He is occasionally witty and sprightly as of old, but there is no stir as of the deep fountains of tranquil joy in his soul. His talk is of the sham of church and state; he has seen the hollowness of society and the worthlessness of men, and he seems to carry a stern, magnificent sort of disgust.

Ann Arbor, 28 September, 1871. I have been occasionally, and of late frequently, overtaken with an inability to see the words of the page I was reading or the tip of the pen with which I was writing. Then came a wavering and dizziness before my sight. The other day I spoke to the doctor about it. I feared that it was caused by smoking, perhaps by coffee, possibly by indigestion. It just begins to steal upon me now that it is caused by old age! So to-day, bowing to my fate, at the age of thirty-six, I accept the first venerable sign of senility and buy me a pair of spectacles.

Ann Arbor, 5 October, 1871. It is very odd, but ever since I brought home that pair of spectacles my eyes have been absolutely well, and have done efficiently all I have required of them for eight or ten hours each day; and all this by simply having the spectacles locked up in my desk ready to put on in case

my eyes did not behave themselves. Have I not stumbled upon a new remedy in ocular therapeutics?

My bones testify all the time in favor of my choice of American history for the literary work of my life. The thought grows upon me day by day and entirely possesses me. But I feel bitterly the need of French, German, Spanish, and Italian. I shall have to give at least two and perhaps four or even six years to those preliminary studies, in language, mental philosophy, mathematics and physical science, necessary to qualify me for entering upon the studies connected directly with that first volume. If in ten years I have it published I shall not be dissatisfied; but it would delight me to have it ready for the awful centenary year of 1876 — *i. e.*, in just five years.

[Early in the following year a startling experience in the shape of a threat of assassination was revealed through a letter from a stranger who felt it his duty to write the following warning:]

LETTER FROM EDWARD CAHILL TO MOSES COIT TYLER

Chicago, Ill., February 8, 1872

DEAR SIR:

A young man who gives his name as Cota or Coté has been in this city for some weeks and was yesterday in our office. While here he used your name in such a manner as to excite in our minds suspicion that he intended doing you some harm. His language was very violent when speaking of you. He also asked our opinion of Mr. G. Lothrop, of Detroit, as a lawyer, saying he wished to secure the services of the ablest lawyer he could find, but for what purpose he did not say.

I only write this to put you on your guard, knowing how full the very atmosphere seems to be of that moral mania which leads to murder and other crimes, and having learned the young man's character badly spoken of here and elsewhere, I could not feel satisfied until you knew as much, at least, as I did of how the young man feels.

He said nothing at all about the reasons for his feelings toward you. I do not think there is any occasion for alarm, but you had best be on your guard. He left here yesterday for Jonesville, and said he should go from thence to Ann Arbor.

I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, but I have too high a regard for the Professor Tyler who belongs to our country to remain quiet even at the risk of being called an alarmist. Yours, &c.,

EDWARD CAHILL.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

Ann Arbor, 12 February, 1872

DEAR JACK:

I send you a letter which may interest you. It is very unique. The writer is unknown to me. The person referred to is a Canadian named Coté, who came here with his wife about two years ago, or less; lived on his wife's earnings as a French teacher; and whose brutalities toward her stirred up such general indignation that, on being appealed to, I went with Judge Cooley and the Congregational minister and told Coté that he must leave the town at once or he would be mobbed. He decamped at once, horribly frightened, and has never since returned except for about eight hours. I afterward accidentally met him in Detroit and the interview was friendly. He has since written me a letter in the same tone. I had no idea of his enmity toward me, or that he singled me as the special object of his rage. His wife has lately got a divorce in the circuit court here. I have not seen anything of him yet since the letter. He is a profuse boaster and an abject coward; but if he has worked himself up into a fury and is not afraid to fire off a pistol, of course he may aim it at me, and I suppose I cannot help giving him daily and nightly chances to do so.

I was rather startled at first reading the letter, as my mode of life is not one which brings me into hostile relations with my fellow-beings, and I was not prepared for such a revelation. Since then I have reflected that Coté is too great a coward to

do anything, unless his mania for assassination, feeding on his vanity for making a newspaper sensation, should indeed qualify him for an act of boldness.

All I can do is to go about my business and keep a sharp look-out for sneaks skulking around corners.

Please return this letter to me at once and let me know what you think of it. Your affectionate brother,

MOSES.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

15 February, 1871, Ann Arbor

I showed Cahill's letter to Judge Cooley. He replied that if Coté ever attacked me, and I didn't kill him dead as a door nail, he never would speak to me again. The more I think of Coté, the more I consider him to be a contemptible, cowardly cuss of a Kanuck, but I shall do just what you suggest. Your advice reveals your genius at once for military and civil affairs. I shall adopt it and think it dirt cheap at that fee.

In a hurry still,

M. C. T.

Ann Arbor, April 21, 1872. I am revising old university lectures and writing new ones, as well as preparing a new lyceum lecture. All this intended work is now done six weeks sooner than I expected. I shall now reward myself for my industry by giving my mind the treat of working upon American history. This past week I have read the two volumes of Austin Gerry's, an admirable work; I set out to-day on the *Life and works of John Adams*, in ten volumes.

Ann Arbor, June 29, 1872. On the evening before commencement day Regent George Willard sat with us. He was a delegate to the Philadelphia convention and helped in the nomination of Grant. He gave me this bit of secret history, showing that

Colfax was slaughtered by the man at the White House. Willard said that he made the acquaintance of Colonel Witherington, the most influential man on the California delegation. That delegation was undecided between Colfax and Wilson. Moreover, the Nevada delegation preferred Colfax, but had decided to follow the lead of California, whichever the latter might take. Witherington, being in Washington before the convention met, determined to find if possible what Grant's preferences were, and to throw the delegations accordingly. He went to the White House, saw Gen. Horace Porter, and asked him pointedly which man Grant would like best to have on the ticket with him. Porter would not answer. Finally, after much vain solicitation, Witherington said: "Well, General, tell me this: Which do you consider the stronger man for the ticket?" "Oh, Wilson, by all means." That reply was enough to satisfy Witherington that Grant would be pleased to have Wilson substituted for Colfax. He went away and persuaded his delegation to cast its votes in that manner, and the Nevada delegates followed suit. Had they gone for Colfax he would have been elected.

Ann Arbor, 4 July, 1872. It is dissolvingly hot. I could wish that Fourth of July did not begin quite so early in the morning. Between day dawn and seven o'clock, amid the clangor of our juvenile and enterprising artillery, I had only fitful glimpses of patriotism, and was in considerable doubt about the desirableness of the Declaration of Independence. Upon the whole I thought that the Tories had the best of it: and this political heresy has fallen upon me several times even since breakfast.

I have spent the whole day at home, reading the noble second volume of *John Adams*. It has been curious to live, at the same moment, at both ends of the century; to palpitate with the anxious joy of July 4, 1776, and then, by a big bang near my

study window to be hustled through a hundred years and partake of the settled but noisy fruition of July 4, 1872.

Ann Arbor, 2 August, 1872. And so I am thirty-seven years old to-day! Twenty years ago I expected to have done more by this time. In outward achievement I have indeed but little to show; but in the management of myself, and in the sweetness of an assured vocation, I may say that the real battle of life is won. Though I die at the end of this sentence or before, I have not made a failure of this business of living. And if I mistake not, as to outward results, those will come by and by, all the better for waiting.

My history is to be from the peace of 1783, not the inauguration in 1789.

Ann Arbor, 21 September, 1872. Mother and my uncle James Greene came out from Detroit this morning and returned this evening. I had never before seen him and I now think it a great loss. He is a grand old fellow and we had a royal time with him.

In talking with me he told some stories about his college days at Amherst, where he was graduated in 1837. Henry Ward Beecher was senior while Uncle James was freshman and they both belonged to the same debating society, in which Beecher was very eminent. Beecher was noted for his inattention to study, especially of mathematics. One night a humorous essay was read, containing various absurd hypotheses to account for a great meteoric shower which had just taken place. The final theory was that the solar system was agitated and destroyed by the fact that that evening — *i. e.*, on which the shower had occurred — Beecher had looked into his mathematics. He was in the chair as president. After the roars of laughter had subsided the essayist pronounced this hypothesis utterly absurd, because

it was simply incredible that Beecher had looked into his mathematics that evening! On another occasion the students stayed after morning prayers to consider a plan for complimenting Henry Clay, who was just then on a visit to Northampton. One student moved that the students wait upon him in a body and present him with a copy of the Constitution and the Bible. Another student rose and expressed himself surprised at such a proposal, and said he would like to know what reasons could be advanced for such a proposal. This brought up Beecher. He was ready for such emergencies. His mind worked impromptu. He made a short, ringing, pungent speech, supporting the plan, which fairly electrified the audience and carried the measure by storm. Uncle James remembered with what energy he closed with the words: "It is, therefore, eminently fitting that we should present to this illustrious statesman these two books — the one being the Constitution of our country and the other the Constitution of our God."

CHAPTER VII

1873 — 1875

[Early in the year 1873 Moses Coit Tyler went to New York as the literary editor of the *Christian union*, with the promise of a salary of $3,500 for the first year and a constant increase until it should reach $5,000. Henry Ward Beecher was editor-in-chief and Oliver Johnson managing editor. The contract was terminated before the expiration of the three years, because the wear and tear of New York life proved too taxing; moreover, it chafed him to come under the dictation of another man and he regarded the whole experience as "the most distasteful, exhausting, and ungrateful" work he was ever in.]

New York, January 19, 1873. Last Friday I met Henry Ward Beecher at his office. I had not seen him since New Year's day, 1868 — five years ago. I found him a gray, haggard old man. His face shows time and bitterness of spirit. He greeted me pleasantly and asked kindly after my health, and, turning facetiously to Oliver Johnson, said, "When I knew this man he was a good orthodox minister at Poughkeepsie." He then wanted to know if my theology had soured on my stomach. I told him it had. He remarked that "some kinds will do that." Upon my telling him that my kind which I took at Andover had, he went off into an eloquent talk about Calvanism, which he said was grand, symmetrical, logical, but merciless as fate; it was the perfect synthesis of fatalism. After a pause he said, "Oliver tells me he has been setting his trap for you." He then passed into a discussion of what he wanted the paper to be, saying, "My heart

is with the radicals, but my emotions are with the orthodox." He emitted several epigrams and facetiæ, but nothing bubbled up as from a fountain of serene light and joy. Perhaps it was in my imagination, but I thought I had seldom seen eyes and a face expressing greater wretchedness. It was indeed the countenance of a great soul in desolation. After a while he pulled out a Memphis sectarian paper in which he was denounced as the Devil for his heresies. "Well," with a shrug, "if I am the Devil, then the Devil is a much better fellow than I took him to be."

New York, March 26, 1873. Room 28, Bible House. Yesterday I took temporary possession of these pleasant rooms in this dignified building. My own desk is not ready for me, and for a few days I am to use that of Henry Ward Beecher. Is there an omen in that? On the first of May I am to have another one, which I shall fit up for my study. Here I am to come mornings and busy myself in real study, and it is not until after one that I shall go to the office. Last evening I spent with Elisha Mulford. If I could take time to describe and report his talk it would be worth the trouble.

New York, March 31, 1873. I lectured last Thursday at Carbondale, Pa., and happily that ends my toils of that kind for this spring. My *Old English ballads* has proved the most successful lecture I have ever given. On Saturday last I received from Chancellor Winchell an invitation to deliver the commencement address before the University of Syracuse next June, and, after some moments of doubt as to want of time, decided to do it. This morning I have been growing to the subject: *The first colleges and college builders of America.* Yesterday I spent mostly in writing a review of Grace Greenwood's brilliant book, *New life in new lands.*

New York, April 1, 1873. Yesterday found note on my desk written by A. D. White inviting me to dine with him and a few friends at Union League Club. He greatly encourages me to go on in my American studies and intimated when my lectures were ready I should have a professorship to my liking at Cornell. At the dinner were David A. Wells, Mr. Walker, Professor Botta, Mr. Appleton, Dr. Henry M. Field and others. Wells impressed me by his force, dignity, wit, and air of reserved power. He discusses or narrates well. He told effectively some good stories, apologizing for their breadth. He expressed great contempt for Grant, his dense ignorance; and gave illustrations of it. One was Grant's wanting a duty taken off from putty, not knowing that its ingredients were white lead and linseed oil.

At last White said: "You mustn't bear too hard on Grant. After all he keeps up a good deal of thinking." "About what?" pungently retorted Wells, quick as lightning.

Wells also expressed great contempt for such historians as Prescott and Motley. They were mere story tellers. Their fame is too great for the sort of faculties they have brought into use. Wells said that L. S. Foster, of Norwich, told him that many years ago Motley, who had produced two dead novels, was at his home, when everybody was talking about Prescott. Motley said, "I believe I can do as well as that myself, and I'll see about it."

On the evening after Motley was made minister to England he and Wells dined together and Motley expressed his inability to understand financial questions or even to get interested in them. Wells said that fact explains the great defect in Motley's history. He does not see that it was the Jews and their financial influence in the Netherlands that greatly influenced its politics and pushed it forward to religious toleration.

25 April, 1873. Last eve we were invited to a dinner at Professor Botta's. The company were: Bret Harte, Grace Greenwood, Frederick Law Olmsted, and others.

Mr. Olmsted is very modest and quiet, talks hesitantly and little, has a big forehead with diminishing hair on top, and does not look like the man of executive force he is.

Bret Harte appears well. No eccentricity of manner, no westernisms, nothing loud or ungainly, but a self-possessed, unassuming manner, with the ease and tone of a polished gentleman. He was the lion of the evening. No one talked brilliantly. He usually took the ludicrous or sarcastic view of things. I fell into talk with him about the Modoc Indians. He says they belong to the Digger tribe, by no means a fierce or aggressive body, and that they have been goaded into fury by frauds and cruelties that have been practised upon them. He rather defended them. Grace Greenwood was dressed to represent the California miner, and impersonated, with clever recitations, some of Bret Harte's poems.

New York, 6 May, 1873. On the first I moved, like all New Yorkers. I left room 28 and came into room 66, where I now write, and where I expect to have my study for a year at least. My immediate predecessor in this room was Mr. Frank Moore, the historian, who, returning from Paris with Minister Washburn, used the room as a place for the exhibition of books and pictures brought from Paris and for sale. My carpet is a straw matting which was used by dear Horace Greeley in room 63, where he wrote *The American conflict.* So as a writer of American history I am not without some inspiring associations.

New York, 10 May, 1873. Last night we went to Association Hall to hear George Macdonald's farewell lecture in America. His subject was *Hamlet.* William Cullen Bryant, who pre-

sided and introduced the lecturer, with a careful and graceful little speech, was for me the principal inducement to go. A number of persons accompanied the lecturer to the platform, Doctor Bellows, Dr. William Taylor, Dr. J. G. Holland, etc. Bryant I had never seen before, but I instantly recognized him from my acquaintance with his photographic protraits. The only thing about him fully up to the photographs is his beard, which is of oriental profusion and majesty. Perhaps the hard brightness of his eyes is also in life equal to the pictures. But his forehead and upper face are by no means so great and impressive as I had been led to expect; his frame, which I somehow fancied was huge and burly, is not tall nor broad but rather meagre. He does not look amiable or particularly generous, but intensely intellectual. Indeed his body is apparently under exquisite subjection to the service of his soul. His speech was evidently written out and memorized, and he spoke with some hesitation, and in one case a decided pause to recall what he had learned, a mistaken advance, then a retreat, to put in what he had left out, etc. Of course his English was very pure and his sentences well turned. He paid graceful compliments to the genius of George Macdonald. During the lecture Mr. Bryant fell into a nap more than once. At each waking he reminded me vividly of Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle*, after his vigintennial doze. Byrant usually goes to bed at nine o'clock, and this was keeping him up long after that hour.

New York, 25 May, 1873. Went to Plymouth Church this morning. Beecher preached a noble sermon on the limitations of meaning in Christ's words in the sermon on the mount. After sermon I went to shake hands with him. He said to me, "I say, old fellow, whenever I go to the office I never find you there." "That," I replied, "is owing to the fact that whenever I go there you never come." Whereupon he laughed and told

with much mimic humor a comical story of a man in a wagon who shouted to a boy: "What do you bawl so for whenever I go by?" The boy replied, "What do you go by for whenever I bawl?"

New York, December 28, 1873. No. 27 W. 18th St. Ever since last August we have boarded at this house. Among other people Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Johnson are at our table. He excels in anecdotes about ministers. Here is one: Rev. Dr. Parkman, of Boston, father of the Doctor Parkman who was murdered by Professor Webster, was a very short, slender man with a mild feminine voice. One Sunday he exchanged with a country minister. The latter was a very tall man and his pulpit was adapted to his altitude. When Doctor Parkman arose, merely the top of his head was visible over the pulpit, and when he came to give out his text, he said in a squeaky voice, "It is I, be not afraid!"

New York, 28 January, 1874. Last night went to a party at Dr. and Mrs. Henry M. Field's, given particularly in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner. There was a great throng and many notables were there — Bryant, John Bigelow, Stedman, Dr. W. B. Adams, George Ripley, etc. Doctor Field introduced me to Bryant, who was in conversation with Mrs. Stedman. I was appalled at the thought of meeting him and didn't know how to start the conversation. He kindly broke the ice after a few moments' delay by asking me if I had lived in New York long. This gave me a beginning and all things went on smoothly then. He told me that he read our paper every week, and that he had seen my review of his *Orations* last summer. "It was very kind," he added. His tones in speech are just a little angular and sharp, with a trace of the New England inflection. While we were talking Doctor Holland came up and said to Byrant, pointing to me, "This man says he has just been on

my track"(referring to what I had said a few minutes before to Doctor Holland). "What does he mean by that?" said Bryant. "Why, he has been off lecturing in the western part of this state and has followed me in towns where I had just before lectured. I believe you have never lectured any, Mr. Bryant, taking carpet-bag in hand and trudging from town to town?" Bryant: "No."

By some link the talk became connected with the subject of memory and Doctor Holland told of Bayard Taylor's saying that he could not forget anything; that all he heard or read, good or bad, stuck to him, and sometimes it was hard to distinguish between what he himself originated and what he only remembered. Bayard Taylor cited the case of his reading a poem in a newspaper in a chop-house in London, and months afterward in America some circumstance reminded him of it, and he found he could repeat the whole poem.

Bryant replied that he himself had a good memory; that any address he wrote was immediately imprinted on his mind, and that if all his poems were burnt up he could replace them from memory.

Upon the whole Bryant's bearing was worthy of his great name, dignified, most self-respectful, gentle, unassuming, kindly. I had no other talk that was memorable, and we came away early.

New York, 2 February, 1874. Having finished a careful reading of Sparks's writings of Washington, I commence to-day the writings of Jefferson in nine volumes. I am also midway in Marshall's *Life of Washington*, but being tired of battles I turn to Jefferson's racy, versatile, and brilliant compositions. Last night I heard a paper by President Welling, of Columbia University, on the *Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.* It was an exquisite specimen of historical criticism, and annihilates the last pretense to authenticity in that notorious document. Met

Dr. George Moore at the Historical Society. Incidentally he expressed great contempt for Lessing as a historian, considering him a mere hack, besides being credulous and even reckless about facts.

New York, 13 May, 1874. My life in New York is very distasteful to me. I hate the newspaper and its work; but I must work on faithfully till I have paid the penalty for my blunders and sins.

New York, 18 May, 1874. I was offered yesterday the position of associate managing editor of the *Evening post*, salary $4,000. The offer was brought to me by Robert Dale Owen. I thanked him, but told him that my next move would be out of journalism altogether rather than any further into it.

This morning I had the best working mood I have had for weeks. Topics tumble in upon me like breakers on the beach.

New York, June 30, 1874. This morning took breakfast at the Quaker Dairy and saw in the *Times* Theodore Tilton's published reply to Doctor Bacon concerning the Beecher scandal. I could not eat. At the office all day, trying to work and waiting for events. The subject is everywhere talked of. It is very bad. The question now is, Will Beecher say anything? And what can he say?

New York, 14 August, 1874. Oh, this weary, disgusting editorial work! When shall I be rid of it? Ah, this is my purgatory, in which I am expiating my sins of hasty conclusion and of putting out my own thinking to be done for me. Rose early and by 6:30 was reading Beecher's defence in the *Tribune*. It is an able and plausible document, but not compelling conviction. It furnishes an hypothesis of innocence to those who must have one, of innocence at the expense of Beecher's supposed good

sense, knowledge of human nature, penetration, foresight, or moral courage.

New York, 15 August, 1874. This morning a new batch of materials about the nauseous scandal, Beecher's cross-examination and Tilton's letters to his wife and hers to him. I am waiting as patiently as I can for news from Doctor Angell, deciding my destiny as to Ann Arbor. C. K. Adams thinks it very probable that in my case the regents will violate their rule of never recalling a man who has left them. I feel that I am going there; but I try to keep my heart free. There are many advantages in not going; but going would give me an easier life.

New York, 18 August, 1874. My impression of Henry Ward Beecher is utterly at war with that respect which a man should feel for his chief. I think he has been a profligate man, grossly so, and has tried to cover up his crimes by hypocrisy, lying, and unutterable sneaking and meanness.

As I believe in God, so do I believe that the laws of God must and will be vindicated by the utter unmasking and public infamy of this man. But while I am on his paper I hold my tongue. Even his salary cannot prevent me from thinking.

New York, 21 August, 1874. Moulton's full statement appeared in the *Graphic*. It comes too late to produce a serious effect on the public mind.

New York, 25 August, 1874. The long-expected letter from President Angell came this morning, and tells me to set my house in order for going. I go. Had this come suddenly, I should have been in ecstasy, but I have had time to prepare for it, and my happiness in the solution of my destiny is calm but very sweet.

New York, 2 September, 1874. In passing from Broadway

to the office in Park place I saw Theodore Tilton coming toward me. Had not seen him for several months. He is growing gray, but on the whole has a firm and resolute look. We greeted each other cordially, but both were somewhat constrained. He said, he "was well, never better"; joked about our paper getting up a great scandal; asked what had got into Oliver; said, "It is a big fight." "An awful fight," I replied, to which he said, "And it isn't ended yet." He asked me to lunch with him, but I told him I had lunched. He wanted at least ten minutes, but I told him that while I was employed by Henry Ward Beecher I could not freely converse with him, but that I hoped that we might meet in happier circumstances, when we could talk freely. I wanted to express myself freely to Theodore, but I put a powerful padlock on my lips. I resolve if possible to keep my name out of this repulsive business.

New York, 12 September, 1874. This has been a happy day; for at twelve o'clock I bade farewell to George S. Merriam, Col. C. L. Norton, and others, and marched out of the *Christian union* office with the joy of a prisoner out of the penitentiary.

Ann Arbor, 16 September, 1874. Home again! Up and out before breakfast in the sweet and still morning. The tranquillity of the place is like balm to my brain and nerves. After dinner entered for the first time my dear old lecture room. I am alone. The room is clean and cheerful and gives me welcome. Here I feel I am to spend the rest of my days. I am full of peace. My prayer is answered. I thank God for his goodness to me in putting me here again.

[The next few months were spent in profound peace and satisfaction — work in the class-room and work on his book, *A manual of English literature*, published in England in 1873 by Henry Morley, thoroughly revised and adapted to American

students through the courtesy of Mr. Morley himself. It was not published in America until 1879, after having been rearranged with much new material.]

New York, 31 December, 1874. Arrived in New York. Saw Frank Moulton. He is greatly changed since six months. He looks as if he had suffered great trouble. He began by telling me the line of facts proving his fidelity to Beecher while their friendship lasted. The conversation ranged over the whole topic of abominations. Frank frequently applied to Beecher such names as "that damned sneak and libertine." I told him frankly what I thought had been his principal mistakes. The greatest was that he had called Butler into the case, a man without moral sense or delicacy or any other wisdom than low cunning. Frank told me how Butler came into the case as Beecher's friend, and read me some of the testimony which Mrs. Moulton is going to give. It is most explicit. F. B. Carpenter came in while we were at dinner, and when at about eight we started to go to Theodore's he went with us. It was just four years ago to-night, Moulton said, that he extorted the retraction from Beecher in the famous pistol scene. Theodore's house looked cheerless enough. When Theodore saw me, he sprang toward me and hugged me affectionately. He told me the characteristics of all his lawyers and of those opposed to him; expressed no certain confidence concerning the result, but an inflexible purpose to fight the battle through to the end even though he should perish. His appearance and manner were much in his favor, no bravado or conceit, but a solemnly earnest, calm, and grand manner. About half-past ten we left Theodore, he conveying us to the door. It was a wrecked home. Just seven years ago to-night I stopped there for the first time. It was then a paradise. Carpenter and I walked uptown together, passing Grace Church just as the New Year's chimes were ringing at twelve o'clock.

New York, 3 January, 1875. At about eleven this morning I called on George Ripley, the veteran literary editor of the *Tribune*. He lives in an elegant way. He was very glad to see me and would not let me make a short call. He told me some interesting things about Bancroft. He said that Bancroft is a good talker in monologue, and under a little stimulus. He is a poor listener, and is manifestly inattentive to what is said to him. This is one reason of his personal unpopularity. Many years ago Ripley lived neighbor to Bancroft in Boston. One day Ripley had a friend with him, when Bancroft came in and was introduced. Bancroft began in rather a high-horse fashion, declaring that most great battles had been won by men who were ardently interested in the object contended for. To this Mr. —— said bluntly, "That is not so," and cited the case of the sea-fight in the War of 1812 between the *Guerrière* and the ship *Constitution* in which the marines on the victorious ship had to be forced to the guns by the officers threatening to shoot them if they deserted their posts. Upon this Bancroft was aroused to defend his position, and in impassioned and eloquent language went over the principal battles of modern times, giving names, dates, etc., and pouring forth an overwhelming flood of learning. In the midst of it Mr. —— broke in, "Sir, are you reciting from a book, or are you really talking?" "I am talking, sir!" squealed Bancroft, and rushed on in his impetuous argument. At last, having finished, he abruptly left the house. Mr. —— exclaimed, "Who under heaven is this wonderful man?" "Why, didn't you understand the name? It is Bancroft, George Bancroft." "What! the historian?" cried Mr. ——, now thoroughly intimidated at his own audacity in presuming to contradict him.

Mr. Ripley said that Bancroft toils tremendously in writing history, getting up his materials with great care, writing and rewriting indefatigably. Years ago, on Mr. Ripley's going to Bancroft's house in the evening, he used to find the historian

and his wife going over what had been written, and Mrs. Bancroft would often say: "Listen to this, Mr. Ripley. Don't you think it is too florid?" etc., etc. Mr. Ripley thinks it incredible that Bancroft has ever consciously misstated anything, or perverted testimony, as he is accused of doing. Ripley also thinks that Bancroft means now to press on with his work, not to spend much time in revising the past volumes, but to finish, in two or three more volumes, his history down to recent times. More easily said than done, I think.

Mr. Ripley is very witty, cordial and extremely modest in self-reference. He does not pretend to be a literary critic, only a reporter of new books, letting the books themselves tell their own story. As an instance of his wit; I was describing a certain literary charlatan as having much learning in his head, but having where his conscience ought to be nothing but a vacuum, which nature abhors, "especially in that place," quickly interposed Mr. Ripley.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

Feb. 15, Ann Arbor

DEAR JACK:

I have been as busy as a pickpocket for the last six weeks, and this is why I have limited myself to the enjoyment of receiving your letters without adding to my satisfaction by writing a few.

When I got yours of the sixth I intended to write to you at the Arlington in Washington, but this purpose, like so many other good ones I have formed, simply went into the pavement of the bad place.

Yours reached me just as I was leaving for Wooster University, Ohio. At the latter place I gave an address and was rewarded by a respectable fee and the title of LL. D. Notwithstanding the latter dignity, I will still permit you to correspond with me on the terms of familiarity to which you have grown accustomed.

Yours affectionately,

MOSE.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO SHELDON AND CO.

University of Michigan, March 5, 1875

To Messrs. Sheldon and Co., Publishers:

Sir: Our Professor Morris some time since handed to me the copy of Backus's edition of Shaw's *English literature* which you by mistake sent to him.

I am pleased with it, but prefer for our use the *Complete manual*, which accordingly I have introduced. Your letters speak of a "discount." We care nothing about that. Do you suppose that we are in the book-trade?

Truly yours,

Moses Coit Tyler.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MR.——, OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Ann Arbor, March 5, 1875

Dear Sir:

The opinions of Christian scholars and thinkers are nearly unanimous now that the Bible was not intended to be a revelation in geology, or botany, or astronomy, or any other physical science, but a revelation of spiritual truth alone; and that in all these other matters the writers were permitted by the Divine Spirit to reflect the notions that prevailed in their time, without which their utterances on spiritual things would have seemed preposterous to those to whom they were addressed.

As to the Mosaic account of creation, the word translated "days" is commonly understood to mean "periods," and each period may have been a geological epoch.

If you would like to read a good book on the subject by a Christian scientist, get Winchell's *Sketches of creation*, which will greatly delight you.

Cordially yours,

Moses Coit Tyler.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO DR. DIO LEWIS

MY DEAR FRIEND:

As I am not able to keep an amanuensis, and as my labors during the term consume all my strength, it follows that my correspondents get shabbily treated. This is why I have not sooner thanked you for remembering me with a copy of your new book, *Chastity*. I have examined it carefully. I find in it evidence of the great care and of the high mood in which it was composed; and I cannot doubt that so frank and noble-minded a discussion of topics, usually consigned to a silence that is at once squeamish and criminal, will be of immense use to multitudes of men and women.

Give my affectionate regards to dear Mrs. Lewis. I am most happy to be home again and five hundred miles from the foul focus of the Brooklyn wave. Wishing you many more years of usefulness,

Cordially yours,
MOSES COIT TYLER.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO A MAN LIVING IN DETROIT

Ann Arbor, May 16, 1875

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I don't know why I should be reluctant to meet "an avowed anti-Christian," especially when the one referred to is well known to me by his own writings and by personal report as a man possessed of all those nobilities of character which I understand as Christian. After all, it is merely a matter of definitions. If I took his definition of Christianity, I hope that I should have the decency to be "an avowed anti-Christian," too. Besides, the men whom I most like to meet are by no means those whom I personally agree with. . . .

All of which is to say that I should like to be with you and will do so if I can. My wife and I had already arranged to make a family visit to Detroit next Sunday. I will try to see you, and

perhaps I shall then know whether we can come in on the week following.

With affectionate regards from us both to you all,

Yours heartily,

MOSES COIT TYLER.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO PAUL HAYNE

Ann Arbor, June 5, 1875

MY DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND:

I hope that your faith and charity toward me have not been entirely drained by my neglect to write. In truth, it is not my fault but the fault of circumstances. I am doing double duty in the university this year in order to accommodate one of my associates who had to go to China to observe the transit of Venus. So that, after all, that radiant but mischievous goddess is to blame for my sin, as she has been for the sins of so many other better men than I.

First of all let me inform you that the new volume of your poems has not reached me yet. Of course I shall be delighted to see it and shall look forward to having it as a gift from your generous heart. . . . I wish that you could come and spend with us a few weeks of this enchanting season, in the midst of the lovely pastoral scenery which surrounds us here. What a treat it would be to have a real live poet with us, too!

Write soon and I'll try to be more prompt in future.

Heartily yours,

MOSES COIT TYLER.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO THEODORE TILTON

Ann Arbor, July 3, 1875

MY DEAR THEODORE:

Ever since the tenth of December, 1870, when Oliver Johnson, at your request, told me the story of crime and sorrow involving your household, I have never thought of you except

with anguish, the anguish of a loyal and sympathetic friendship. I cannot now utter my full thought to you without here saying what may seem cruel and hard—namely, that much of your course since that time has given me pain, being the opposite of what I thought wise and right; but I have excused you in my heart, in the belief that you were staggering along, under the load of a secret too horrible for mortal strength to bear, with steady gait, as you had promised to do. But in this emergency of your life, I want to say to you that I still believe in you; and that I can still see for you, even after all this flame and blackness, the possibility of a great career. The intimacy of life that has been between you and me has left on me the impression of a noble and a great nature. In all our intercourse and confidential talk together your prevailing expression through word and act has been that of a high-minded, pure, and magnanimous man; and the things said against you in this trial implying personal baseness I feel must be calumnies. The result of the trial is as favorable to justice and to you as was to be expected in Brooklyn and this year. But the true trial is yet to come. The real jury are not these twelve men nor even contemporaries; they are those who shall be born after all who are now alive are dead. I doubt if the testimony will all be in for a hundred years yet. In that slow process of the future through which the whole truth will come out, exact justice will also be done; and I do not dread to have my children and grandchildren know that I lived and died the friend of Theodore Tilton. I cannot yet tell whether your honor will yet permit you to drop utterly out of life all thought of Beecher, and of his past, but I hope so. I implore you if possible now to turn away from this loathsome topic and to return to your true vocation as a literary artist and an orator and to give the public the means of linking your mind with other associations than those of this execrable theme that has shocked, appalled, and degraded the civilized world.

God bless you, dear Theodore, and help you to build grandly the edifice of that splendid and beneficent career that is open to you.

I want to give my hand in honest friendship to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moulton, whom I know to be the victims of awful slanders

told for a cowardly purpose and destined to perish. Their vindication is going on swiftly and will be complete.

With most earnest prayers that heaven may guide you, I am, dear Theodore,

Your old and faithful friend,

MOSES COIT TYLER.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MR. PUTNAM

New York, August 9, 1875.

GEORGE H. PUTNAM, ESQ.

My dear Sir:

Since receiving your letter of the 31 July, I have been taken from my desk by outdoor engagements and have really been unable to write sooner. Besides I wanted to let our business soak awhile in unconscious mental fermentation, that there might be no mistake about the final decision. Upon the whole I am inclined to go on with the thing after all, provided the suggestions I am about to make do not present any insuperable objections.

(1) With God's help, I mean to do in this life no more hack-work, and no more second-hand work of any sort. Alas! I have done enough already. If I do this work, I must do it thoroughly, and artistically, from knowledge of my own in every case; from a direct study of the *quellen*. I am a special student of American history, and have paid particular attention to what we dignify as literature in America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Still, if I make a critical survey of the field I shall need to run it over again. So of the greater and more fruitful period of our century.

Therefore (2) I must have time enough to satisfy both my scholarly and my literary conscience. Probably I could not have the book ready for your hands before May 1, 1876. I have the materials well in hand and can set apart a good deal of time for the work, but I should not dare to hope for an earlier achievement of the thing.

(3) My salary here supports me snugly, but if I want extra money for books, I need to do extra work for it. Should I set

about this business I should need some books that are not to be had here. Would you like to furnish them to me, letting the payments wait till we see whether my book brings in anything?

If you can arrange these things, I authorize you to announce the book as in preparation. With reference to the possible use of Arnold's book on *English literature*, of course, it would be best to say nothing about it at present.

Faithfully yours,

MOSES COIT TYLER.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO GEORGE H. PUTNAM

Ann Arbor, August 27, 1875

DEAR SIR:

I have yours of the twenty-fourth and have already set to work upon the task which you suggested and which grows more and more attractive as I think of it.

With reference to the time of completion, I can see the great importance of having the book ready for taking the Centennial enthusiasm at its flood. All that I can say is that I will do my best. If I had my whole time and the necessary books within my reach I could do it. As it is, I have my university work to occupy and fatigue me; and shall have to borrow and buy and bring here works which in New York or Boston would be accessible to me in public libraries. However, my habits of application are pretty good, and I may pull through to the goal sooner than I have supposed. If I can get down to the Revolutionary war by Christmas I shall quite expect to be ready with the rest by April 1.

As to title, if it were not for the arrogance of it, I should prefer *History of American literature.* Suppose we begin with the modest one which you seem to have fallen upon, and call it *A survey of American literature.* If when the thing is done it seems worthy of being called a *history*, I suppose that nobody would be hurt by our changing it to that. I shall be in New York at Christmas and shall save up a bundle of topics to consult you about.

I have this season built on my own grounds here, on a hill commanding the valley of the Huron, a fire-proof brick study. I fancy that it is the most complete literary workshop in the West. Its particular virtue is that it is safe against the evil of fire; and I can ask with some grace of such friends as George H. Moore and Benson J. Lossing the loan of some books difficult to get in the market at short notice.

Have you among your friends any one of whom I could borrow rarities in early American literature? In a week or two, when I shall have ascertained what I can lay my hands on here and in Detroit, I will send you the names of some books I may need.

Yours faithfully,

MOSES COIT TYLER.

CHAPTER VIII

1876—1879

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

Ann Arbor, March 28, 1876

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

Gentlemen:

I have been feeling for some time past that I must write you at some length a letter which should report to you the progress of my labors on the book I have promised to write for you; and especially because in grappling with the subject I find the work if done in a scholarly way far slower and far more extensive and difficult than I expected. Moreover, in actually dealing with it I discover the possibility of making a far more interesting and important book than I expected; and while I stand ready to complete for you the *Outlines* or *Survey* of American literature (if on reading my statement you still desire it), I have also determined to make a book to be published by some one and constituting an elaborate *History of American literature* in at least two and perhaps in three volumes.

To go back a little, let me say that ever since I undertook the writing of the *Survey* for you I have worked at it very industriously, never stopping except for university duties, sickness, rest, and other inevitable interruptions. The subject has constantly grown upon my interest; and I have no greater satisfaction in life than to be engaged upon it. And I have made good progress; but I find it utterly impossible to get it done within the limits of the time that we have set for ourselves. You will remember that I told you from the outset that I should take no conclusions at second-hand, but should express my opinion of every author from my own original study of him. Observe that even if I were willing to compile a book (as Swinton

or Quackenbos does) out of other people's labors, I could not do this in American literature; for other people have not wrought in this field sufficiently to make their labors available in that way. In English literature it is very different; there every period has been traversed by great and sure scholars like Warton, Marsh, Hallam, Morley, Massen, Macaulay, and so on; and by simply reading a few of these authors a clever book fabricator like Swinton could knock together a *Survey of English literature* without the need of studying directly one solitary author whom he includes in his *Survey*. But not so in American literature — especially for the period prior to the present century, which may be described as the interior of Africa is on the maps — "unexplored territory." I find almost no help from previous investigators of American literature in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; so that even if I were willing to compile my book for you, I could not do it.

But as I told you from the beginning, this is a sort of work for which I have no respect, and I will not do it; and the only way in which I can write a *Survey of American literature* is actually to make a survey of it. That I am doing day by day and night by night, with honesty, perseverance, and great joy; and when I get the work done it will be real work and will stand. I take every document into my own hands and read it through critically, and write out in extenso my opinion of it; and when in that way I shall have gone over all the important documents in American literature, it will be easy for me to go back over my own work, and either elaborate it into a full history or compact it into a survey — or both. In fact, both ought to be done, and the latter may as well as not be done first. Now for the upshot:

1. If on this presentation of the case you would rather have me work up for you the more extended treatise to be called a *History* — leaving the *Survey* for after consideration — that I I am willing to do.

2. But if — as I suppose — you prefer the *Survey* first and anyhow — leaving the *History* out of view — then I will keep at the *Survey*; and will labor faithfully, with might and main, to get it ready for you just so soon as it can be got ready by honest work. But it cannot be finished within the

period already named; and, in fact, I cannot fix upon any precise date by which it shall be done. The element of time is unspeakably inferior to the element of thoroughness. It vexes me as I trudge along, to think of a day by which I am bound to reach my journey's end. All that I can say now, after this my first experience in trying to write a book on a stipulation involving time, is that it is impossible for me to be bound by that stipulation.

3. If, however, you are going to be seriously inconvenienced by this fact, then I offer to dissolve our agreement altogether, and return to you in cash the amount of the books which you have advanced to me on copyright account. I am myself captivated by my task; and though I have felt reluctant to ask you to furnish me with any more books on so distant a prospect, I am compelled to buy a great many more. In fact, at whatever expense, I am bringing to Ann Arbor quite a rare library of originals in American literature.

Think the matter over; try to understand the conditions of my task; and let me know your decision in your own good time.

Faithfully yours,

MOSES COIT TYLER.

[It was not until March 8, 1878, that this book was completed and in Mr. Putnam's hands. The Survey alluded to was never undertaken.]

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

8 Boylston Place, Boston, August 10, 1877

DEAR JACK:

I have been working like a beaver almost every day since July 1. During the first twenty-one days of July I pushed my researches hard at the Historical Society, and went regularly through that immense collection of old treasures. When, overcome by heat and fatigue, and having got in New York all that it could give me, I went to the seaside for a week and made good use of the privilege of doing nothing but eat, sleep,

swim, and sit by the beach gulping down that delicious ocean air. I rallied like a wild ass's colt, and at the end of my week, with fresh vigor, started for this place. I am luxuriating in the incomparable literary treasures of the Boston libraries. At this time I am engaged in the Public library, the largest in America. I am all the time making happy discoveries in my department, and though I am not a little homesick, I shall keep on here till my work is done. Having got all that Harvard and Boston can give me, I shall then go for certain rare pickings to some ancient libraries at Worcester and Providence, then to New York, and possibly Philadelphia. By that time I shall have the *History of Colonial American literature* in my portfolio. . . .

Affectionately,
MOSE.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MR. PUTNAM

Ann Arbor, March 8, 1878

MY DEAR MR. PUTNAM:

Yours is the first eye, besides mine, that has rested on my book as now written, and that you think so well of it is a greater satisfaction to me than I should dare to express. It is an omen to me that the hope and the faith in which I have worked for many years are not ill founded.

Now to my business, and I know that you will appreciate it if I come to business in a business spirit. I have examined the contract with care and have also submitted its points to some of my colleagues here who are authors of long experience, one with Appleton, another with Harper, another with Little, Brown & Company. With a single unimportant particular I can assent to your propositions therein as I understand them. That particular is the matter of postage on the proofs to pass back and forth between us. Perhaps that part of your printed form was to have been struck out; but it seems to me fair that I should pay the postage on what I send to you, and you pay it on what you send to me. Not one of my associates has ever paid more than his half of such expense.

Another point, but not expressed in your letter: I am willing

to waive all commission on the first thousand; that is, I put in the copy, with all it has cost me in marketable time and in large outlay for books and journeys, etc., while you put in the cost of manufacturing the plates; neither party has any profit; and as I think, and as perhaps you supply, both parties are joint and equal ones in those plates when thus paid for. Otherwise it seems to me that calling our pecuniary investment equal in that transaction (and in the present case, however, mine is much greater than yours) our returns from that investment are not equal, but mine is less than yours. I frankly express this as it strikes me in equity. My friend Professor Cocker, who publishes *Greek philosophy and Christianity* and *Theistic conception of the universe* through the Harpers, has this arrangement with them and by their own proposal. Perhaps this is already your understanding of the case. If so, I think it should be expressed in the contract. But if it be not your understanding of it, please to consider whether mine be not an exceptional instance of authorship, in this — *i. e.*, that the proposition of an original historical work like mine involves a pecuniary outlay in the purchase of books and in journeys for the consultation of materials (saying nothing of time, which with me is of pecuniary value also) corresponding to your pecuniary outlay in the making of the plates. I do not think that the plates will cost you in cash really more than they will cost me; and that when the sale of the first thousand pays for them I ought to own at least as much of them as you will own. I hope I do not express this too bluntly. If this meets your acceptance, I shall not hesitate to sign the contract amended. In haste,

Sincerely yours,

MOSES COIT TYLER.

Ann Arbor, 17 August, 1878. Opened a parcel from Putnam's having within it the prospectus volume of, *A history of American literature*, making the book seem at last a reality. Shows heading, style of page, paper, type, etc. It giveth me huge satisfaction. I make a fool of myself over it for twenty-four or forty-eight hours.

Ann Arbor, 19 September, 1878. For more than a month I have been hard at work writing or revising the last eight chapters. Yesterday I sent off Chapter XV. This leaves me only three more to do.

Ann Arbor, 2 October, 1878. There has just come a telegram from the Putnams announcing that they will adopt a suggestion lately made by me for the publication of the book on the colonial time in two volumes instead of one. This saves us from the embarrassment of having a bulky single volume or one on very thin paper. The book will look very handsome in this two-volume form. I am very much elated.

Ann Arbor, 16 October, 1878. 3 P. M. I have this moment written the last word in the revised copy of the last chapter of the second volume of my book and shall now fold it and post it to New York. It has taken me twice as long as I expected, and has been very hard work. I thank God for his good help to me in all this long, long labor. For two or three weeks I shall be busy with proof sheets, indexing, etc., but the toil of creation is over. Since my return from New York in August my brain has been more severely worked than ever before in my life. But I am marvellously fresh and well.

Ann Arbor, 5 November, 1878. Tuesday, being Guy Fawkes' day. This morning I sent to the Putnams a telegram announcing that my last corrections of plate proofs started toward them yesterday. Thus I have done my last act for the book that is about to be born. I had word from Haven Putnam yesterday that it would appear on Saturday of this week. May it be so! I am diverting my impatience by helping Putnam in the wise distribution of copies to newspapers. I have a vast mass of writing to do in promotion of this object.

Ann Arbor, 1 March, 1879. I have this moment finished my first revision of Morley's *First sketch of English literature*, a work in which I have been incessantly engaged since January 10. It is to be published this spring as a manual for advanced students. I have cut it all up, rearranged the materials, recomposed the book, and struck out and put in wherever necessary. I have now to revise carefully my own work, and to put in a good deal of new matter for the nineteenth century. I shall not send the material to Sheldon until I hear from Morley, which I expect to do in about three weeks from now. I am going to knock off and read *Bleak house* for fun.

LETTER FROM HENRY MORLEY TO MOSES COIT TYLER

London, 8 Upper Park Road, March 26, 1879

MY DEAR SIR:

I thank you very heartily for the courtesy of your note on the subject of a proposed American edition of my *First sketches of English literature.* I had heard high fame of your volumes on American literature and hope in a day or two to have them in my library. If the text-book is to be dealt with as you say, I should prefer that it should be recast by a competent fellow-worker like yourself and I will not fetter your discretion with any suggestions whatever upon the subject. My interest in the book is represented by a royalty and I have no reason to be discontented with its publishers. If it suited the publishers of the American edition to admit them to partnership in this venture, they say they would be glad to arrange terms and so console themselves for the loss of their American sale, which they have been at some trouble to cultivate.

And for me, I must be content with the sale in England and what demand remains in America for the original book after your adapted edition — to which I wish every success — may have created some occasional inquiry for it, as possibly it will.

Any thought of the very slight advantage I have had from the sale of this book in America vanishes before the good hope

of aiding — through your help — to a much wider diffusion of the love of literature on your side of the water than could have been possible to me alone. If your publishers make in the way of fee to me any acknowledgment of their use of my book, I shall think them, as the world goes, generous, and if they don't, I shall not revile them. To yourself I can only say that I respond with the most unreserved good will to a suggestion made in the best spirit of the fellowship of letters.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Always faithfully yours,

HENRY MORLEY.

Ann Arbor, 4 July, 1879. Ever since the previous record, with a very slight interruption, I have been hard at work on Morley. During April, May, and June was reading proof, which proved unexpectedly laborious, owing to the necessity of trying to verify everything in the book. It was full of inaccuracies, great and small, and I have many times regretted my connection with it. I am very tired and am luxuriating in peace and quiet — reading things I want to. My first rush is for Macaulay. Have begun rereading his entire works in chronological order. I find enjoyment of that wonderful essay on Milton greater than I expected it would be now.

Ann Arbor, 2 August, 1879. I am forty-four to-day. Upon the whole, though I have made some mistakes, I am not dissatisfied with the outcome of the past ten years. My life to-day is peaceful, healthy, busy, and independent. I have beloved ones near me, a delightful home, and every prospect of further usefulness in my vocation as a writer. Shall I be here ten years from now? Many changes will occur by that time, I ween. I don't feel older, though I am conscious of wider and deeper experiences than ten years ago. My heart is as young and in a less demonstrative way, just as merry.

Ann Arbor, 7 August, 1879. Memorable day in my quiet

life. Began work with reference to next volumes of American literature. Taking Drake's *American biographical dictionary* and starting with letter A, I am going through the book for names that belong between 1765 and 1815. Each name I will write upon a sheet of paper by itself with appropriate memoranda.

Ann Arbor, 18 August, 1879. I copy for my own spiritual nourishment this sentence of Trevelyan's, in his *Life and letters of Lord Macaulay*, Vol. II, p. 244: "To sacrifice the accessory to the principal, to plan an extensive and arduous task, and to pursue it without remission and without misgiving, to withstand resolutely all counter-attractions whether they come in the shape of distracting pleasures or competing duties — such are the indispensable conditions for attaining to that high sustained excellence of artistic performance which in the beautiful words of George Eliot, 'Must be wooed with industrious thought and patient renunciation of small desires.' "

Ann Arbor, 19 August, 1879. Last week's *Nation* contained a spiteful review of my Morley book. It is, however, too shallow and weak to do much harm, except as any utterance in that journal has some force. I am inclined to think that it is inspired by Cassell and Co., who are angry at me, of course.

Ann Arbor, 21 August, 1879. Finished Part I of Taylor's *Faust*. It falls below my expectations as the alleged greatest poem of modern times. I think it far below *Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *Paradise lost*.

Ann Arbor, 29 August, 1879. Read Matthew Arnold's *Culture and anarchy* — finishing the book. From it I get much help, intellectual and spiritual. It is very suggestive and sermonal; above all, it is fair, in the main, as an intellectual method,

and so guides. I must not get beyond the reach of Matthew Arnold's cool Socratic influence even by and by when I plunge into my next volume.

Ann Arbor, 7 September, 1879. Before church read in Genesis. Holy Communion. My spiritual struggle at present is to keep a vivid faith in a real and considerate personal God, in whose all-wise and all-loving mind my life has been minutely planned, so minutely that even all my mistakes are taken into account and have been permitted as a part of the manifold process of discipline and victory in my life. Only in this way can I keep from repenting the past, and tearing my heart upon the prongs of the present, and in this way I am very tranquil and joyous, trusting all to the wise and good Father.

Ann Arbor, 12 September, 1879. I have been alarmed at my loss of facility in reading French and am trying to recover it. I am reading through Otto's *Grammar* and have begun to try my hand on Sismondi's *Littérature du midi de l'Europe.*

Ann Arbor, 13 October, 1879. It is almost a year since I left off work on American literature. Since then I have given six months to the dreary labor of revising and publishing my Morley book, and during the past three and a half months I have given myself up to intellectual recreation. I think it is now time to settle down to steady work on my next volume. My plan for the present is to give the time between breakfast and 9 A. M. to French, from 9 to 1 to American literature. This latter will include not only books on American literature, but books relating directly to my handling of American literature—*e. g.*, English literature from Pope to Carlyle inclusive; French literature for same space; together with general European and American history for the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

CHAPTER IX

1880—1881

Ann Arbor, 1 January, 1880. I have risen fresh and vigorous for work. The day is of great splendor; just cool enough; the air vibrant with inspiration. I look over the past year with satisfaction and gratitude. It has been a good year for steady work. I now regret the six months I gave to the Morley book, which has delayed me just so much time in my labors on American literature, and is not likely to give me what Sheldon promised — a considerable annual income.

Ann Arbor, February 26, 1880. From 8:30 to 9 read Shakespeare per whim, also Hildreth, end of Vol. II. This is a depressing book, and gives me a despair of ever making the entire field of American history attractive, yet I think the fault is in the historian who has capacity to make any history dull.

Ann Arbor, 9 March, 1880. I have this morning my first glimpse of a plan for organizing my last volume, 1765 - 1815. First, grasp the idea that it is a period in which political and military struggles are the great trait; that these struggles converge on the effort for complete detachment of America from Europe; and that the literature of the time is chiefly an expression of these energies. Then trace this in the several great lines of literary utterance; ballads and other poetry; pamphlets; Doctor Franklin; the great political writers; diarists; letter writers, and historians; theological and religious; pure men of letters.

Ann Arbor, 11 March, 1880. At five went to the Zeta Psi house and dined with Remenyi, who gave a concert for the benefit of the gymnasium. He is a buffoon and a rattle head; and when afterward I saw his inspired and noble look on the stage, I regretted that I had seen him off it.

Ann Arbor, 27 March, 1880. From 8:25 to 10, Godwin, Vol. I. This covers the last days of Mary Wollstonecraft, with whom I am deeply in love. She is another argument for the immortality of the soul. I cannot think that so exquisite and heroic a creature could be allowed to pass into nothingness; and I send her word — if any obliging spirit now looks over my shoulder and will carry it — of my desire to make her acquaintance when I get to paradise.

Ann Arbor, 29 March, 1880. Annual parish meeting this morning. I was chairman. Elected vestryman for second time. In evening Republican caucus of the Fourth ward. Was made delegate to the city convention.

Ann Arbor, 1 April, 1880. In evening attended City Republican convention, over which I presided. Benjamin Brown was nominated for Mayor against Dr.———, after a hard and rather bitter struggle. The latter's asinine administration is too much.

Ann Arbor, 14 April, 1880. To-day to gardening and politics. At twelve the county convention met at court-house for nominating delegates to the state convention at Detroit for May 12. I was made temporary chairman and then permanent chairman. I made a little speech and a bigger one near the close of the meeting. I was also made a delegate to the state convention. The convention was large, harmonious, and resolute. Altogether it was a very pleasurable excitement to me — a real diversion, and instructive too. But I am tired.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

Ann Arbor, April 19, 1880

DEAR BROTHER:

I was the "one delegate" referred to by the *Post* and *Tribune* reporter of the convention as not declaring himself for Blaine. Even Beal, who is strong for Grant, gave the convention to understand that he is a Blaine man. For myself, everything here is so strong for Blaine that there is nothing to be done except to restrain the movement from excesses of statement that will be regretted after the nomination takes place. I should willingly work for Blaine if he is nominated, but I prefer Grant.

My speech before the convention was absolutely impromptu, but I never spoke with better effect in my life; and at the end the foremost men came forward to thank me; and I have heard a great deal from it since. I cannot spare much time; but I intend to do some talking in this district between now and next November. If I had a snug private income to live on I would devote the rest of my life to literature and politics—*i. e.*, to writing American history and to making it. The way into the public eye from this locality is quite open to a fellow but the money bother is in my way and I shall continue pedagogue. Only it is fun to dip into real life once in four years.

Affectionately,

MOSES COIT TYLER.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

Ann Arbor, April 29, 1880

DEAR BROTHER:

I see that some of the papers are nominating me for delegate at large to the Chicago convention. Of course this is without any suggestion from me; and I presume it will not amount to anything, since there must be a crowd of active politicians who want to go and will work for it. Still if I should be appointed I should be very happy to go and see a phase of life quite new to me.

My object in this writing, however, is to ask you to do some real thinking for me and tell me the result. Since the county convention here I have been repeatedly urged by some of our ablest men to go vigorously upon the stump during the next campaign. All the reasons urged for this by one and another I will tell you when I see you. One is that it would add to my reputation a practical and personal element, etc., etc.

Another, and a more flattering one, is that I could do real service. On my own part, I confess to a very great anxiety about having the Republican party remain in control, and it would inspire me immensely to have the privilege of devoting the whole summer and on into November to work for the cause. If I went into it, I should prepare myself thoroughly and should make as effective speeches as I could.

But is it best, as a question of my general reputation and standing, as a literary man, etc.? Second, can I afford it? I had planned to work for my next volume all summer. I should have to push these researches over to the following year. This would be a loss to me pecuniarily. Moreover, I couldn't afford to do this speaking without pay, and pretty good pay. Can you tell me how much speakers are paid? If I went into it, I should wish to be paid all expenses and to indemnify myself for the pecuniary loss involved in neglecting my book. Could I do it? This is a crude outline of the case. What shall I do? Advise me, not as a politician, but as a brother.

Affectionately,

MOSE.

Ann Arbor, 14 May, 1880. I returned night before last from Detroit, where I attended the Republican state convention. I have learned a good deal concerning men and things in practical politics, and my present feeling is one of disgust. I don't mean to surrender to this feeling, but to use this recent experience for future guidance. I have made one mistake lately, but it will do me good, even in the suffering I shall endure under it.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

Cambridge, August 1, 1880

DEAR BROTHER JACK:

The above is my post-office address here, although I am not actually writing there now, this being Sunday. I am at my lodgings, 14 Appian Way, near the college. Never in all my literary expeditions have I been so well situated as I am here. All the literary conveniences are perfect. I have a cool, bright room at the library all to myself, an attendant to wait on me, and all the officers coming to ask every day if they can do anything for me. This old town, too, is a fascinating and beautiful old place, and my quarters are full of rest to me. I reached here only last Thursday and am working like a beaver from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. and find it less fatiguing than in New York.

I am glad to see by the *Express* that you have broken the ice as a speaker, and have done it successfully. I am not surprised that you succeed. Your head is full of ideas in conversation, and it is only necessary for you to form the habit of thinking aloud in the presence of an audience. I was talking this week with R. E. Fraser, one of our best political speakers. He says that in speaking he tries to forget all about oratory and to talk just as he would to his neighbor on the other side of a fence.

Affectionately,

MOSE.

Cambridge, 14 Appian Way, 2 August, 1880. I am just starting for the library, but pause to record the little fact that I am forty-five years old this day. By George! Moses, this is getting on. Am deeply interested and charmed in my surroundings here. A thousand regrets that I did not know enough to come here in 1853! Still, whatever is, is right! Let me try to stick to that.

Boston, 5 September, 1880. Yesterday morning heard Phillips Brooks give an off-hand address. It was impressive and hearty, but lacked smoothness of utterance, and distinctness or force

of thought. Doubtless his written sermons are to be heard before judging him. Thus far I am somewhat disappointed in his intellectuality. I can easily account for his popularity, however. After church I was presented to him. He said to me, "How do you like our meeting-house?" He abounds in tokens of broad churchmanship; invited members of all other denominations to the communion.

LETTER FROM ANDREW D. WHITE TO MOSES COIT TYLER

Berlin, September 14, 1880

MY DEAR MOSES COIT TYLER:

I write you confidentially on a matter very important to you, to me, and to the institutions with which we are connected. As you are aware, I have tendered my resignation to the trustees of Cornell University, and even if they do not accept it before my return they will probably do so at no very distant day afterward. My whole wish for some time in the past has been to see the university brought into such a condition that might put it into the hands of the right sort of a successor. I think there's but one man who is likely to stand as well with the trustees for the succession as yourself. With me there's no one at present whom I should so much like to see put in my place. It seems to me that you have the very powers required with the possible exception of familiarity with administrative details, which would come later.

Now may I ask you confidentially, and your answer shall be kept strictly private, how the matter strikes you? The salary would certainly be made attractive to you. The work also would be, I think, what you like, and there are some advantages in the position. Your appointment if made would be well received by the community at large. . . .

You may say that you prefer the duties of your professorship. That is well; but you have already made a mark in your professorship and can go on to greater triumphs, even with some administrative duties added, and it is very evident to me that you will have to prepare for administrative work somewhere. Think it over and write me fully and cordially. Your letter shall

be shown to no person, nor shall the existence of this correspondence be known unless your own interest shall seem to require it. I remain,

Yours faithfully,

ANDREW D. WHITE.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

Ann Arbor, September 21, 1880

DEAR JACK:

I send you this enclosed letter from President White. I have told him in my reply that no human being should know of it except Jeannette and you, and that upon the reticence of you both I can depend. You must not give a hint of it to any mortal creature. It would be very annoying to White and very humiliating to me if, through our means, the thing should be made public.

Return the letter soon and tell me how it strikes you. I have just written to White discussing the subject on both sides. My great objection is that the position would hinder too much my work as a student and writer of American history. You can't understand my point of view unless you remember that my chief ambition in life is to be — what I have just mentioned.

No one can do anything great without also giving up something great. I have not decided of course. I am open to conviction. Advise me like a man and a brother. Of course I realize it is a big thing and altogether the tallest compliment I ever got.

MOSES.

Ann Arbor, 21 September, 1880. White's letter kept me awake almost all night. The plan is fascinating; yet my good angel whispers to me to wait, deliberate, move slowly. I have eased myself by writing a long letter to White, talking the thing over with him. The great question is, Can I still be a student and a writer if I take such a position? Will not my time and strength be consumed by executive business, by calls, by ceremony, by public exigencies?

Ann Arbor, 24 September, 1880. My mood this morning is rather less favorable to any break-up of my present life. Here I have things fixed very much to my liking. It seems ungrateful to turn away from a life so pleasant and so fitting. During the night I have prayed earnestly for Divine guidance. After all, I must leave it to be settled by providential indications. I put myself into God's hands. I beg Him to give me His light. A letter from John to-night in reply to mine about the Cornell business. He speaks cautiously about it, although he evidently wants me to go.

Ann Arbor, 5 November, 1880. I had the omens of a very wakeful night; and such it proved. Did not get a wink of sleep until nearly three. I couldn't stop thinking and I feel so weary to-day. It is this peculiarity of mine that makes me feel that it would be suicide for me to undertake the cares of the Cornell presidency. I could do it, if I tried to do it and nothing else, but I feel that the attempt would be the death of my literary hopes. Every day only adds to the conviction that I must stay here; live and die here; make this my home and my grave.

Ann Arbor, 31 December, 1880. The year closes more sadly than it began. Somehow I feel rather burdened and anxious, and a gloom hangs across the future. Let me try to leave all things in God's hands. All this morning I was at work in the study, partly in revision of a sermon on *Manliness* to be given in a few weeks in University Hall, and partly on Jonathan Odell.

On the verge of the New Year, let me feel trust in Him who knows the end from the beginning. What joys and sorrows I may have to record on these pages before the year shall end! I will try to be cheerful, diligent, orderly, and faithful.

I hope by the end of 1881 my third volume will be far advanced toward completion.

My heart is drawn toward an occasional service as a preacher. I have talked with the bishop about taking orders, at least deacon's orders.

Ann Arbor, 26 January, 1881. I began to revise an old sermon on *Manliness*; the thing took hold of me and I had to write a new one on that subject. I was greatly inspired by the theme, and the preaching of the discourse on Sunday had, I think, a wholesome effect on some hundreds of young men.

But the reaction for me was very great. After such an effort I am usually exalted in spirits or depressed. In this instance I was depressed horribly. I lay awake nearly all night in extreme bitterness of soul; I could have welcomed death.

Ann Arbor, 8 February, 1881. A big snow-storm rageth. This is a gay old winter. She will go into history. I had bad news from Sheldon and Co. They are not going to pay me decently for my *Manual.*

Boston, 16 March, 1881. I saw yesterday at Houghton's, T. B. Aldrich in his new office as editor of the *Atlantic.* His office looks out on the Park churchyard, full of gravestones.

Busy all day in revising my Lowell lecture for to-night. Gave it. Better audience than I expected. Was scared at first. My voice disobedient and unnatural.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

2 Mt. Vernon place, Boston, March 24, 1881

DEAR BROTHER:

First of all, my joy over your glorious success. It is good, better, best!

Second, I am awfully pressed by work and by social distractions, and am nearly ready to drop with fatigue. I am seeing all the big fellows — Longfellow, Winthrop, Phillips Brooks, Howells, Aldrich, Louisa Alcott, E. P. Whipple, etc.

My lectures are a real success. I give the last on April 1; on April 2 lecture in Providence, on April 5 in New York, and immediately afterward start for home. . . .

Affectionately,

M.

Boston, 24 March 1881. Mr. Gilman gave me a reception to-night at his house in Cambridge. Saw the leading gentlemen of the faculty, etc. Remained all night at Mr. Gilman's. Had some confidential talk with Justin Winsor, who expressed deep interest in my coming to Cambridge as professor of American history.

Ann Arbor, 29 April, 1881. I had some wakeful hours in bed last night and there came to me a ray of light respecting my third volume. It is that its period, for the sake of unity, should be ended at 1789 instead of 1815, as I have hitherto purposed. I begin to find that the great intellectual movement, begun in 1765, reaches its completion with the inauguration of the National Government under the new Constitution. If this proves to be so, it will quicken my attainment of my present literary object.

Ann Arbor, 5 May, 1881. My mind is deeply drawn toward preaching. There comes over me a feeling of bitter sorrow that I had not strength enough of body and of character, in 1862, to persist in that noblest of human vocations. Even history writing seems small business compared with ministrations to human souls. Ah! these nineteen years of secular life: the bewilderment of them, the small result, the sin, the frivolity!

Yet perhaps I shall see the meaning of it all. Meantime I am surrounded by new duties — domestic, literary, professional. As I ran away from the old duties, let me at least be faithful in patient performance of the new ones.

Ann Arbor, 8 May, 1881. This morning read the service at church, also a sermon by Phillips Brooks on *God the consoler.* The air is very sultry, and ever since I am utterly prostrated with fatigue; unspeakably shivered, flattened. One result this surely has for me; it convinces me over again that I have not the physique for a preacher, or a public speaker of any kind. It is really a balm to my conscience, and it steadies me once more in the faith that I am right in my present life, a teacher and a man of letters, a preacher only upon occasion.

Ann Arbor, 11 May, 1881. Being too, too weary for any work, I have spent all the morning in reading Carlyle's *Reminiscences,* about which there is such a pother just now in England. A very pathetic and tragical book. While it prints a gratuitous mass of asperities, and of small rasping gossip, it is an honest book, and reveals Carlyle as the great, bitter, brave, savage Scotch bear of genius that he was. My Sunday fatigue has been such a blessing to me! It makes me contented to be as I am — without self-chiding. I cannot lead in the tumultuous, oratorical, public life of a preacher, without breaking down. I can do most as I am.

Ann Arbor, 14 May, 1881. Am somewhat upset by this Cornell project, and have had hard work in settling down to my daily task. Had a walk with Frieze. He is anxious to induce me not to go. Thinks sufficient money can be raised here to buy a library of Americana. But it is too late, probably. Had some wakeful hours last night. I earnestly prayed God to give me light upon this grave problem, and my mind became irradiated, and for the first time I seemed to see my way to Cornell made luminous.

In the evening, down town, heard of the resignation in a rage of Senator Conkling and his asociate, T. C. Platt. A silly business it seems to me.

LETTER FROM ANDREW D. WHITE TO MOSES COIT TYLER

American Legation, Berlin, March 7, 1881

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Suppose that our trustees establish a professorship of American history and literature at the coming commencement — would you be inclined to accept it? Your answer shall be seen by me alone. There is much reason to hope that our increased means will enable us to do this very soon. Give me your views fully on the whole subject.

The situation would be in many respects attractive. The collection of American books in the university library, including as it does Sparks's private library as well as those which I have myself brought together, give you much material. Then you could be near the Historical societies of New York and Brooklyn, to say nothing of New England.

With our present railway communication a new and broader lecture field would be easily open to you. But, best of all, your college work would thus be brought entirely into line with your literary work. Please answer me at your earliest convenience. I remain,

Faithfully yours,

A. D. WHITE.

21 May, 1881. Telegraphed to H. W. Sage my acceptance, in the faith that it is the will of God, and with the earnest prayer for God's blessing on the act.

Ann Arbor, 6 June, 1881. My resignation was accepted last night. I have had an awful shock to-day. Just as I am fastened to Cornell comes an intimation from President Barnard that there is a vacancy at Columbia and a likely chance for me there. I read the letter at Moore's book store. The cold sweat came out on my body, and I almost reeled in my chair. Seven thousand dollars and New York City. Ugh! This is a trial of my faith in Providence!

However I telegraphed and wrote that I could hear anything that President Barnard might have to say; but that if it involved my engagement at Cornell the matter would of course have to be submitted to the trustees. In their hands I should have to leave it.

I cannot tell Jeannette yet. I wrote of it to John. It is very bitter, bitter, to bear this.

Ann Arbor, 22 June, 1881. Shipped to Ithaca several cases of books. This means go. Within a day or two have had a wonderfully clear and helpful sense of Christ our Lord as the personal manifestation of God to us, and of making God's friendship real and close. He is the guide of my life; and as I earnestly committed myself to His hands, He will not let me go wrong. My going to Ithaca must be, I think, what He approves, and if so, I can be very glad over it. I am cheered by the very presence of my Master, who can make no mistakes.

Ann Arbor, 25 June, 1881. This is the last act of writing I shall do in Hillcroft study, a confused and dismantled place. This is sorrowful business. I could not have confronted it had I known what it is. I should not have had the courage to resolve to go away.

Good-bye, dear old sacred home of my soul, thou cosey study in which I meant to live out my life and to be laid in my coffin before my burial.

Ithaca, 1 July, 1881. I arrived here at the house of H. W. Sage at about two o'clock. Last Saturday I left home very mournfully. On Tuesday went to Grosse Point to see the Trumbull papers; went through sixteen boxes of archives and obtained some valuable papers.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

Cornell University, July 28, 1881

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Am working hard to get ready for my labors here. Every day increases my satisfaction in the change I have made in coming to Cornell. I find an indescribable stimulus in the fact of having my professorship in the line of my literary studies. I have ceased almost entirely to think about Columbia.

I am in the right place for the present.

I hope you won't be offended at my using my caligraph. I abandon the pen as obsolete. Affectionately,

MOSE.

Ithaca, 2 August, 1881. Am forty-six years old to-day, and younger and happier than I was at twenty-six.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1881

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I am now in the full drive of class work. I have two public lectures to prepare and give each week. My audiences are large, including many people from the town; and the strain upon me for the preparation is very close. The charm about it is that it is all in the direction of my chosen studies and that it is work that I love. Yet I don't get much time for anything else, especially letters.

I fully appreciate the information given in your letter of the sixth. If you have seen Putnam since, he will have told you of an important letter lately received by him from President Barnard in which Barnard states his preference for me over any other candidate, but says that the others are so active in their canvass that unless he is reënforced by my friends he fears he cannot control the result. It is just as I expected. I am not willing to go into a campaign of testimonials. I have felt at liberty, however, to write a strong letter to Barnard on the subject; have explained to him why I cannot make an active canvass. . . .

I am willing to abide the result, and I shall not have a twinge

of regret if nothing comes of it for me. My life here has taken a fresh and more attractive start, and I am quite likely to do here as much good work as I should do there. Still the affair will be interesting, so long as there is a possibility of something so brilliant turning up there.

I make a run out to Michigan the latter part of this week. I am to be ordained at Ann Arbor next Sunday.

Affectionately,

MOSE.

Ann Arbor, 16 October, 1881. Was ordained deacon this morning by Bishop Harris. Sermon by Bishop of North Carolina. In evening I preached a sermon on *Pontius Pilate.* A day of deep emotion. God accept my unworthy life, and make it less unworthy. . . .

Ithaca, 24 October, 1881. This morning came from Putnam, Barnard's letter of last Friday informing Putnam of my practical withdrawal. It has given me excitement and regret. I did not realize how near I was to the prize. I infer that the case for me is dashed, and as the consequence of my own act.

So twice, first by my haste in accepting the call here, and now, secondly, by my sense of duty in writing to Barnard that my acceptance was in doubt, have I thrown away this glittering prize.

Perhaps, indeed, my subsequent letters may mend the break. I don't much expect it. But it is a real and bitter trial of my faith in Divine Providence. Yet, why? If I lose this election I must regard all these hindering circumstances as providential. I must conclude that God uses my own decisions to baffle my own ambitions that way; that it is His will that I remain here for a time, and that what is His will is best.

Ah! that last thought is very consoling to me at this moment. How little I know what is best for me! If I am to be disappointed now, doubtless I shall see how good it was for me. God guide my footsteps!

Ithaca, 25 October, 1881. I went to sleep last night praying that God would direct my ways and make plain to me what is His will; and this morning my first moment of consciousness was bitter with anxiety about the present crisis. Then I prayed most earnestly for the power to trust myself in God's hands, and to be content to let this business end as He wills. I have made mistakes of judgment, but I have tried to do what is honest and right. I have done the best I could do. I have no more to do but to wait for the end, and to be satisfied with it. Surely, whether I go or stay, a vista of glorious action stretches before me. . . . During the morning my spirit was in so much trouble that I cried out in prayer to God for guidance and the peace which comes of trust in Him. In this act I opened the *Psalter*, and my eye fell on this verse, the sixteenth of the twenty-seventh Psalm, "O tarry thou the Lord's leisure; be strong, and he shall comfort thine heart, and put thou thy trust in the Lord." This brought me unspeakable rest, and I was able to leave all things with God.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

Cornell University, October 28, 1881

MY DEAR BROTHER:

. . . If I could tell you the whole case, you would agree with me, I think, that my going to Columbia is not sure to be an advantage to me, as respects the things for which I live. Of course, it has many glittering advantages, but whether these would not take away more than they offer is what I am by no means sure of. I shall accept, if it is offered; but I should do so with many doubts. In this state of mind, it is very easy for me to do what honor requires, to remain passive and wait for the result with serenity.

Affectionately,

MOSE.

Ithaca, 1 November, 1881. In the evening Edward A. Freeman lectured. Crowd. Lecturer had to sit, with his leg up on a foot rest. Audience were pleased. E. A. Freeman is a hard man to talk to, takes no interest in scenery, will not visit Niagara, and has expressed no interest in seeing any particular thing in America except a "township," or a "town-meeting."

Ithaca, 8 November, 1881. Went to Freeman's lecture, which was dull and tedious to an almost deadly degree. Afterward went to the rectory and met Bishop Huntington for the first time. The Bishop has a refined, noble, and intellectual look; a truly handsome old man, with trustworthiness, solidity of character and attainment stamped upon him. He does not draw my affection as Bishop Harris does; and he impresses me as lacking the largest sort of greatness: that which takes a universal and wholesome view, without crotchets. I spoke with him about preaching in Sage Chapel. His answer was disappointing, that President White had appealed to the students to attend for the reason that they could thus hear the greatest pulpit orators in the country; that he had no respect for a system based on such a spirit; that he did not care to be one of a succession of preachers to be talked over and compared like a set of performers. He thought the true way was to have one man come and remain for a series of sermons, and make a continuous impression.

There is much truth in all this, but it misses the situation. It fails to deal with the facts of the case. I think it illustrates the limitations of his greatness. St. Paul or Luther would not have stopped and pottered over such objections. A great common sense is a trait of the greatest sort of man. I think Bishop H. has thrown away a great opportunity of influence in the university and of swaying its councils. He might have kept it under more positive religious guidance all along. Here is a

tremendous battery; why should he not capture it for the Great Captain?

Ithaca, 17 November, 1881. Worked away till 11:25 on the business side of colony planting; and at twelve lectured on the *Pilgrim fathers.* I have got over all doubt about extemporaneous lectures. I shall not write any, except as I do so for an ultimate literary object—*i. e.*, for a book, etc.

Ithaca, 31 December, 1881. Am thinking much of the year that is now just coming to an end; a great and tragic year as respects the world; and as respects myself, a year of the great break-up at Hillcroft; a pathetic year, indeed. The effects of this great revolution in my life are not yet apparent. I have acted in humble faith in God's providence, and I believe that all has been for the best. A slight mist of uncertainty still covers the situation, for there is a bare possibility of my being called to Columbia. If this should be done, I could not interpret the past year, unless I should have more light.

I grieve to-night over two or three faults of my life, involving consequences to others, and very dear to me, that are now full of bitterness to my spirit. God forgive me and make me patient.

CHAPTER X

1882

Ithaca, 1 January, 1882. Sunday morning. I begin the new year with this new book. I have been turning over these blank leaves and trying to peer into the future, which is as blank as they are. Here the future is to write itself. It gives me a sort of awe to ask what these pages are going to contain; what bitter griefs; what successes; whose deaths; what changes in my outward life, and in my little household. Here I am in bleak, sullen old Cascadilla, in my study that is very cosey and pleasant. Where shall I be when I finish the book? Or shall I finish it?

These, indeed, are rather juvenile sentimentalizings for an old fellow like me. They remind me of some of those gushing and elaborately obvious entries that I used to make in my journals which I wrote twenty-five and thirty years ago, and which I have since had the grace to burn up, as I probably shall dispose of this book.

Nevertheless, the beginning of a year seems a serious affair, for young or old. I thank God for his goodness to me in all the years that have gone before this; and I reverently implore His presence and blessing through this year that is now but a few hours old. I pray for health and spirits to do my work well; for success in my undertakings; for Heaven's guidance, for submission to Heaven's guidance. I pray for blessings on my beloved wife and daughter and son.

I have got but little done in my book this past year; yet I have been a very busy man; and much of my work will tell

by and by. But I do hope that the end of this year may find me much, very much, nearer the end of my third volume than I am now.

So, trying to leave all trustfully in the Best Hands, I launch out into the near future.

A snow storm is doing its quiet and beautiful work outside. I am very tired and am resting serenely at home.

Ithaca, 6 January. Have had the best morning for work that I have known in many weeks. Pounding away on lectures on origin and growth of civil government in Virginia.

In the evening went to a party. Heard a new story about Freeman. He lectured recently at New Haven in his shabby old blouse, with woollen shirt, and so on. After the lecture an elegant reception was given him; ladies and gentlemen in evening dress. A person came in who had not been at the lecture, and didn't know Freeman. He said, "Who is that?" "That," said Lounsbury, "is a Saxon swineherd before the Norman Conquest." This story has been going the rounds wherever Freeman has been; and Professor Bryce, now in this country, promises to take it back to Oxford, where, he says, it will be enjoyed more than anywhere else. Somebody remarked about Lounsbury's mot that that was exactly his (Lounsbury's) old costume. Mr. ——, who was there, said: "No, not now. Lounsbury is changed. While he was in college he was dirty in person and dress; and after graduation, when he worked in New York on Appleton's *Cyclopædia*, he was very shabby in appearance."

Ithaca, January 20. Gave the forenoon till twelve to work on lecture, and then gave the lecture. I was so hoarse that I had nothing but a croak to speak with.

Had a letter from President Barnard to-day indicating that he has entirely or nearly lost influence with his board of trustees.

My mind is at last getting into clear light about the meaning, the goodness, and wisdom of that Providence which overruled my course last year — about which I have been in an agony of doubt. It is all coming out well — the best.

Ithaca, 22 January. Sunday. Remained at home on account of my cold. Read prayers in my room. Wrote letter to Haven Putnam, telling him frankly that I wish my name withdrawn from the Columbia competition, and asking if after all his effort in my behalf he will think my withdrawal ungrateful or unfair. I am sure that he will release me from embarrassment on this account, and on receiving word from him to that effect, I shall notify President Barnard. I feel inexpressible relief to have done this; it is the deep reason conquering the shallow one. I am glad to have my future freed from the impending possibility of going away from my chosen work here. It is all help toward concentration, solidity, spiritual independence, personal dignity. My spirit sings like a lark, under the joy which this resolution gives me. Everything within me testifies that I am doing the right thing — which is always the wise one. All the mystery of the past year is now cleared up. I can see the benign guidance which I have had. I take a great stride in the life of trust. The help of spiritual counsel, and of the Father's control, will seem richer and sweeter than ever. How glad I am to be able to settle down and concentrate myself on American history here. I feel like chanting a *Laus Deo.*

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

132 W. Madison street, Baltimore, February 8, 1882

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I arrived here yesterday to give a course of lectures before the Peabody Institute. Gave first lecture last night. Expect

to get through next week, Thursday, and to return at once to Ithaca. I am giving here the same lectures that I gave at the Lowell Institute last year.

As to the Columbia matter, I have had my name absolutely withdrawn, although Barnard and Putnam were sorry to have me do so. They thought my chances were good. But that was what troubled me. I don't want the place. I prefer American history at Cornell to anything else anywhere else.

Affectionately, M. C. TYLER.

Ithaca, 26 February. Went to St. John's and heard the Bishop preach. Dined at the rectory with the Bishop, who before dinner privately asked me if he might call on me for Sunday work in cases of emergency. I gave a qualified answer. At dinner he spoke of Baltimore as a place he greatly liked, "because, if I may speak characteristically, it is like Boston."

He still has the Bostonian's awe of Daniel Webster, and tenderness even for his faults. He told me of one occasion at which Webster was dining with a large party in Washington, of his talking grandly and having great deference paid to him, and near the end of the meal resting his head upon his hand and sinking into a majestic nap.

The Bishop also told this story of Webster: The latter was retained in a great case in Boston and was to cross-examine and try to break down a witness named Perkins — a man of leisure about town — famous for his coolness and imperturbability. When Webster began, he did it in a stern, Jove-like style. "Now, Mr. Perkins, I want you to tell this court what your business is." This was expected to embarrass him.

He waited till there was dead silence in the room, and then said significantly, "My principal business is to borrow money, and get my friends to endorse my notes."

The shot told, but Webster was equal to the occasion. His face relaxed into a benevolent smile, and he said with a gracious

sort of irony, "A very honorable but a very arduous occupation, Mr. Perkins."

Ithaca, 27 February. At half-past two to half-past three, quiz; worst specimen of work that I have had yet. I don't get the work out of these students that I will.

I have had a surprise to-day. I have taken comfort in thinking that I was out of the Columbia contest, but Putnam encloses a letter from Dr. F. C. Ewer saying that of the thirty or forty candidates, all are laid aside but two, and the contest now lies between those two, and that one of them is Tyler. I am sorry. This disturbs me. It is a menace to my plans. I fear to be tempted.

Ithaca, 28 February. Quiz. Dull boys and girls, some of them. On the whole am rather disappointed with my students, less mature, able, and earnest than I expected; don't take hold of work. In the evening read Blaine's oration on Garfield — a happy relief from the stilted rhetoric of our ordinary American statesman on parade.

Ithaca, 14 March. The *New York tribune* has a friendly paragraph about me in connection with the Columbia professorship. I sincerely wish the subject were dropped.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, MARCH 13

"Professor Moses Coit Tyler, formerly of the University of Michigan, and now professor of American history and literature at Cornell University, has frequently been mentioned as a possible candidate for the long vacant chair of English literature at Columbia College, and there has in consequence been some speculation regarding his religious creed. It has been said that he is an agnostic. In truth, however, his faith is a very

positive one, and he was a few months ago ordained a deacon in the Protestant Episcopal church. He is an indefatigable literary worker outside the duties of his professorship, being now engaged in preparing for the press the third volume of his *History of American literature*, and has recently delivered a course of four lectures on that subject in Baltimore."

Ithaca, 25 March. The *Tribune* this evening brings the news of the death of Longfellow, yesterday, at his home in Cambridge. This is everybody's sorrow.

Ithaca, 4 April. The Columbia trustees yesterday elected Price, of the University of Virginia, as professor of English. I am profoundly satisfied. The news proves a great disappointment to Jeannette, though, who would love to live in New York. It is better for me to live in the country.

Ithaca, 9 April. Dined last night with President Seelye, of Amherst, who preached at the chapel. Heard this story of Lincoln: Some one was talking with President Lincoln, and mixed with his talk a great deal of profanity. Suddenly Lincoln broke in: "Mr. ——, are you an Episcopalian?" "No, Mr. President; why did you think so?" "Oh, you swear almost as bad as Seward, and Seward is an Episcopalian, and I didn't know but you might belong to the same church with him."

Ithaca, 27 April. Great men are passing away this year. Charles Darwin was buried this week in Westminster Abbey. Emerson is now sinking.

Ithaca, 28 April. The words in the last line above were truer than I knew. News comes that Emerson died last night between eight and nine.

Ithaca, 7 May. A rumor is circulated to-day of the assassina-

tion, last night in Dublin, of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the new chief secretary for Ireland. As he represents a new policy of concession to Ireland, it seems an unlikely story, and we suspend our faith.

Ithaca, 8 May. The rumor of the assassination of Lord F. Cavendish is more than confirmed, for the under secretary, Thomas H. Burke, was slain with him, both butchered by knives in the daylight, in the park. It is a ferocious and dramatic crime, and its effect on Ireland may be miserable.

Ithaca, 15 May. Down town this morning I bought the two new volumes of Bancroft — his *History of the constitution.* They are perhaps the last living gift of the old historian to the world.

Ithaca, 19 May. One year ago, by the day of the week, Jeannette and I were received here by the Sages and inspected the university, and I was conquered. The transition has been toilsome and saddening, a great interruption to my book work, but in the long run it promises to be a benefit. I finished Bancroft to-day. A strong book for an old fellow of eighty-two, but it will be dry reading except for specialists.

[Owing to a nervous breakdown, the next three months were spent in Europe, as rest from brain work had been urgently advised by the physician.]

II

At Sea. Steamboat Egypt, 4 June. We have just had luncheon. All the passengers are well; and I begin my daily jottings of travel. The voyage thus far has been altogether lovely. On Friday night, as we lay at the dock, the air of our state-rooms was rather close; and there was too much noise for good sleep.

By 4 A. M. on Saturday morning I heard the stir on deck which denoted that the men were at work. So before five I was up and on deck too. There was all the show of preparation for a voyage — sailors getting the ship ready to move off, carriages coming up and unloading passengers, parcels coming, good-byes, laughter, crying.

Promptly by six the ship moved quietly out of the slip into the Hudson and down the bay, and out into the sea. She is a grand ship and inspired us all with confidence at sight and we love her and trust her more and more. A far better ship every way — in size, build, power, conveniences, appointments — than any other I was ever on.

Yesterday being our first day out, all things were novel and experimental. Passengers were peeping out at one another and finding out who's who; walking about the ship and prying into their mysteries; and for my part I was too tired and drowsy to let my diary begin with the day. I lay in my ship chair, covered with a rug on the deck, and snoozed; now and then walked; ate only four meals; and went to bed just after nine and slept a solid sleep all night. The slight surrender of the ship to the motion of the water affected me just a little with suspicion; but I have now got used to that. To-day, refreshed by the good sleep of last night, I have walked the deck for miles; I had hoped that there would be a service on board; but the captain, who conducts it, was up all night on account of the fog, and accordingly says he will not have the service. He has not inquired whether there is any clergyman on board, and has not asked me to officiate, and I have not consented to have it proposed to him.

At Sea, 9 June. So far I had written last Sunday, when I went on deck. Presently a steward came to me with the captain's compliments and asked me if I would conduct religious

services. I cheerfully consented; the prayer books were gathered, and I had not gone far when I began to feel sick. The air of the saloon, with the motion of the ship, was too much for me. I had to cut short the service and retire to my state-room, where I promptly paid tribute to the powers of the ocean.

Since then we have had a prosperous voyage, no rough weather, yet sufficient motion to make me disinclined to writing or reading.

We have had much rain and fogs; for a day or two after Sunday I could not go to my meals, but had them brought to me on deck. Since then I have felt much better.

Yesterday we reached mid-ocean and are now on the last half of the voyage, with every prospect of reaching Liverpool by next Tuesday, and Queenstown the day before. Already the passengers are beginning to get their letters ready to mail at that place — and I shall follow their example. Professor Corson is on board.

I have never travelled with a more delightful companion. He is an inexhaustible source of entertainment. His mind is a magazine of anecdotes and literary quotations; his wit is brilliant; he has been in gay spirits most of the time; and I have had some of the finest talks with him I ever had with anybody. He quotes Shakespeare or Tennyson by the hour; you mention a word and he has a passage of poetry to quote in which the word occurs; and in critical and speculative thought his conversation is as rich as it is in literary reminiscence. Occasionally he gets out of patience with somebody or something on the ship; but his spurts of anger are also brilliant and amusing.

As regards the passengers as a body, they are not particularly interesting; on the other hand, they are less objectionable than those I have previously crossed with. There are several actors going over for the summer vacation. Neill Burgess, who plays Widow Bedott; a Mrs. Eldredge of the Union Square Theatre — a noisy, comic person — and one or two others. With Colonel

Sprague travels Mr. Ellinwood, the stenographer who has for many years reported Beecher's sermons. Besides these, the most noticeable people are J. J. Piatt and his wife, both poets and authors and very refined and agreeable people. They are on their way to Cork, with six young children. Mr. Piatt is newly appointed consul at Cork. Rather a dull place to pick out for a pair of poets.

Our second Sunday at Sea, 11 June. Nothing special to report since yesterday. We are moving on steadily toward land. The sea-gulls have come out from shore some hundreds of miles to welcome us and to pick up food in the track of our ship. The air is raw and chilly. The sky is filled with clouds. There is some sea on and the ship rolls rather more than it has done before.

I have decided to stay in Liverpool only a few hours; to go thence to Chester for a day; then to Warwick and Stratford. I feel a greater desire to visit the Shakespeare haunts than any other place out of London.

While we were in mid-ocean we scarcely saw a ship or, in fact, any object except the tipsy waves. Yesterday morning great excitement was raised by the cry of a sail and presently a full rigged ship passed near us westward; and in a few hours afterward another. We were as much exhilarated as if a new planet had been discovered.

June 12. The ship is all excitement and joy. About two hours ago land was seen away off to the northeast of us. I had just got on deck. A small boy ran up eagerly with the news; and a little way off a crowd of passengers were eagerly gazing and pointing in the direction of the alleged object. For a while I could not make it out; then it became clear — a hill, then another hill, and a series of them. It is Cape Clear, the southwest point of the island. The sun shines brightly; the

wind is fresh; and the ship is spinning gayly along. To add to our pleasure, soon after we saw land a kind whale swam past us, and spouted three or four times — to give us welcome to the Old World.

We are now counting the hours before we reach Queenstown and Liverpool. The letter bag is ready for letters and I will close this and go on deck. Good-bye, now, all the dear ones across the sea.

I remember the emotion with which I first caught sight of Europe sixteen years ago. I can't enjoy that sentiment now, or call it back. It is pleasant to look upon Europe once more, but that old sentiment can be had for use only once. Make the most of it, ye youngsters.

Liverpool, 13 June. We reached dock this morning at about eleven. I greatly enjoyed the sail last night along the Irish coast, and up into St. George's channel and stayed late on deck.

On coming ashore we had to wait an hour or two to pass the customs officers; and there I found awaiting me a disgusting surprise. The great leather valise which I had delivered to the baggage master to be put into the hold was nowhere to be found. I had with me in the state-room only the smaller valise containing my travelling suit and a few necessary articles for the voyage. All the rest — three suits of clothes, shirts, letters of introduction, etc., etc.— were in the big one. I caused the ship to be searched thoroughly once more, but in vain. To my dismay, I find myself landed in England without an outfit. What has become of the valise I can't tell. I went to the company's office and made my complaint, and they promised to cable to New York for the valise to be promptly sent on by the next steamer. But I fear lest the bag may have been stolen altogether. This bother about the lost bag annoyed me excessively and I talked some tall American talk to the officers of the com-

pany here; but now that I have done all I can to rectify the misfortune, I am going to take a comic view of the business and have a jolly good time, anyway. I guess I can have fun without those letters of introduction, and without a swallow-tailed coat, and when I come home I may write a book on *Seeing Europe with only one shirt.*

London, 17 June. Yesterday morning rambled about the streets and at twelve called at the American legation, near Parliament House, and saw one of the secretaries and an old acquaintance of mine. I defer seeing Mr. Lowell until my letters come.

Then I wandered through Westminster Hall and witnessed proceedings in the several courts. At about half-past two I crossed Westminster bridge, and went to Lambeth Palace, nearby, to attend a meeting in aid of Père Hyacinthe. This is one of the most ancient buildings in London and I was deeply impressed by my visit to it. For six hundred years it has been the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury. I arrived early and helped myself to a front seat close to the desk, so that I could look the Archbishop in the eye. Among the bishops and noblemen with whom I soon found myself in close conjunction was Baroness Burdett-Coutts. She was opposite and very near and I had a good chance to study her face. She looks old, is thin and wrinkled, but has a very kind eye, and a gentle, benevolent expression. She came in with Lord Houghton and went out with him. The young man, her husband, was not there.

London, 19 June. Yesterday was a day of great satisfaction to me. At eleven I went to the ancient church of St. Margaret's — close to Westminster Abbey. It was built in the time of Edward I. Sir Walter Raleigh and Caxton are buried here. Its rector is Canon Farrar. The church was densely packed and I could only get a footstool in the aisle to sit on. Farrar

preached a brilliant, impassioned sermon on Garibaldi. The service was most hearty, quite plain, though choral; the responses like the roar of the ocean.

London, 19 June. I closed a batch of memoranda for home this morning. I was kept in till nearly twelve by writing letters. Then started for the House of Commons, where I was to be at half-past three. Spent the intervening time in rambling through the Covent Garden region, Trafalgar Square, Pall Mall, and Piccadilly. Called at the office of the *New York tribune* in Bedford street, but did not find Smalley. The region of Pall Mall is that of the great clubs, etc. The tone is immensely aristocratic. I got lunch en route. As I was walking through St. James' park I saw the Prince and Princess of Wales pass in their carriage. I caught but a glimpse.

I got a seat in the strangers' gallery of the House of Commons, half an hour before it was time for the meeting to begin, and had a chance to witness the ceremony of opening — prayers, etc. There was no great debate on, but a session prolonged nearly all night by the dilatory discussion of the Irish bills, by the Irish members. Their object is delay. I heard Gladstone make several little speeches. Sixteen years have told on him. He is still strong and vigorous, but looks like an old man. His voice is not so strong and rich as it used to be. John Bright did not speak, but he was in full view — a robust, elegant, white-haired old man. I was most interested to hear Macaulay's nephew and biographer, Trevelyan, who spoke several times. He is very able. I also heard Sir Charles Dilke, Sir William Harcourt, and Lord Hartington. I remained nearly five hours in the House and then through fatigue in that foul air I came out, leaving the Irish members engaged in worrying the imperial parliament till about four o'clock in the morning.

It was about half-past eight, and after eating a mutton chop

I refreshed myself by riding on the top of an omnibus for an hour or two. I rode to London bridge and back again. The sights and sounds of the mighty city, as contemplated at night from the top of an omnibus, are full of interest — amusing, pathetic, instructive. I especially rejoice in the chatter of the drivers, cabbies, etc., as they chaff one another and the passers-by.

On the question of personal manners in the English Parliament, one finds queer illustrations there. During the debate, for full half an hour, a member sat on the front opposition bench, with his feet upon the clerk's table, his hat on, himself lolling back on the bench, and in full view of the assembled dignity and power of the British empire actually picked his nose with his right forefinger and then carefully examined the end of that finger after each operation. Suppose an English tourist had seen such a sight in our Congress — what a paragraph it would have made in the book of travels on the rudeness of American manners! I forgot to mention that yesterday Prof. Henry Morley, of University College, London, called on me and left an invitation for me to lunch with him at half-past one at the college. The college is a huge building in Gower street, quite imposing in appearance. I had never seen Morley. He is a bluff, broad-chested, big, hearty Englishman, with rather coarse but kindly features, the digestion of an ox, and an energetic, bustling manner. About fifty-five years old. He trotted me all over the college, showing me class rooms, laboratories, museums, etc. They have a dining or lunch room in the college, where many students and professors take their mid-day meal. The college is only about fifty years old; represents the secular principle in education, as opposed to ecclesiastical control of universities; is co-educational; is looked down upon by the aristocratic and conservative old universities; but is full of life, progress, and power. It has about 2,000 students, some 1,400 without the preparatory school. It means for England what

Michigan and Cornell mean for America. Morley and I had a nice lunch together and a nice talk, although he is not a free and suggestive talker. He impressed me as being a mind in a constant tumult and hurry, not accurate or orderly, but full of vigor and of noble impulses. After lunch with him I went to the House of Commons at 3:30 P. M., and heard the debate until after seven o'clock. It was still on the Irish question, and was carried on chiefly by the Irish members. I was deeply touched by their earnestness and persistence. They stand at bay before the cruel power of English authority, and they retreat inch by inch, with desperate fighting. There was real pathos in their voices as they spoke; no flippancy, no malice, but grim and devoted determination to save their country from wrong. These debates have enlightened me much on Irish affairs. During my absence to-day I received the honor of a call from Mr. Lowell. Bowker told me this is a great distinction, as by etiquette the American minister here does not make calls on his countrymen; and Bowker seemed greatly impressed by the exception in my favor. He said it was, "the leader of American literature calling on its historian." That was a pleasant compliment, to be sure. And that reminds me that I am much encouraged and gratified in finding in many incidental ways the sort of recognition and reputation my book has acquired among English men of letters. These things no longer affect me as appeals to vanity, but rather as food for courage and strength to do more work.

London, 23 June. This day has been noted by two events — a call on James Russell Lowell and a dinner in the evening at the House of Commons with Justin McCarthy.

I spent the forenoon in roaming about the town, in the Leicester Square and Pall Mall region. At about two, I called at the legation in Victoria street. After some delay I was ushered

into Lowell's room. My first impression was of the gracefulness and graciousness of the man; his elegance in dress and form; his manly beauty. As he told me, he is sixty-three years old; his dark auburn hair still abundant and rich, just touched with silver and parted in the middle. His whiskers are more whitened. His eyes bright; his whole face mobile, aristocratic, refined. The perfect courtier and man of the world, dashed by scholarship, wit, genius, consciousness of reputation, and success. His voice was very pleasant and sweet; his tones indescribably pleasant, a pronunciation not copied from the English, and as pure and melodious as theirs at the best. His fluency in words perfect, his diction neat, pointed, with merry implications and fine turns. He is an immense success in England, in society and public meetings; petted and flattered like a prince; admired by men and worshipped by women. He has the pick and run of the best society in the kingdom. His manners have the ease, poise, facility, and polish of one who has got used to courts and palaces. I must say I never saw a more perfect gentleman. Indeed, he is too perfect; it would have pleased me better to have found the poet, satirist, and man of letters less worldly, more simple in style. I revere the sturdy dignity and homely simplicity of men like Emerson and Whittier.

Lowell greeted me most cordially; took my hat, and sat down near me; his face unluckily in the shade, a diplomatic habit perhaps. He began by saying that he was anxious to receive me in his house and to bring some friends there to meet me, but that Mrs. Lowell had just had a fearful relapse and all his domestic arrangements were in abeyance. He said that her trouble was of the brain; that she had been "quite off her head" at Madrid, and now it had come back worse than before. It was a great strain upon him, as she would hardly let any one but him do anything for her; it kept him up nights and constantly by her side. He mentioned some friend—a Countess Somebody—

who came yesterday to help him; but Mrs. Lowell snubbed her dreadfully, and wouldn't have her about. Lowell added that he sometimes got so tired that he almost lost self-control. Yesterday he went into the park for exercise and fresh air; and was so tempted to commit blasphemy that he said "'Great Diana,' on account of the initial letters, but doubtless the recording angel wrote it down as God Damn."

He then spoke of the annoyances of his office; and to show that needy Americans in Europe expected him to supply them with money out of his own funds, he read me an abusive letter, just received from a woman who had asked him for fifteen hundred francs to get her luggage with. She wrote from New York and exulted over "the downfall of Lowell," spoke most insultingly of his "snobbish ways," his "cold and fishy eye," etc. He laughed heartily over it. As to the Irish, he said he had done more for them than perhaps any other man could have done; "because I am personally liked by the government, and they tell me they take more from me than they would from any one else." He had been very frank with Bright and Gladstone; thought the government was really increasing its own troubles by its severity toward the Irish; yet he thought very little of Parnell and the Irish members. Mr. McCarthy has no weight; has gone over to the Parnellists just to keep his seat, although McCarthy was once very moderate. The trouble about the Irish members is that they are not sincere; they talk for effect; and Lowell was assured that some of the very members who in the House are denouncing the Prevention of Crimes bill have gone privately to the members of the administration and said: "For God's sake, pass this bill; we can't keep the peace in Ireland unless you do." He said that some people who denounced him "spoke as if I were dependent on this office for my living. I see it stated in American papers that the American government would like me to resign, though they don't care to

take the responsibility of removing me. Of course, I can't resign under fire. In fact, when I want to go home I don't quite see how I am to do it. The government won't remove me; and I won't resign."

He said that the social pressure upon him was very great; he could dine out nearly every day; and when Professor Child wrote to scold him awhile ago for not writing any more to his friends at home, he counted his notes and letters for that very day and found that he had fifty to answer.

I told him that I was proud to have him in England, but in the interests of literature I wanted him to come home soon — for I felt sure he could not write in England. He said he could not. He thought he had made two great mistakes in his life. One was in taking a professorship, that had drawn him away from literary production to certain lines of special research. I understood him to mean that he would have written more poetry, would have been more of a creator and less of a scholar, if he had not taken the professorship. The other mistake was in going as minister to Spain. He had hoped to see and know Spain well and to do something about Don Quixote. He had great opportunities there; and thought he had got ready to write about Don Quixote but could not till he went home. Of course, his coming to England was a promotion, was very delightful, personally, but it took away all command of his time and he should never get any work done here.

I was sorry to see in him traces of distrust of his own country, in this way. He said: "My dear Mr. Tyler, in America it is men like you who have not the least influence. The country is ruled by low demagogues." I saw too that he must have surrendered somewhat to the tone of English aristocratic society — in his doubts about American life, and in his opinion of men and things.

We chatted about Cornell affairs, Harvard, English universities, etc. He said that his preference in education was for

the old-fashioned classical training — such as our American colleges were giving a hundred years ago. He spoke very cordially of Cornell University and said that he was buying books for his own library with both Cornell and Harvard in his thoughts; and that in his will there would be a provision giving to Harvard such of the books as it lacked; and the rest to Cornell.

After my departure from Lowell's I went to the C——'s for a call; and returned to Parliament House by seven. I was soon met by Justin McCarthy. I fear I must hurry over his talk — much of which was very interesting. He said it was a bitter time for him as an Irish member to be in Parliament; that his course on behalf of his own country had made him many personal enemies among eminent men with whom he had formerly been on intimate terms; that Gladstone was extremely bitter to him in debate; both Gladstone and Bright would no longer speak to him if they met him in the street. In general, the Irish members now were tabooed socially.

London, 29 June. Several days ago I had a note from James Russell Lowell inviting me to breakfast with him at ten to-day, and promising to invite some pleasant friends to meet me. No compliment could have been more marked, since he called together some of the most famous literary men in England expressly to meet me. Of course I did not decline. I reached his house, No. 10 Lowndes Square, exactly at the minute.

I was most interested to see Froude, Leslie Stephen, and Matthew Arnold. With Froude I talked a good deal, a gentle, clear, winsome man, with a rich voice and a rich conversation. He spoke warmly of his American friends, but talked mostly of the Irish trouble. He spoke nobly, said the English for centuries had interfered with Ireland only for the woe and curse of Ireland; that he could really see no solution of the trouble.

Leslie Stephen, who is Thackeray's son-in-law, and author

of a great book on the eighteenth century, was dressed in velvet morning coat; is about forty-five; refined, sensitive, hesitating; hair parted in the middle; and with an inclination to inspect himself in the looking-glass which happened to be opposite to him. He was very polite to me; regretted that my stay in London was so short; wanted me to let him know when I came again.

Matthew Arnold was the great lion of the feast. I expected to see a small, finical sort of a man. Instead of which I found a tall, athletic, rugged fellow, in splendid health, with sonorous voice, prompt and playful in speech, with an air of conscious success, dark hair and complexion and eyes. Lowell seems very fond of him. I had not much chance to talk with him, as he had to go early. But he came and spoke with me before leaving and expressed a great desire to come to America. I had to decline the hope of seeing him here, as this is my last real day in London. If I were to let myself once get started in London engagements I should not get away till August, and I feel that I am now satisfied with London. Have got enough of it; want to get out into the fresh air, to see Oxford and Cambridge and Stratford, and especially Paris and some bits of Germany. I left Lowell's at twelve, walking away with Smalley. He invited me to dinner at his house to-morrow, but I had to decline.

Oxford, 1 July. I left London at ten this morning, reached Oxford at about 11.30, and, buying a small guide book, spent the day in wandering about in this most mediæval city that I have yet been in. I cannot properly describe it on paper. I should write a guide book if I attempted it. I sink fatigued under the weight of the impressive and most beautiful things I have seen — ancient buildings, cloisters, quadrangles, churches, college gardens; a city of colleges with a look of great antiquity; every footstep falling upon a reminiscence of some great man.

Three letters of introduction are in my pocket but I have presented only one, to the librarian of the Bodleian. He gave me an hour of his time, and went with me carefully over that famous repository of books, 400,000 volumes. I lunched with him and had much talk about Oxford. I shall bring home guide books, maps, and photographs of Oxford; and with some such illustrations I can give you some notion of it. Without this, I cannot. If I were to tell you in detail what I have seen here, it would be for you a mere catalogue of names. But Oxford fills the bill! Here lecturing is housed in stately magnificence. I should like to take up my residence here for a few weeks and sink slowly into the life of the place. In one particular it disappoints me: the country here is flat and low; portions of the place are under water every spring; and the climate is said to be rather relaxing and bilious. It was a sort of comfort to hear it said that there is malaria even in Oxford.

5 Maid's Causeway, Cambridge, 5 July. Isn't this a funny place to be in? I came yesterday to Cambridge and took lodgings in this house. The common people speak a peculiar English here. On my search for this street yesterday I met a maid pushing a perambulator, and thought she was the right person to ask for the locality of the Maid's Causeway. She replied, "Go straight (pronounced strite) on, and you'll find it up." This is a queer old place, not so majestic and impressive as Oxford; does not have that mediæval look. Indeed, the approach into the town is through a quite modern street, but some of the names of old streets and commons here are very peculiar. Besides the one I lodge in, is: "Bandy Leg Walk," "Christ's Place," and "Jesus Lane"; they call "Caius College" "Keys"; "St. Catherine" is "Cats"; "Magdalen" is "Maudlin." I find so much to see and learn here that I shall probably stay until Friday morning.

Young Mr. ——, who took his degree in June at St. Peter's College, is spending the summer here. I called upon him the first thing, as he had invited me to lodge in the college. There was some technical difficulty about it, and I did not accept the invitation. After lunch he came to see me, and devoted himself to my entertainment during the afternoon. Young —— is very tall, and has the lumbering ways of a young Englishman. I appreciated his kind purpose in guiding me about, but could have got on better alone with my map and guide book. He has lived here three years and does not seem to know anything about the university except the merest trash. I found him eminently uninteresting and unprofitable and couldn't imagine how a man who could take a degree here could have so little to show for it.

Cambridge, 6 July. I marched forth alone this morning and began with the beginning of the guide book and walked steadily on, house by house, till one o'clock. I enjoyed it immensely. I could go fast or slow as suited; and in some of the old quadrangles and college gardens I sat a good while and took in the spirit of them. The two colleges which impressed me most are Queen's and King's. The former has some buildings of the fifteenth century. I saw the tower in which Erasmus lived, and the walk in the garden between the rows of trees which was his favorite walk. King's College, which was begun in the fifteenth century, is a magnificent college in lands, gardens, and buildings. Its chapel is the great architectural pride of Cambridge; and I was more impressed by it than any other church I have yet seen in England, except St. Paul's. I went into the tower and upon the high roof, and got a view of the town and the country about. The whole region is flat, indeed mostly marshy and low; and the people have suffered for ages from fever and ague. Within the last fifty years the marshes have

been considerably drained, and the evil has greatly diminished. Still, I am told, both here and at Oxford the site is so low that it is flooded by the rivers nearly every spring; and in both places many people find the climate bilious and relaxing. All this seems to me familiar language with reference to a university town.

My morning's steady walking left me ready to have a snooze after dinner and I enjoyed the privilege to my heart's content. Then I pushed out alone for another campaign with my guide book; and at five went to dine with the fellows of St. Peter's College in their hall. The senior fellow is a Mr. D——, who had sent the invitation through young ——. He was dressed in cap and gown; and with him was the chaplain, Mr. A——, in ditto. Each of these colleges has its own hall, where members of the college board; the students at tables along the length of the room, the fellows at tables on a dais at the end of the hall — like the old barons and their retainers. All are in gowns; and there is much pomp and ceremony. A Latin grace before meat is said usually by one of the students; or, rather, it is read from a card kept for the purpose. Being vacation, the hall this evening had but few in it. It is a stately room, hung with old portraits of famous graduates of the college. After dinner we adjourned to the combination room, as they call the college parlor. This is also in every college and is the official reception room, in all the colleges limited to the use of the master and fellows, and fitted and adorned with great elegance. This room at St. Peter's is a grand affair, about four centuries old, but restored in recent times, with painted windows, elaborately carved wood-work, etc. In the ancient building which contains this room and above the room Mr. D—— has his chambers. He took us through them. Two large parlors and a bedroom with quaint passages and old closets, constituted his suite. Mr. D—— is a Scotchman

of about thirty. I could understand the charm of this life of an English college fellow. Yet with all its dignity and repose, and its leisure for study, the fellows have not been contented; for as these institutions were of ecclesiastical origin, celibacy has been imposed upon the fellows. If they married they lost their fellowships, and had to go out into the world and earn their living. Within the past year, by act of Parliament, this restriction has been taken off; and it is a funny fact that forty fellows are to be married this vacation. There is great mirth on the subject in Cambridge. Poor fellows! Some of them have been engaged five, ten, or fifteen years, waiting for some other promotion. At last Parliament comes to their relief, and to the relief of forty long-suffering damsels. I enjoyed talking with Mr. D——, sitting in that ancient college, looking out upon its exquisite garden — a place seeming too peaceful for this stormy world. He told us all about their rules and customs and methods, and I peppered him with many questions.

Cambridge, 8 July. Up at 6.30 this morning, breakfast at 7, and at 8.15 took the train for Ely, where, en route for Coventry, I wished to inspect the ancient cathedral. It is only a few miles off. The road goes through a district of marshes or, rather, of what were marshes, but has been reclaimed by drainage and is now a most fertile country, lying flat like an Illinois prairie; in all directions windmills waving their huge arms against the sky. I left my bag at the station and sauntered at leisure up the winding streets of this ancient and serene old town. Everything looked at least a thousand years old. I have drunk deep of the sentiment of antiquity here. Words cannot tell how venerable it seems; this spot has been the seat of a nunnery and a church since at least the seventh century. Here are houses still used by ecclesiastics connected with the cathedral — which houses were parts of a monastery founded by King Edgar

in 970. But the cathedral! It surpasses all I have yet seen in this world in architectural impressiveness. Its foundations were laid in 1083; it was two or three hundred years in building; it has been recently restored; and it is a magnificent example of mediæval genius, reverence, taste, and devout magnificence.

At about one I left Ely for Peterboro, the seat of another cathedral, but inferior to this of Ely. I was advised that an exterior view was all that I should require, and that I took hastily along with a bite of veal pie, and caught the next train for Coventry. My mind was too full of the cathedral of Ely to be tolerant of the sight of any other cathedral; and by comparison that of Peterboro seems commonplace. Soon after leaving Peterboro, the country began to lose its level look, and to grow more undulating; and by the time we got into Worcestershire it had become very beautiful. I suppose it may be due to the glory which Shakespeare sheds upon everything with which he had to do; but this his native country seems to me the most delightful, picturesque, and exhilarating part of England.

Although Coventry is not a fashionable resort, it is a most charming old nook, with a good deal of modern improvement and enterprise; a great place for making ribbons, watches, and bicycles and tricycles, etc. Its goddess is Lady Godiva, and very largely on her account and Peeping Tom's I decided to make this my resting place for the night. There are two images of Peeping Tom, at two different corner hotels. He is a most villainous looking scoundrel in both cases. I am staying at the Craven Arms Inn, a delightful, old cosey nest, once called the White Bear — and looks old enough to have accommodated Alfred the Great.

Leamington, 9 July. Last night I slept at the Craven Arms, Coventry, and had the longest and best sleep I remember to have had in years. I was beautifully hungry and tuckered out;

and, having got my dinner, I went to bed in broad daylight—*i. e.*, about eight o'clock — for the sun here is not down by that time. Ah! how I slept, on and on and on, till nearly eight this morning, a deep, soul-comforting sleep, and got up feeling as fresh as a giant, or the Biblical bridegroom.

I took two or three hours to explore the town, the three famous churches with those tall spires that Tennyson wrote of in his poem of Lady Godiva; and especially the deeply interesting St. Mary's Hall, a costly edifice built four hundred years ago by the guilds of the town. Here Mary Queen of Scots was shut up for a week or two, and many English kings and queens have been entertained in it. I intended to walk to Kenilworth, but, as the day proved rainy, I decided to come by rail to Leamington, take lodgings here, and make this a centre for my pedestrian excursions to Kenilworth, Warwick Castle, Stratford, etc. Leamington is about in the centre between all these places and not more than ten miles from any of them. I got here at about one, and after getting a general look at the town I hunted up lodgings, where I now write, at Miss——'s, 12 Russell Terrace. She is a nice old maid; her house is as still as Sunday and as clean as wax. I have a parlor and bedroom, and for these and attendance, including the cooking of my meals and the blacking of my boots, I am to pay the outrageous sum of nine shillings per week! A few steps off is the Royal Pump Room, where for one shilling I am supplied every morning with a pint of milk. Here I can repose for a week, in this exhilarating Warwickshire air, and make myself more intimate with Shakespeare's country. I began to get very tired of London. This quiet and clean retreat seems very restful. The air and water and walking and sights will do me heaps of good for a week.

Leamington, 10 July. It occurred to me last night that I should like to attend church to-day where Shakespeare used to

worship and where he is buried. I found that on Sundays there is no train for Stratford until eleven o'clock. So, as it is only ten miles off, I determined to go afoot. This dear old maid, who gives me my cosey home for nine shillings per week, promised to have my breakfast ready by half-past seven. I was up an hour earlier and at the Royal Pump Room at seven to try the waters, which have to be taken before breakfast. First, you swallow half a pint; then walk briskly twenty minutes; then come back and swallow another half pint. The beverage was administered to me by a mild old gentleman with one eye and a predisposition to slight his h's; who blended with the potion much semi-professional advice. I had my breakfast and was off at just ten minutes past eight. The walk lay through the ancient town of Warwick, two miles off, and past the walls of Warwick Castle; and all the way is one of the most famous walks in England. The road is macadamized with a broad side-walk of hard gravel; is lined with majestic oaks and elms and continuous hedges; with charming views of meadows, forests, quaint old farm cottages with their thatched roofs; here and there a noble mansion half hidden in trees and far-away stretches of hill country. The air was just cool enough; the sun was bright except for occasional rain clouds veiling it, and I felt so well and strong that the walk was a prolonged joy. It is the old, old road between Stratford and Warwick Castle; has been there since the time of Cæsar, and very likely hundreds of years before; and I could not help thinking how often Will Shakespeare must have gone back and forth over it, on foot, perhaps in his father's butcher's cart, and later in his own prosperous chariot.

Just at 10:30 I heard the sound of the church bells in Stratford; and, tramping into the town for the first time in my life, I walked straight to the old parish church just as the curate was reading the second lesson. It is a large church, noble

in look, its great tower dating as far back as the twelfth century. The chancel, in which the poet is buried, belongs to the fifteenth century. The nave, older than the chancel, is substantially unchanged since Shakespeare's time. It is lofty and large, and here again — as everywhere else that I have been — it was full of worshippers, who took an earnest and hearty part in the service. I looked curiously about the congregation to see what they were like, and found them a wholesome, thrifty people, but plain, not specially intellectual; rather like well-fed country folk and trading villagers. As I entered the town I looked with interest at the children by the way, thinking that in each I saw a young William Shakespeare — or what he was like at the same age. Almost the first one I thus looked at resented my admiration by making saucy faces at me, a touch of nature that gave me a sense of kinship. At church it was delightful to feel immediately at home in the rendering by strangers of the noble service of common prayer; and to be able to drop into my place and to adjust myself to the situation as easily as if I had always lived there. After church I lingered to look around the edifice, and soon saw half a dozen obvious Americans doing the same thing. The vicar courteously invited me to enter the chancel; and I stood for the first time upon the grave of Shakespeare, with its marble curse against disturbance, and beneath that bust which is the most authentic image of him which we have. I shall not try to describe my awe. Leaving the church, I wandered at my leisure round the little city, taking in its features, especially going slowly by the poet's birthplace, his old school-house, and the place where he died. Just opposite the latter is the ancient Falcon Inn, where he is said to have been fond of sitting with his friends and neighbors, and there I went for dinner. I waited for dinner in the smoking room, and dined in the coffee room upstairs. To the former I returned and snoozed and rested in one of the old

chairs close by the window which opens toward Shakespeare's home just across the narrow street. Where I sat unquestionably he had sat and smoked and drank ale hundreds of times. I must leave you to imagine the sentiment of all this.

After a good rest I sauntered out and walked slowly around the principal streets again; looked through the fence upon Shakespeare's garden; and by the old lane along which he must have walked, I went down to the Avon, a little way back of his home. I found a quiet place close by the shore, and, being tired, there I lay down for an hour, watching the river and the lovely low meadow on the side of it, and up the river through the arches of the old stone bridge that most picturesquely spans the Avon — a bridge built in the fifteenth century. Many a time he must have come to that same quiet spot and found rest for body and soul there. And the river is very peaceful; not wider than the Huron, but deeper, and slower in movement; not a "silvery river," as Mary Cowden Clarke calls it, but turbid, even dull and muddy. Yet it is the Avon. And an odd thing happened to me there. While I lay, resting my head on my right hand and looking dreamily out of half-shut eyes along the river up under those arches perhaps a quarter of a mile from me, and was thinking of the poet's identification with this little river, and how he was called "the sweet Swan of Avon" — suddenly, away off beyond those arches, I saw a graceful white swan sail out into the river, and stop there in the right place, and then one more; not a duck, mind you, nor a goose, but a genuine white swan; yea, brethren and sisters, and two of them. How is that for a coincidence?

After a while I got up and wandered slowly in the old churchyard, reading the inscriptions on the mossy gravestones, and finding the Burbages, and Ardens, and other Shakespearean names. Most visitors rush through this place, get a few glimpses, and run. I enjoy the leisurely way in which I am doing it.

I don't expect to see all to-day, but to take in the situation and come again several times during my stay in the neighborhood. So I can let the feeling of the place soak in and fructify.

At seven o'clock I took a train back to Leamington. My gentle old maid welcomed me home to a nice, hearty supper of mutton chops, and brown bread and fresh milk — real Warwickshire milk and butter — and I went early to bed and rested eleven good hours. Amen and encore.

Leamington, 12 July. After a couple of hours spent in writing, I started out on my day's tramp, which was devoted to Warwick Castle and the old town near it. It lies only two miles from Leamington. I took the old road as it is called, winding through trees lined with houses, broad and clean, with a good sidewalk and frequent benches for pedestrians. Within half a mile of the castle I caught a good view of its huge baronial towers rising grimly on a height above the tops of the trees and looking down on the Avon, which washes the rocks at the base of the castle. It fully realized my conception of what the castle of the great king-maker, Warwick, should be. It is one of the great sights of England, and thousands of tourists visit it every year. I imagine that there are not many mediæval castles in England that are kept up in good preservation. The present earl is immensely rich, and resides here several months in the year. During such times strangers are not admitted. But when he and his family are away it is a regular show business, and the servants must derive a fine income from the fees received from the throng of visitors. A large party had gone in just ahead of me, but the porter at the lodge told me that if I would hurry up I could overtake them. I advanced rapidly through several rods of road cut through the rock — along which kings and queens and barons and squatter sovereigns have walked. At the end of this I came out upon a lawn. At my left was the

old Cæsar's tower, beneath which was and is the dungeon. In front and at my right were arranged several huge structures of solid stone — looking for all the world just like the baronial castles in picture books. Not being much accustomed to such places, I didn't know exactly which way to go. I saw no one, except a majestic person in a front window, whom I should have taken for the earl himself if I had not known he was away from home. So I again advanced in an unabashed American manner to the door nearest the majestic person, who came before I could ring, and who turned out to be the door porter. It is seldom, perhaps, that even college professors have so wise a look. He invited me in, didn't say anything about the earl being sorry that he was not there to give me the hospitalities of the castle, but repeated the injunction to hurry up, which I did. A party — largely of Americans — was soon overtaken, guided by a young woman with a wand in her hand, with which she pointed at tables, chairs, pictures, busts, etc., etc., and recited her piece. Tourists are only shown the rooms of state, not the private and domestic apartments of the house; but what we saw was literally magnificent for cost, beauty, and historical associations — *e. g.*, the superb bedroom in which Queen Anne slept, with the very bed, and even her travelling trunk. Perhaps the latter may have been detained to pay for lodgings, but it was not. As I had not been shown the first two rooms, the countess or duchess who guided the party kindly invited me to stop after the crowd had gone to have a nice, quiet time with her alone. I accepted her invitation and we two wandered through those two rooms in a chatty and leisurely way, and I rewarded her with two sixpences on saying adieu. She took them like a person not in the least embarrassed by a pecuniary recognition of her courtesy. I wanted to get a look into the dungeon, but it was too late in the day. The fellow had gone who exhibits that side-show. So by suggestion of

my fair countess I walked out into the park and saw the earl's garden patch, also his conservatory, in which is kept the great Warwick vase, about three thousand years old (fact). He has a thousand acres for his park and owns vast tracts of lands and houses all about. The scene was stately and remarkably English.

The old city of Warwick has grown up during many centuries by the side of the castle. It has a stony, dignified look; crooked, with all sorts of gables and fronts and porches, etc. Remembering that this was the birthplace of Walter Savage Landor, I made some inquiries about his houses; but no one had ever heard of him. Two houses were pointed out to me as having been occupied by the Landor family.

Leamington, 13 July. This had been another Shakespeare day. I went over to Stratford this morning and saw the inside of houses that on Sunday I had seen only on the outside, the Birth Place, the Free School, the house at New Place, besides spending a long time in the church near his tomb and image. The parish clerk spent a good deal of time with me and showed me the parish records containing the entry of Shakespeare's baptism in 1564, and of his funeral, in 1616. The effigy or bust at the tomb is much better than I expected from the pictures of it, and gives me an idea of the solidity and power of the man. After seeing all these things at my leisure, I walked out to Shottery, where still stands Anne Hathaway's cottage; and I went and came over the same path through the fields along which the young poet went hundreds of times in the days and nights of his courting. The cottage is in a little hamlet of quaint and antique homes; and the country about is lovely with verdure and the abundance of trees and a quiet pastoral beauty, but would not be celebrated except for the celebrity given it by the wondrous man. As I could not on account of the rain go

out to Charlecote — the seat of the Lucy family and of Shakespeare's alleged exploit in deer stealing — I took in-door amusement in Stratford. I had found on the lists of voters for this year the name of William Shakespeare; and it occurred to me that I would call upon him and have a talk with him. I found that he lived in Wood street, near the Henley street in which the great William was born; that he was a humble shoemaker, and kept there a small shop. I went in to buy a box of blacking as an excuse; was waited upon by a little girl; presently came in the proprietor — a man of about forty, with large eyes and lips, of medium size, and a plain, uncultivated face. This was William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon in 1882. He seemed very willing to talk and I put him through a thorough catechism. It seems that he belongs to the Shakespeares of Henley-in-Arden, a few miles away. He said there were a good many Shakespeares in the county; one other man in Stratford, who is a tailor and not a voter; one in Henley, who is a barber; and he remembers one — his cousin — who lived at Henley as a young man, but fell into bad company and got to shooting rabbits belonging to the lord of the manor, and in consequence of this had to leave the place for several years. He is now in America. How like that is to the deer-stealing legend of William Shakespeare and his enforced withdrawal from Stratford. I found William Shakespeare to be a dull, illiterate, but religious, man, a Congregationalist, and he told me that he had never read any of the writings of his great predecessor and did not even have a copy of them. He supposed they were very good; he had often been urged to buy them; but he already took three religious papers.

I had much other talk with him, and the contrast between this poor, stupid William Shakespeare and the man who has made the name and place immortal amused me as most startling and grotesque. He said he supposed "the poetry had all run out of the family," and I thought he was right.

London, 15 July. I came up to London day before yesterday. This has been a day for doing a lot of odd jobs in town in preparation for leaving for the continent next week. One job was to take a good look at the library of the British Museum, partly for the sake of old times and memories, but chiefly with a view of ascertaining how much they have in Americana that I shall need before finishing my third volume. For though I took my lodgings near the museum, I have had such a disinclination to touch or look at books that I have not once been in since I came to town. My letter was to Mr. Bullen, the second highest officer in the library. In the old days I had never sought any introductions to the officers, and had never taken a look in the rooms behind or around the great circular reading rooms. To-day my letter admitted me to all those mysteries. Mr. Bullen received me behind all those intrenchments, and after some chat gave me in charge of a lieutenant who was to show me all over the place from top to bottom. The library numbers now a million and a quarter of volumes, and increases at the rate of forty thousand volumes per year. It is a monster to manage. I was much interested to see how they do it; and thought their methods were not in all respects equal to those at Harvard. My deepest interest was in the old reading room where I spent so many weeks and months. The old place did not seem to have changed at all. I was told that there were sittings for about as many more readers, but this made no noticeable difference in its appearance. After a good look about, I went to the great volumes of the catalogue, and looked out a number of test names in Americana, not finding much that I could not get in America, perhaps nothing. However, my inspection was not exhaustive. The chief officer in the room greeted me very cordially, saying that he had heard that I was coming, and had been on the lookout for me for several weeks. He and the officers offered me every possible privilege when I should get

ready to come there for work — if I need to do so. It rather gratified me to find four pages of the catalogue devoted to my name, with spaces left for future insertions. They have two copies of the *American literature* and several pamphlets of mine.

Another thing that I had put off to a more convenient season was a visit to Westminster Abbey. On the way there I took a look at St. Stephen's Chapel in Westminster Hall, a very ancient crypt which has been gorgeously restored since I was in England before. It is very beautiful and interesting. On entering the Abbey I found the east transept filled with people and the usual daily three o'clock service going on. I sat down and rested awhile, listening to the delicious music with which the service is rendered in that noble place. I also saw and heard Canon Farrar reading the lessons; and in my great comfort I sank into a gentle nap which much refreshed me. After the service I went systematically over the whole Abbey exclusive of the chapels — that is, I visited the portion to which the public are admitted without the guide nuisance. I devoted myself to the more famous tombs and monuments, and to the restorations of the Abbey, the superb painted windows, and to a contemplation of the general effect of the whole interior as a magnificent piece of church architecture. In the latter respect it impressed me deeply. It is like the infinite sky in its suggestion of immensity and of aspiration, to say nothing of the power of mere age — venerableness — in awing us. As a repository of famous dead men it touched me less than it used to do. And, indeed, I find that I am in many ways less impressionable than I was sixteen years ago. England does not seem to me such a garden, such a paradise of rural beauty, as it did; and the haughtiness of London, its pomp, wealth, splendor, great palaces, and all that, do not weigh upon me — intimidate me as formerly. I think I like England as well perhaps. Certainly I respect its

wonderful civilization, so complex, elaborate, careful, solid, comfortable; but I do not any more lose my heart to it, or my head; both these organs find their great satisfaction in America. I am cured of all lingering desire to live here.

Paris, 19 July. Here I am at last in this splendid city, after all these years of wondering whether it would ever be. I was up this morning between five and six to finish my jottings on England and to pack up. I went to the Victoria Station in ample time to get my larger bag registered through to Paris, whereby it escapes customs examination at Dieppe, but receives that impertinence all the same at Paris. I have enjoyed with great zest the journey from London. I was completely sated with England and longed for a change of scene. The journey from London to Dieppe took from eight to eleven, and I enjoyed it very much. On the channel all that I felt was a sort of unusual solemnity, with a strong desire to lie down and sleep. I stretched myself out on a piece of canvas on deck, and slept like a boiled lobster for more than two hours. When I began it, the English shore was almost out of sight, and land was nowhere else to be seen, and when I woke up the shore of France was in sight. As we drew near Dieppe, and sailed up into its green and winding basin of a harbor, all was so different! I felt that here was a new world. The shock of complete change from England which I desired was granted to me. The docks, houses, shops, people, costumes — all were so funny, so Frenchy, so picture-bookish. We were set on shore near the railroad station. The runners for the hotels shouted and gesticulated wildly, but with so much dramatic and Frenchy liveliness that I could have believed them doing it to hit off the French by a capital imitation. Little girls and women came to sell us fruit, and they spoke some English; they were plain in dress and face, but such manners, such

enticing smiles, such vivacity! Indeed, I am already delighted with the renowned politeness and grace of this people — such amiability, good humor, facility! So unlike the stolid English. How they brighten up life and make even common things pretty and charming. The train started out a little after four, and reached Paris in about four hours. The view of Rouen was fine; and all along, especially through Normandy, I was gazing out at the picturesque scenery — the Frenchy houses, and all the queer and pretty combinations of effect in their villages and farms. I did not take a carriage from the station, but having the address of the hotel found my way to it easily. I have taken a little walk along the Paris boulevards. Oh, what Frenchy fun! I never saw in this world such a population of gay, light-hearted, affable, chattering, elegant children in the shape of men and women. Thousands of them sitting out at little tables on the sidewalks, drinking, smoking, laughing — having a Parisian time; a whole family, father, mother, children dining out on the sidewalk in front of their own shop at half-past nine o'clock at night, while ten thousand persons pass and take no notice of them. Ah, this Paris! I am elated with it already to-night. This is a brand-new thing in my life, and eclipses anything in the way of lightness and splendor and metropolitan fascination I ever met in the world. I can begin to understand why Americans flock here and stay; and how dull and sad London seems to them by comparison.

Paris, 41 Rue de l'Arcade, 20 July. I slept very comfortably last night at the hotel, but immediately after breakfast I went out to find lodgings. All Paris seems *à louer;* and tickets of "*Appartements meublés à louer presentement*" met me at almost every step. I had discovered last night that it was not common away from the few English hotels to find English spoken or understood; and my plunge into the business of finding

lodgings confirmed this discovery. No one at any place where I called could understand English; and not a soul of them knew enough to speak French in such a manner that I could understand it. I was able to form a French sentence sufficient for my purpose and for theirs; but my trouble came when they began to reply. It was such a torrent of rattle and roll; and in proportion as I looked nonplussed the faster and louder did they jabber. All this made me feel my personal isolation more than I have felt it since I left home; and I determined to go at once to the *pension* kept by Madame Jounneau and so highly recommended to me. It was not far off. I found her at home, and the sight and sound of her were an unspeakable comfort. A woman of about fifty, slightly gray, refined, ladylike, with a good, motherly look and French politeness, speaking exquisite English. She welcomed me cordially on Professor ——'s letter; showed me a room in the very top of the house, which I decided at once to take. I pay for room, board, and attendance, all without extras, $8.50 per week — cheaper than I could live with such board in Boston or New York or Ithaca. She was a godsend to me; so benignant and gentle; a model French lady. I needed to get a lot of information about how to proceed, and she told me everything clearly. At once I brought my bag from the hotel and my larger bag from the station, where it had to be inspected by the customs officers; and at last I could unpack them in my little sky chamber in the midst of Paris. All this took till eleven. I felt rather glad to sit down and write a few letters till *déjeuner*, which comes at half-past twelve. I found it a hearty noon meal, with several courses of meat and fruit and vegetables, with delicious claret *ad libitum* standing near you to be taken by every one, as milk is in a farm house in America.

After this repast, which I greatly relished, I set out on my first daylight tour of exploration in Paris. I felt like a hungry

boy with an infinity of gingerbread before him and plenty of time to eat it. Near the Madeleine is a centre for 'busses, and there I took one for Passy, which a hundred years ago was a quiet village in the country, but is now a part of the city. There Franklin lived, and John Adams. It lies on high ground, and the drive thither and back was along delightful roads and streets. At Passy I walked awhile, and wandered into the outskirts of the Bois de Boulogne, but it had grown dark, and I enjoyed sitting in the sweet, cool air, and hearing the people merrily chatting as they passed by. The sight on the return was grand, riding amid long lines of trees, along a height overlooking the Seine and the myriad lights of the city, mile after mile of splendor and gayety. The French, too, are so delightful; never surly or dull; always so good humored and light hearted; and if you chance to do them a courtesy they acknowledge it with a grace and affability that make you feel good for hours afterward. Thus in this homeward trip on top of the tram-car a party of two gentlemen and a lady came up. There was not room for them all to sit together; but two sat on one side of me and one on the other. Observing this, I offered to move and give the third room by the other two. Ah! you should have seen their recognitions of it. Their hats rose, they bowed to me, and the "Merci, Monsieur!" from all of them made the surrounding regions musical; I felt as if I were a great hero, a benefactor of the human race, and that these three people were vividly conscious of it.

Paris, 26 July. I must not forget to say that I spent this afternoon at least an hour in visiting the Palace of Justice near Notre Dame. I went into several of the higher city courts, heard advocates pleading, and watched the proceedings. In the halls outside the court rooms the advocates in their silk robes and elegant square caps were walking up and down. Their

professional costume is more elegant than that of the English barristers. The courts are very dignified, and the rooms are almost gorgeous with frescoes and paintings. I noticed also that in each court room, above and back of the judges, was a large painting of the crucifixion.

In the evening I went to the Hippodrome. This is one of the great sights of modern Paris; the most enormous assembly room that I ever saw; a gigantic stationary circus, capable of holding ten thousand people. Everything was perfect, even the indecency, of which there was the usual French proportion. I have come to the conclusion that the French people, with all their refinement, have little real modesty or delicacy. That is too sweeping a remark, perhaps, but with some qualifications it is not far from the truth. I never saw anything so laughably shameless as some of the performances were; and besides these were specimens of superlative acrobatics, equestrianism, etc. Still I did think of the hippodromes of Rome in the ages of rottenness and decay.

Paris, 27 July. I took a rather late breakfast this morning, and, after some writing, walked out to the American legation, more than a mile off, and got there Mr. Morton's personal cards for admission to the Chambre des Députés, and the Sénat. I had been told that it is very hard to get in; but these cards fortunately overcame all difficulties. By half-past one I was crossing the Pont de la Concorde, and found soldiers and citizens in the court leading to the entrance to the Chambre. The building is an old palace of the Prince de Condé, built early in the eighteenth century, was used in the Revolution by the Council of Five Hundred, and during the present century has become the classic place for the French Deputies, or Lower House. It is odd that the Upper House, or Senate, should meet in a house more than a mile distant, at the Palace

of Luxembourg. My card passed me rapidly from sentinel to sentinel, till I was shown into the Diplomatic gallery, the best place in the house for witnessing the proceedings. It will hold about five hundred members, and there are two tiers of galleries for non-members. The walls and ceilings are richly decorated; the room is made elegant with paintings and statues. The platform in front rises like a high scaffold, by a series of stages, and at the topmost is the speaker's chair and desk. Just in front of him, but lower, is the platform called the Tribune, to which every member comes when he wishes to speak or even to make a motion. All around are secretaries and stenographers. In the circular seats in front are the ministers; to the right of the speaker are the conservative members, such as the Orleanists, Legitimists, and Bonapartists; in the middle are the moderates; and toward the left, the radicals. By the time I had taken in the situation the members began to come in. At two, a bugle sounded; an official cried, "Monsieur le Président!" and that official entered and ascended to his throne. There was much noise and chatter; no prayer; and routine business went on almost inaudibly. Soon came speeches by ministers in reply to questions. The most famous speaker was Jules Ferry, who spoke wittily and adroitly, and repeatedly brought down the house. I was interested to see and hear Freycinct, the prime minister, who lately succeeded Gambetta. But the great desire I had was to see Gambetta — the greatest orator and statesman in France. He was called away last week by the death of his mother; only returned to Paris yesterday, and for the first hour he did not come in. At last he came in and took his seat quietly, and was the object of all eyes in the galleries; and received constant attention from members, who kept coming to him, and greeting him in a deferential way, with a manner evidently subdued to sympathy with his sorrow, which is very great, for his mother was a remarkable woman and had

been his teacher and inspirer, and he loved her very much. After Gambetta entered, the Egyptian question came up, but was at once put off for two days by request of the ministers. This I regretted, as it deprived me of the chance of hearing Gambetta. However, I had a good, long look at him. He looks to be at least fifty, but is not; a man of middle height, thick, bulky, with broad shoulders, short neck, a big head, rather long hair, short whiskers, and only one eye; a man preparing for apoplexy; a gross, luxurious, sensual man; nay, a trifle greasy, I thought, but evidently a man of great power of body and mind, a magnetic and passionate man. He is conscious of his position; received the homage of men like a king. That he is a great orator is certain; that he is a great statesman and administrator has yet to be proved.

Upon the whole the House of Deputies did not seem to me so great an assemblage — so powerful, manly, business-like, impressive — as the House of Commons, or even our own House of Representatives. They looked and acted like a mob of excitable big boys in a great debating club. There was incessant chatter; and the speaker often rang a bell as big as those used for dinner bells in our country taverns; and he pounded with a large paper cutter on the side of his desk; and he kept saying, "Sh," "sh," "sh," all in an impotent, futile way. I could imagine what a Mirabeau or a Gambetta could do in such a combustible assembly. It seemed to me an Athenian or Roman mob, ready to be inflamed by its master orator.

I was glad to get out of the close, hot air where I had been for two hours and have the long walk eastward along the Boulevard St. Germain as far as the Rue de Seine, and then south to the Palais de Luxembourg. This is a splendid old palace, full of historic interest, built for Marie de Médici early in the seventeenth century; a huge affair, consisting of three great portions connected by galleries; said to be after the model of the Pitti

palace at Florence; having a stately, old-time, rather faded grandeur; evidently belonging to glories that have departed. Was a royal residence down to the Revolution; then a prison of state, in which many noted persons were shut up, among them Josephine, Danton, Robespierre; the palace of the Directory, then of the Consulate, whence Bonaparte removed to the Tuileries. Since then, with various fluctuations, it has been the place for the Upper House, by whatever name called. I entered the ancient stony court; my ticket insured me all courtesy and was soon seated in the Diplomatic gallery. The change from the clamorous mob of the deputies was delightful; a room of great but more quiet magnificence, about the size of our Senate chamber, with fifty or sixty well-dressed elderly gentlemen sitting at their desks reading or writing, or chatting in low voices; an elderly gentleman in the speaker's chair, and an elderly gentleman placidly jabbering French from the Tribune. It was all so pleasant, refined, rational; here business could be done, and measures of state really discussed in a thoughtful way. Yet I am told that this dignified body has but little real weight in French politics; not like our Senate, more like the English House of Peers; an ornamental body of gray-haired and bald-headed old fogies who go through the motions of legislation and imagine they are legislating. I took in all I wanted to get, in less than an hour.

Paris, 28 July. After *déjeuner* and a nap I started by half-past two for the Bois de Boulogne, on the top of a 'bus; and on the journey I unexpectedly met with the greatest incident of my visit so far. We had reached a fine new boulevard named Victor Hugo in honor of the old poet, who has for years lived in it before it was made a boulevard; and we were trundling along, passing a rather plain, old-fashioned house on the right, the driver, with a look of pride and admiration, pointed to an old man

seated at an open window in the second story, reading a newspaper, his face partly turned away from the light. The driver said no word. His gesture and look were enough. All the passengers knew it was Victor Hugo, and they stared and strained their necks till we had got far past. But that would not do for me; so, sacrificing my fare (not a very heavy tribute — fifteen centimes — three ha'pence), I jumped down and walked back to the house. On the opposite side is a café and on the sidewalk is a cosey bench. There I sat down for a full hour — and drank it all in; and that is all that I did drink, although the café was there. I had a newspaper with me to give me the air of reading rather than of rude staring. The house is of two stories, with an additional mansard story; door in the middle; close upon the sidewalk; a good, slightly rusty, oldish, comfortable, genteel mansion. The old fellow sat there, with his back turned, reading the paper. I was in no hurry. I knew he would finish the paper before the day was over, and then get up and turn around and look out. Meantime, I made a study of his back head, left ear, and shoulders; a sturdy, thick person, with short gray hair. Finally he did rise very slowly, as if it was hard work; he limped across the room; then came back to the window with more newspapers in his hand, and looked squarely out for a few minutes, and I confronted Victor Hugo with respectful admiration and venerating scrutiny. Then, as if rheumatic, he slowly settled down into his chair, with back partially turned to the public; and thus, when I got ready, I left him. I was interested to note how all persons who passed, rich, especially poor, old, young, gazed at that house and looked up at the splendid old man in the window; all the drivers of cabs and 'buses directed their passengers toward him; a small boy in a blue blouse — perhaps a butcher's boy — rose on tiptoes and looked up; an old man led a little child to the front and pointed up; and so it went on. That old poet and novelist

has written himself into the heart of France; the common people worship him; his fame is supreme; and instead of receiving human incense among the Immortals, he is left here in his fine old age to feel every hour and minute the pressure of his immense renown. I can't help noticing how particularly proud and happy the cabmen and other lowly people looked when they gazed at him. That old man was to them the greatest man in the world; he was their friend, the champion of human nature. I doubt if any great poet was ever in more direct contact with his worshippers or had more of them.

Lucerne, 4 August. I reached here from Basel at about half-past one. Came in a third-class car — good enough for a king or a professor, and cheap, too. I find the advantage of not buying a tourist's ticket, which is never sold for anything lower than second class. The car was like an American car, open at the ends; full of good, sensible people, French, Germans, Italians, all of which languages were going on at once. It is interesting to see in Switzerland, which has no language of its own, the influence of the surrounding languages, particularly French and German. I notice that nearly all signs in the streets, like those for the sale or rental of a house, are expressed in the two languages side by side.

But what a charming place this Lucerne is — inexpressible by this hurrying pencil! I can't half tell you about this place and all I see and enjoy in it. Indeed, now that I have got to these sublime Alps, I am going to give up trying to convey to you any impressions of what I see. I give over to Ruskin and the guide books. Language is beggarly, and I fall every day more and more behind the reality.

On the Rigi, 6 August. Sunday morning. The highest bit of earth I was ever on before this is the Catskill mountains. At

last I have climbed a real mountain, nearly six thousand feet high. I have hugged an Alp. I took the pretty boat from Lucerne at nine. In an hour or more, with half a dozen or more pedestrians, English and German, I began my leisurely stroll into the sky. I did not keep with the others, for I wanted to go up in my own way, and stop and enjoy the scenery as much as I liked. I reached the highest peak of Rigi at about half-past two in the afternoon. I am just a little below it now; but it is within easy reach. I saw the sun go down behind the mountains last night. This morning I was called at about three, and joined a great throng on the Rigi-Kulm, the highest peak, to see the sun rise. It was rather too cloudy to be an entire success, but I was well repaid for the early start and the endurance of the morning cold for an hour. I just can't say much about it. The light at dawn was better for clear and remote vision than it has been yet; and I had a range of mountain scenery and valley and river and lakes, at least three hundred miles from horizon to horizon. To me most wonderful were the mountain-tops patched with vast masses of snow, the gleam of the awful glaciers, and especially the white, sharp summits of the Bernese Alps, including the Wetterhorn and the Jungfrau. I got back to the hotel at half-past six and was glad to get some hot coffee and bread and butter. Since then I have been to bed and had my nap out. It is now nearly noon. I am writing this on a board table out on the mountain-side, with such a panorama before and around me as I never even imagined before. The sun is shining warmly down an Alpine valley at my feet. I see away down pretty Swiss cottages and I hear the musical tinkle of the bells upon the cows that are grazing along the slopes. Ah! brethren and sinners, this is a Sunday, a Sunday on the Rigi. I can now imagine how this beautiful world must look from a balloon, a mile up in the sky. On some two sides of this mountain the slope is a steep rock; and we look perpendicularly down

upon green fields and villages and lakes and an immense expanse of scenery.

I see here and there all over the landscape pretty churches. Several times I have heard the sound of their bells. The sound as it reached me at this height was exceedingly sweet and musical. I wonder if the sound of church bells grows sweet as it rises toward the sky. If it is so sweet on the top of Rigi, how delicious it must be when it gets to Heaven! I am sure that is the case, when these bells ring for the assemblage of sincere worshippers. And here, on this stupendous mountain, all thought, all feeling moves toward the infinite and finds expression only in awed silence and in worship that cannot speak.

Lucerne, 6 August. This morning I was writing from the top of Rigi-Kulm and now I am back again in Lucerne. One peculiarity of mountain-tops is that they are forever sticking their noses into the passing clouds; and that though you may have radiant sunlight one minute you may be in a dense cloud the next. So it was up there to-day, only the clouds seemed to have so settled themselves around the summit that there was no chance of any further prospect up there for to-day. Nevertheless I should have remained till to-morrow morning if I had had warm enough clothes. But such clothing as I could bear on me in walking up the mountain was hardly the thing to stay up there in. It was so cold that your very breath vaporized as it left your mouth. I found it impossible this afternoon to keep warm. So very reluctantly I decided to come down to the level of ordinary folks. The walk down to Weggis by the lakeside was, of course, more rapid than the walk up from there had been; but it proved also more trying, especially to the muscles of my legs. I rested for an hour and a half, until the pretty steamer should come to take me to Lucerne, only a few miles off. This Weggis I enjoyed looking about in. It is a simple

Swiss village, unpenetrated by Protestantism; and the people get their living chiefly out of passers-by. Two little Swiss girls, about twelve years old, brought their baskets of fruit to me as I sat on a bench under the trees close by the lake, and I had a long talk with them in German. These little girls were really lovely in their simplicity and trustfulness. They opened their eyes when I told them that I was from America. They had seen it on the map and knew it was very far away. When I used some English words they asked me if I could speak English too. I asked them what language they thought the Americans spoke, and they said American. But they had never heard any one speak it. They were perfectly happy to look over the maps and pictures in my Baedeker. One of them ran away a minute and came back with a pink, which she put into my button-hole. When I went away they said "Goot-pye" over and over again very fervently; and I must say their simple, affectionate ways quite charmed me.

The sail across the lake to Lucerne was just as the sun was gone down back of the mountain peaks; the light all around was such as to make the outlines very distinct. Especially I had a capital view of grim old Pilatus.

Interlaken, 17 August. This has been a most glorious day — another experience for me — riding in a diligence over the mountains for twenty-five miles. I am convinced that this is a most beautiful world to live in and I hope I may live long enough to show personally this part of it to my Frau and my son and daughter. Only the sight of it can tell.

Berne, 8 August. I got up rather late and found myself stiff and lame after my Alpine exercises. My legs feel as if they had been beaten with clubs. The scene is full of brightness, freshness, modern cheer, and gaiety; and this lovely dale would

be a restful place to live in for a few weeks if only one had his household gods with him. But I, a lone pilgrim, had no temptation to stay, and so hurried on.

Vevay, 14 August. I am sitting in the garden of the Hotel d'Angleterre, looking off upon this heavenly lake. Those last words at Berne were written in the railway station. The train soon came and carried me to Lausanne, through a country of not remarkable scenery, but dotted with pretty Swiss châlets. I am charmed with their management of roofs. Even their cow houses and pig pens are picturesque. At Geneva I spent several hours in walking about the place; saw the house in which John Calvin died and in which Rousseau was born; saw near the old cathedral of St. Pierre one street called "Rue d'Enfer," and another called "Rue de Purgatoire"; and a restaurant dedicated "Au bon Diable," and other things more or less amusing. Geneva has a majestic site, fronting the lake, and with a wall of steep mountain rocks behind it, and the white summits of the Mont Blanc group in the farther background. It has noble streets, houses, monuments; an air of dignity and intellectuality almost Bostonian, and a remote hint even of Parisian vivacity.

I found that I could save a day by taking diligence for Chamonix, and just as the sun was going down behind the immense mountains we reached the vale of Chamonix at the foot of Mont Blanc. At five in the morning I was up and saw the sun painting with glory those indescribable mountain peaks. With a party of Dutch and French gentlemen, whom I met at the hotel, I had arranged to join in having a guide for crossing the Mer de Glace. It is well named. Then we reached the opposite side, and clambered down a rocky pass well named Mauvais Pas to a height called Chapeau, and finally by three o'clock in the afternoon got back to our hotel at Chamonix. And at this point

I made a mistake. I had done enough for the day and should have rested quietly till the next day, but I was persuaded by a very agreeable Dutch professor to join him and his two pupils in a walk to Martigny, over a most rugged and steep mountain called Col de Balme, about thirty miles up and down; and the plan was to start the same afternoon and get as far as Argentièrre and rest there for the night. I felt exhilarated by the mountain air and foolishly presumed upon my strength. Before I could get to Argentièrre I felt my mistake, and that night I was too tired to sleep well; and the next day I began wearily the most difficult physical struggle I ever went through. I climbed the Col de Balme, 7,224 feet high, descended it, and then climbed Col de la Forclaz, 4,997 feet high, and descended that into the beautiful vale of Martigny, along a rocky path, under a burning sun. The last few miles were accomplished in mere desperation. When I reached Martigny I felt exhausted with fatigue and hunger, but I was too tired to eat. I recoiled from food. All day yesterday I kept in bed till about five P. M. Have had a good rest, but have not yet recovered from the stupendous blunder of last Friday and Saturday. I feel as if I loathed mountains. I have a positive nausea for them and weariness — it had gone into the middle of all my 205 bones.

Lausanne, 15 August. The great fatigue has left me after another night's sleep, and I am ready for action once more. But I am really tired of travel — of mountains and cities and ruins and hotels and babble of strange tongues.

My expectation is to reach Cologne and have it "done" by to-night, to get to London by Saturday night and have two days there for visiting, packing; to reach Liverpool by Tuesday night, and to sail on Wednesday, August 23. This is all I can stand of play and loafing for the present. I have seen the typical things in Europe west of the Italian Alps. I am satiated.

Nay, to use an untranslatable and incomparable Saxonism — I have got my belly full. I am ready to stop and am anxious to get home again, and settle down to work.

Indeed, I am as eager now to go home as I was three months ago to come to Europe. I haven't thought much of my college work next year; but whenever I do think of it I wish that I were better prepared for it. Good-bye, darlings. God bless us all and keep us safe whether on land or sea!

Ithaca, 2 October. Am greatly enjoying my work this year. Spend much more time upon it than ever before. Am getting it well in hand, and have a grip on my classes that I never had before. My new class room is a great comfort and help to me. It is cosey, somewhat like that dear old room I had at Ann Arbor, and will prove more and more so. After lunch had a trial of a horse under the saddle. Liked her very much. It was jolly to be on horseback once more.

In the evening read in Adams's *Randolph* and got sleepy over it. It is not a well-sustained production, and, excepting the first two chapters, of no literary merit.

Ithaca, 12 November. I have had the service at St. John's to-day. It has been a day of solemn and great joy to me. I thought I had divine help in preaching. Ah! this ministering to the souls of men in religion — what a privilege it is! My heart yearns for it, but my body is so easily tired. I am very tired after to-day's services. But this is life indeed, doing something real. My inmost heart now grieves over my failure to continue in it. God guide me, and help me to do His holy will!

Baltimore, 12 December. I took limited Washington express at ten, reaching here at about three this afternoon. The kind Joel Benton accompanied me to the station; the same gentle,

polite, devoted, old Bettyish, dear little man that he was twenty years ago. Lectured on the *Early colleges* at the Peabody. The audience seemed to be in continual good humor. Worked like a Trojan on my lecture for to-morrow night.

New York, 31 December. Have worked very hard at the Historical Society. Have dined and wined very much and am rather done up. Thus ends 1882 — a year of various experiences; a year of very sweet and imperishable memory. Thanks be to God!

CHAPTER XI

1883

Ithaca, 17 January. In the evening I read Wirt's *Turkish spy*. Have determined to get vigorously about the collection of material for a life of Patrick Henry

Ithaca, 29 February. Preached at St. John's my sermon on *Matthew's answer to Christ's call*. It was a sacred privilege to me to preach, and God seemed to give his blessing to the sermon. I was greatly moved; and the reaction was very great. I did not go out again all day, but rested. I feel that my life is passing to a higher plane of motive. Fame as an object in life has lost its power for me, and all other finite and earthly motives as well. They cannot satisfy.

Ithaca, 11 April. Received a letter from Bishop Huntington to the effect that Bishop Coxe has consented to come here and ordain me April 29. In the evening read aloud in Farrar's *St. Paul*, also read in *Browne on the articles*, and in Phillips Brooks. My afternoon reading is now all in theology and in Biblical and devotional writings.

Ithaca, April 28. Bishop Coxe arrived at 8:30 this evening, and I escorted him to the rectory, where I remained with him till after eleven. He is very gracious and fascinating; and he makes the ordination a matter of his most careful attention. He asks minutely respecting all requirements; has me write and sign my subscription to the articles, etc., and enters an account of my

life. He is very apostolic. The approaching event fills me with deep emotion.

Ithaca, April 29. Before ten I reached the Bishop's presence, and spent the time with him alone in earnest and solemn conversation. He asked me concerning my theological tendencies, and advised me to read Bull and Leighton — the former for catholic theology, the latter for devotion. We walked to church together. A very large congregation. The services lasted till half-past one. The Bishop's sermon was good, but below my expectations either for thought or expression.

Of course it is the most solemn day in my life. God help me to be faithful to these most sacred vows! I feel that I am now set apart in a peculiar way for only holy uses. God is very near to me. Dined at three. Until then the Bishop had me alone with him in his room; and he gave me much apostolic counsel, sympathy, and encouragement. It was very sweet and noble. He said he preferred to be alone with me, that he might avoid desultory conversation.

I left and came home for some needed rest. Was too utterly tired out to sleep. At seven went to church. I read prayers and pronounced absolution for the first time. Perhaps I was too tired properly to judge of the Bishop's sermon, but it was again disappointing. I bade him farewell at the church. No day so sacred and holy as this has ever before been mine.

I write here in a reserved way of my most secret thoughts. My spirit has passed through a great change this past year; and the motives which have hitherto impelled me in life have lost their power. No motive but that of loyalty to God in the service of man seems to me to be worthy of any man's life; and I grieve over my lapse from the high grounds on which I started in life. If now my book were done, most gladly would I give up all and

preach the Gospel and die in that service. But I feel committed to the completion of my literary task, and long to have it done. God help me! God guide me!

Ithaca, Sunday, 20 May. At St. John's, this morning, celebrated the Holy Communion for the first time. It is an unspeakably solemn and pathetic act; my soul was deeply moved. At Sage Chapel in the afternoon heard Bishop Simpson, who is not quite seventy-three; is tall, slender, bowed over, with a high, thin voice, provincial pronunciation, but an air of great sincerity, reverence, earnestness. His sermon was a high piece of sustained intellectual power, with many defects in scholarship.

Ithaca, 22 May. My morning work, as usual, then went to hear Goldwin Smith. Small audience. Few students. He talks such English as one rejoices to hear. Later in the afternoon called on him. He has aged in looks; is most meagre; looks like the knight of the melancholy countenance. His talk is critical, clean, strong, but not morally cheerful or spiritually bright. He insists that there is a universal disintegration of faith in England. I infer that that is the case with himself. His talk, like the look out of his eyes, is rather dreary, pessimistic. One of the notable things he said was that he once asked Earl Russell who was the best speaker he ever heard. His reply was: "The finest speaker was Plunkett; the most charming was Canning; but the weightiest was Sir Robert Peel."

Ithaca, 27 May. Felt like preaching to-day. Read service as usual. My heart and conscience more and more pull me toward a complete devotion of myself to the ministry. It is chiefly — perhaps solely — a question of health.

Ithaca, June 7. At last I begin to feel adjusted to my new home. The two years that have passed since I decided to come

here have been given to the organization of my class work, and at last I have got that so well arranged that I can begin the next year without anxiety, and can make much time for real literary production. And yet, and yet, my soul constantly says, "Thou ought to be preaching the Gospel, rather than teaching American history, or writing books upon it." And if God clearly points to me that it is His will that I should give my whole time and strength to preaching, His will be done.

13 June. Left for Rome, N. Y., to attend a diocesan convention. A much abler set of men than we had in Michigan when I left. I had a very little talk with the Bishop, who impresses me more and more by his wisdom and spiritual earnestness and depth.

Albany, 11 July. Attended convocation rather fitfully. Viewed the new Capitol. Shook hands with the governor, who looks like a prosperous pork butcher. Met Professor Gilmore, of Rochester, and President Folwell, of University of Minnesota. With latter spent a couple of hours in my room. I like him. He doesn't like college presidencies. We agree.

Albany, 12 July. Gave my address at twelve. Was in good force. The regents conferred on me the degree of L.H.D.

[The following clipping is taken from the *Rochester democrat* alluding to this occasion:]

"The regents of the university, at their semi-annual meeting, conferred the degree of L.H.D. on Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, of Cornell University. The regents have uniformly been very scrupulous in the bestowal of the higher degrees, and therefore in each case in which such a degree has been given it may be assumed to have real significance. Certainly in the case of Professor Tyler it has been appropriately bestowed. His services to the cause of letters, especially as indicated in his *History*

of American literature, which is already a standard work, place him in the front rank of American authors, and, as he is still a comparatively young man, more is to be expected from his ardent studies and graceful pen. Professor Tyler delivered the annual address before the university convocation last evening."

Ithaca, 15 July. Preached at St. John's on *God*. I was deeply moved both by the service and in the sermon. This is the greatest work for me. I am at my best in this. God lead me! In the afternoon White called and invited me to be his guest on a journey abroad.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS WIFE

Oxford, August 12, 1883

DEAREST JEANNETTE:

Perhaps you will be as much surprised as I am to see this letter dated at Oxford. We left the hotel in London yesterday noon, intending to go to York, and directed the cabman to drive us to King's Cross station. Just before we started I had received a letter from Max Müller, at Oxford, in reply to one from me written at White's request, and it suddenly popped into his mind that we had better go to Oxford and see Max Müller, instead of going at once to York. So we ordered cabby to drive us to the Paddington station, where we took train for this ancient and majestic seat of learning, arriving at about four in the afternoon, and taking up our abode at this fine hotel. At five we went to see Max Müller. White's object was to induce him to come next year and give some lectures at Cornell. He lives in an elegant villa embowered in trees in a fine garden, and is himself the model of a great scholar and an accomplished gentleman. He seems to be about sixty years old; has a clear, bright German-English face; speaks English with just a slight accent, but with a fine vocabulary, and his conversation is animated, sparkling, and with all the notes of a man who has seen the best life in the world. White found at once that his effort to get him to come to America was hopeless. He said that for twenty years

he had had many similar overtures; that he had great literary tasks to accomplish, for which life at longest would be too short; that he could only stay at home and keep steadily at his work; that if he travelled anywhere it must be to India, which he always had a passion for seeing; but that he expected never to get time to see either England, India, or America.

The conversation ranged over many subjects, till he asked us to walk with him to the university park, where his wife and daughter were playing lawn tennis with other members of a club. It was a rich English turf, and his daughter, a bonny, wholesome English lass — as healthy as a fresh rose — with a sweet voice, came bounding toward us saying: "Daddy, what makes you so late? Mamma got tired of waiting for you and has gone home."

We were introduced to several people, the most notable of whom was Mrs. Mark Pattison, whose husband is the principal of Lincoln College here, and who is said to be the original of Casaubon in *Middlemarch*. Mrs. Pattison is much younger than her husband, and perhaps is the original of Dorothea. At any rate she is a very brilliant, witty, and accomplished woman, rather French than English in her type, and said to be the best lady fencer in England. I am told that she and her husband live very unhappily together. She talked in the most lively way and badgered President White a little for having drawn away to America her special friend, Goldwin Smith.

We then came to the hotel to dinner; and at half-past nine, by invitation, went to a small reception at Max Müller's and stayed until nearly midnight. He played the piano to his daughter's singing and to an accompaniment on the violin by the daughter of the dean of Winchester. There were present a Miss ——, of Philadelphia; a young Mr. B ——, a Harvard man, now a student here — a very superior fellow; and an English student named Lascelles — a perfect giant physically, being six feet ten inches high. Max Müller told us that Barnum had sent proposals to him for exhibition; but he is of a fine English family and of course declined. Mrs. Max Müller is a niece of Mrs. Froude and of Mrs. Charles Kingsley, and is of the best sort of English woman.

This morning at ten we went to the cathedral to the service, which was very sweet and rich. This is the seat of the Puseyite party; and Pusey himself was buried just beneath our feet as we sat there. We saw Dean Liddell and Professor Stubbs and Professor Driver, who is Pusey's successor. The cathedral is old and rich in all forms of grandeur, architectural beauty, and historical associations. There my friend Bishop Berkeley is buried. After church Mr. B. escorted us on a walk through Christ Church meadows, along the Cherwell and through several of the colleges; and then after lunch this afternoon both he and Max Müller called to accompany us further through the colleges. We had two delightful hours of it, and a most delightful time. I especially enjoyed a visit to All Souls' College, which was Max Müller's and which is a most luxurious abode. One of the many good things which Max Müller told us is this: All Souls' College was founded by Bishop Berkeley in the fifteenth century, especially to support fellows who should pray for the souls of Englishmen killed in the French wars at that time. Then came the Reformation, which rendered praying for anybody's soul unlawful in England. But the endowment was very rich; and the fellows were comfortably provided for and had nothing to do. It is the only college in Oxford which never had an undergraduate in it. It has extensive buildings and quadrangles with fine grass. A few years ago Parliament sent a commission to overhaul the university; they summoned the wardens of All Souls' before them, and among their questions was this: "Why don't you have undergraduates in your college?" "What's the use of undergraduates?" said the warden in reply; "they would only spoil our grass."

Max Müller is very fond of dogs; and has two, which he treats very affectionately. Lovingly thine, M.

Paris, August 25, 1883.

Well, here we are in this brilliant city once more. We left London at eleven yesterday morning by train to Folkestone, then by steamer to Boulogne. Our passage across the channel was delightful. A slight breeze, but not enough to make anybody turn pale. White, who has crossed the channel

times without number, says it is the pleasantest passage he ever had.

I wasn't much impressed by Boulogne. Suppose I saw it but imperfectly. It hadn't the old French look that I noticed in Dieppe last year. It is a great English colony on French soil. I saw the cathedral at a distance, and the columnar monument to Napoleon on the spot where Napoleon assembled his forces for his great invasion of England, which he never made. The figure of Napoleon stands on the top of the column, still looking hard at England. The journey through France from Boulogne is less picturesque than that from Dieppe. One noticeable thing in the north of France is the absence of all fine country houses. The fury of the French Revolution swept them all away; and the democracy has since built plain, democratic abodes. As we went through Amiens I got a peep at its cathedral, which White regards as one of the three or four best in Europe. It is pleasant to be immersed for a few days in gorgeousness, although I don't lose my heart to it. The great satisfactions of existence do not depend upon it.

Our visit to Ayr was a great success in every way. We reached that place at about six; got rooms at the King's Arms and then took a carriage for Burns's birthplace, for his monument, and for Alloway Kirk, about three miles out. The air was cool and bracing, full of nectar and champagne; and we greatly enjoyed everything. We saw the very house, the room, even the bed in which Burns was born, and many deeply interesting mementoes of him. After our return to the hotel we walked across the "twa Brigs o' Air;" and tried to take our whiskey toddy in the very inn from which Tam o' Shanter started on his memorable ride, but found it closed for a few days, apparently on account of a death. . . .

MOSES.

Paris, August 29, 1883

MY BELOVED:

This is the last letter I can write to you before sailing; and the ship it goes by will have to sail swiftly, or my ship will get to New York before it. No doubt you see that the *City of Rome* is making remarkably fast passages; and unless head winds are very strong we shall reach New York by the thirteenth.

I am to see you so soon after this can get to you that I don't feel like writing much now. In fact, there is hardly time in the rush of events here to scribble more than a few lines.

On Sunday I had a delightful hour at the American Episcopal Church, where Dr. Henry Potter, of Grace church, preached. In the afternoon White and I went to Notre Dame, the Pantheon and several old churches, and rambled through the Latin quarter of the town, where he used to live as a student thirty years ago.

Yesterday we called on the American minister, visited the tomb of Napoleon, some of the old book-shops, the pictures of the Luxembourg, and I went alone once more to the Pantheon and Notre Dame. Now committing ourselves to God's providence, I can only say good-bye and God bless you and speed the happy day! Lovingly, M.

Ithaca, September 17, 1883. Have had a glorious, restful, healthful journey. Full of health, of gratitude, of hope, I return to my home and to my work, in which I earnestly invoke God's blessing. May I live a life that shall make others happier and better! I thank God for all his benefits to me and mine.

Ithaca, 29 September. From eight to one as usual at office. Got two hours for book. I hope now to keep some work on it all the time in hand. My interest has moved away from it to my original vocation in life; but I may have the book as a side occupation, and by perseverance may get much done in the course of years. Its completion is now no longer a matter of ambition, but a matter of character — an act of devotion to the duty of finishing whatever worthy thing one has undertaken.

Ithaca, 1 October. Lectures to seniors at eight and twelve. I am getting the hang of history lectures now. The lectures I am giving are new ones on the period from 1783 to 1789. The study interests me much, and all bears on my Vol. III. Ah! that

unborn Volume III! At the twelve o'clock lecture some of my seniors stayed away to attend a class meeting—a proceeding of which I shall take notice, and from which some trouble is likely to arise.

Ithaca, 10 October. Weather strangely and oppressively warm. Worked from nine to twelve on lectures on the *Constitution;* then till one I began to put my books in better order on the shelves. Have just had my two closets fitted up with shelves for manuscripts. Altogether my den is getting to be very nice as a workshop; and with our new arrangements for heating, the building is practically fireproof. My shelves are visible from the walk on the outside; and a meek freshman came to my door and asked if this was the "second-hand book-store." Dear boy, he looked very sweet and harmless.

Ithaca, 14 December. In the evening read in St. Luke, revised version, which I greatly enjoy. I cannot doubt that it will yet displace the other. Spent the evening in studying sermons for to-morrow afternoon, etc. My heart has almost wholly deserted literary work — the inspiration for which was love of fame. This has now lost its power over me. Fame is an illusion in this universe. The only motive worthy of a man is love. Under that motive I am impelled straight to the work of the ministry. I await God's orders.

Ithaca, 21 December. Worked at den from nine to one. First two hours on oration. Then read in *Life of Lieber* a book that braces one's manhood and compels one to task himself to do the most honest intellectual work; full of acute remarks and seed-ideas; the record of a brave and helpful life. In the evening read two hours in Bishop Bull — a sound, virile theologian, the embodiment of solid thought, solid sense, no whining or crotchets; catholic, human christianity.

Ithaca, 27 December. Spent the morning at home rewriting a sermon which I may preach in New York at Church of the Annunciation, January 6. It is on *Christianity a power.* In evening read to Jeannette two sermons of Stopford Brooke. My spirit suffers ineffable anguish over my own errors and lapses from the high path I started to walk as a young man. Oh, merciful God! pardon, pardon; help, help. Undo, if possible, some — all — the harm I have done! May the remainder of my life be paid to Thee by me with a devotion intensified by my years of apathy!

Ithaca, 31 December. All the morning at den on that confounded oration. In the afternoon a glorious ride — my usual ten miles. In the evening read in Christlieb his remarkable chapter on the Trinity. Good-bye, Old Year!

CHAPTER XII

1884

Jan. 1. I enter the New Year in high health, and with spirits clear and confident, though chastened. The one grief of my life is that I fell away from the noble cause that I began. Yet — what lessons I have had! Could I have learned them in any other way?

New York, 2 January. A nasty day, such as New York is capable of — snow in heaps, and villainously dirty, slushy streets, raining like mad. Last evening preached at the Church of the Annunciation. Was much embarrassed. Dr. W. J. Seabury, who was going with me on an historic pilgrimage to Westchester, came behind time; we were too late for the train and had to postpone the whole affair. I spent several hours with him at his study and home and saw the Seabury papers, etc.

New York, 7 January. Spent morning in revising lecture for to-night on *Bishop Seabury*. Dined at Doctor Hoffman's at six. Lectured at St. Peter's Hall at eight. Had a good time.

Ithaca, 29 January. Lecture at eight. Spent till one on my chapter on *James Otis* for Vol. III. Ah! that I had that volume done. If that engagement were off my soul — what should I do? My heart impels me to give my whole life to religious work among men.

In the evening read in Milman and Überweg. The latter I

take up for philosphy, instead of Cousin, whom I cannot now read, though twenty-five years ago I delighted in him.

Ithaca, 6 February. Lecture at eight. Nine to one on steady work on *James Otis*. Good progress. I have prayed earnestly for help to do this work, and to get it finished that I may give myself wholly to religious writing and speaking. My prayers are being answered.

Ithaca, 18 February. Lecture at eight. Till a quarter past twelve worked on *Otis*, in which I prosper. I seem to have special success in getting forward with the book work — the completion of which is the one thing needful to my being quite free for religious work with pen and voice.

Ithaca, 3 March. Lectured at eight. From nine to twelve on *Otis. Rights of the British colonies.* Made good progress. I am grateful for it — I am working out my freedom. When this is done my mortgage to secular life will be paid off, and I shall be free in honor to give my time, voice, pen, soul, body, to direct work for the souls of men.

This evening finished second volume of Milman's *History of Christianity*, which has been rather oppressive lately by its Gibbonish style.

Ithaca, 16 March. In the evening gave my lecture on *Bishop Seabury*. It is some time since I have enjoyed any public speaking as I did this. I have modified the lecture after each delivery, and it comes nearer the mark now. Ratherish tired, but not overwhelmed. Oh, I'm quite a war-horse!

Ithaca, 17 March. Lectured at eight. At work on classification till twelve; then read for an hour that bracing book, Lieber's *Life and letters*. In afternoon attended civil service

examination committee. We decided to send Apgar to Albany to brace up our representative to vote for the extension of the system to smaller municipalities, etc.

New York, 26 March. Left for New York this A. M. On my arrival here, the good Joel Benton met me with his buoyant and gracious greeting — proffering all manner of kind services and talking of the little authors and small literary doings of the town.

Middletown, Ct., 28 March. Was met at the station by the stately and beloved Bishop Williams. In the evening I lectured on *Bishop Berkeley*. After the lecture an informal reception in the Bishop's library, for faculty and students. This visit with Bishop Williams has been delightful in the extreme. I have seldom seen a man who so strongly draws out my admiration and affection. His talk is rich. Besides serious and suggestive things, it sparkles with humor and anecdote. I will try to record some of his good things. He told me that his grandfather was a Loyalist in the Revolution. One very cold night in winter he was called up by a person who told him that he was needed by a sick person several miles away. He went in the sleigh with the messenger. Having got to the house and stepped from the sleigh, the man said: "Now, you d—d old Tory; there's nobody sick here; and you can just get home the best way you can." So he left the old man out in the fierce night and the deep snow, on a lonely country road. He struggled through and got home; but his death was hastened by it. Bishops Madison and Provoost were Arians. So poor a churchman was Madison that one day a student at William and Mary College came to him and said: "Will there be the usual college exercise to-morrow?"

"Why not?" said Bishop Madison.

"It is Good Friday."

"I don't know anything about that. Of course college work will go on as usual."

Whitefield told Tutor Flint, of Harvard College, that Tillotson was now in hell. "No, Mr. Whitefield, you will not find him there."

The Bishop told several amusing things about the experiences of himself and other bishops among strangers in travelling.

Bishop Upfold was saluted in the cars by the conductor exclaiming, "Well, old cock, how are you to-day?" The Bishop replied solemnly, "Sir, do you know that I am Bishop Upfold?"

"Whew! The devil you are!"

He was himself one summer fishing in Vermont and boarded at a farm house. The family knew him as "Mr. Williams." One day the woman expressed a great desire to know what his business was when he was "to home." He considered that she would have no idea what "bishop" meant; so he told her that he was "a travelling agent."

When I suggested that the case in which bishops carried their robes added special fitness to the description, he said: "Yes; why, only the other evening, when I came home from a visitation, and one of my boys met me at the station and carried my bag for me, I heard another student say to him, "Billy, what have you got there?"

"Only the old gentleman's sample case."

When Trinity College was at its old site in Hartford, years ago, a clergyman, since made a bishop, was elected into the board of trustees. He entered in his work with an idea of thoroughness. The morning after his arrival at Hartford to attend the first meeting of the board he got up early, and walked around and through the campus to see what he could find that was wrong. Away down in the lower edge of the campus he found a dead horse that had been lying there some time. At the meeting he gravely related the incident, and said twice over very seriously,

"Gentlemen, I was mortified." Bishop Williams interposed, "And so was the horse." The meeting broke up in convulsions. Bishop Williams told me that once on a Hudson river boat a ruffian tried to force his way to the ticket office out of his turn, and he (the Bishop) knocked him down.

Providence, 16 June. Gave my lecture on *Berkeley* at the Infantry Hall. Had considerable talk with Bishop Clark, who is seventy-two, but has the look of fifty. His vivacity is all I had expected. When I asked him if he was going to Scotland this summer to the Seabury commemoration, he said no, and that he took but little interest in the thing. He thought Seabury's influence on the organization of the American church had been bad.

Ithaca, 27 June. The first hush and serenity of a university town after commencement are very soothing to me. I can feel the vacation. It gives a sense of deliverance from the usual grind. After nap in afternoon did errands; took J. driving; and felt all the evening the good, clam-like vacation stupor. Lay in the hammock in slumberous bliss.

Ithaca, 23 July. Got to my den by half-past nine and worked till a quarter past one, there, and at the library. I find it necessary to go to the bottom of the arguments and of the doings on both sides on the question of the right to tax the colonies. I do not now write much. The literary attractions of my period (1761-1789) do not yet excite my interest. I would gladly work in general American history and above all in ethics and theology.

Ithaca, 2 August. I become forty-nine years old to-day. Life grows rich and sweet as the years accumulate. Never before have I been so very near the principle of order in existence. A year ago I was at sea with Andrew D. White; two years ago, alone in Paris; three years ago, at Hillcroft— returned

there after a month's stay at Ithaca, rending my heartstrings over the fact of abandoning the home of my creation and of my fondest love.

But my coming here was indeed providential! The light that shined upon me that night, when I prayed for light, guided me aright. The most satisfactory privileges in life have come to me here. Never before have I been so deeply happy, soundly, solidly happy. The great fermentations of existence are done. I have found my niche, my sphere, my vocation, my horizon, even my burial place. So ends my forty-ninth birthday. Now for fifty!

Ithaca, 4 August. At work in den as usual. Had some reflection on the cruelty of gossiping tongues, even to one's dead ancestors. Took exercise over my woodpile. The political campaign as between Blaine and Cleveland does not much interest me. It is taking a low stratum of controversy, plunging into the mud of private scandal. They are now calling Cleveland "the second Aaron Burr."

Ithaca, August 5. Read in *Life of Samuel Adams*, and classified some notes. Once more, after the literary chaos produced by my break-up at Hillcroft, I am beginning to feel the fact and joy of order in my literary apparatus. Had intended to go to the cemetery this afternoon to look at lots, but a sharp shower came just in time to prevent.

Ithaca, 11 August. Spent nearly the whole morning in notes on Perry's *Life of Lieber* — a book full of stimulating thought and noble inspiration. I am just now getting into order my materials of all kinds, and am pushing deeper my investigations into the thought at the basis of our Revolution, particularly the English side of the case.

Ithaca, 16 August. From nine to a quarter past one at work in classifying. Had expected to finish this work with this week, but failed. I have been handling the results of readings for the past three years, and to do it well takes much thought and time. My materials are now better in hand than they have been since I left my beloved study at Hillcroft; and I am now more nearly adjusted to my new environment. The anguish I have suffered from the break-up at Hillcroft will constitute a permanent warning against another break-up — except for overpowering reasons. The conviction settles upon me that not in parochial work, but as a writer, student, teacher, and preacher in my present academic relation to the world, I am to serve my Master; and that now at forty-nine I have no more outward changes either in occupation or residence to prepare for.

Ithaca, 26 August. It marks my present state of feeling about life and death that I to-day completed the purchase of a lot in the cemetery here, near the campus. It also denotes my feeling that I have come here to stay. A gradual conviction has filtered through my consciousness that here I have found my work, my home, my grave.

Of course in this I may be wrong. But of this I am certain: Death may come to a family at any moment; it is a bitter thing then to inquire where the lifeless body can be laid, and to go scrambling about on such a quest; and I have thought it wise to be sure of this portion of God's acre for us now, in life and in health. But lest the fact should give pain, I have not mentioned it to any one of the family; and shall name it as a thing formerly done.

Ithaca, 30 September. Senior seminary. First meeting. The best organization I have yet had here. Indeed all my classes are in better shape than ever before. I am ridding them of the

old Cornell looseness in work. Read in evening in *Life of Maurice* — a book too diffuse and clumsy. I want to try my hand at a *Life* some day. I feel as if I could.

Ithaca, Sunday, 26 October. Drove to Ludlowville and officiated. Returned home to dinner. The day was cold and clear and the autumn tints of the leaves very rich. Was so tired that I went to bed at three, utterly fagged out.

This shows that I cannot safely omit my summer vacation and the sea air. I am below par in strength this year. It does not pay.

Sadly I draw a final conclusion of despair respecting my physical capacity for work in any active way as a preacher. I need no longer drift on this subject. I am unfit for rector, or even much preaching. I am in my right place and work as a teacher and a writer. God help me to make the most of it! This enforced conclusion is a relief to me also. It gives fixedness, concentration, and content.

Let me often think of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and see my opportunity here even for moral and spiritual results.

Ithaca, 3 November. This is the last day of an election campaign culminating in anger and filth. H—— says there are a thousand purchasable votes in this county, at an average of thirteen dollars apiece. He seemed fearful of Cleveland's defeat through the lavish use of money by the Blaine party. He thought that Jay Gould couldn't afford to have Blaine defeated. The outlook for republican institutions has a dismal view in that quarter.

Ithaca, 7 November. Cleveland stock is up to-day. The *Albany evening journal* conceded his election and Jay Gould has telegraphed his congratulations; yet the *Tribune* insists that Blaine has the state and is elected. Both parties clamorously celebrated the victory to-night.

Ithaca, 8 November. The National Republican Committee and many leading editors in the state, and Blaine himself, insist that New York had given a majority to the Republicans. This is sternly denied by the Democrats and by such clear-headed papers as the *Times*. We are on the verge of a great national peril. Any other race than the Anglo-Saxon would have got to blood-letting forty-eight hours ago over such a dispute. The Democrats in some cases talk fierce talk. One regiment of them publicly offers its services to Cleveland. Still the prevailing tone on both sides is cooler and more sensible. We have a legal way of settling the dispute. We must not resort to blows. Yet the danger has awful possibilities.

Ithaca, 10 November. Spent two hours this evening in reading the New York papers. The danger increases of a prolonged uncertainty as to the result. The tone of both sides is very determined, and here and there a declaimer makes threats.

The following letter from Governor Cleveland is printed in to-day's paper. Its modesty, conscientiousness, and solemnity are in a vein of self-reference not latterly observed in public men, and especially reminding one of Lincoln and Washington:

"*London, 8 November, 1884.* Mr. Harold Frederic, the London correspondent of the *New York times*, contributes an article to this evening's *Pall Mall gazette*, in which he quotes from a private and hitherto unpublished letter from Governor Cleveland, dated October 3, 1884, as follows: 'Imagine a man standing in my place, with positively no ambition for a higher place than he now holds, in constant apprehension that he may be called upon to assume duties which are the greatest and highest that a human being can take upon himself. I cannot look upon the prospect of success in this campaign with any joy, but only with a serious kind of awe. Is this right?'"

Ithaca, 11 November. The official count for this state begins to-day. Result will not be ready perhaps before Tuesday. Conkling appears as the leading counsel for the Democratic committee in New York. There is something dramatic in his appearing upon the field at this moment to strike perhaps a deadly blow at his old enemy. It is said that during the recent canvass he was informed that Mr. Blaine desired him to speak for him. His reply was: "Tell Mr. Blaine that I have gone out of criminal practice."

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

November 11, 1884, Cornell University

DEAR BROTHER:

Your letter of the third was very interesting, especially the description of your interview with our next President. I have been much impressed by his modesty and his unambitious attitude. The letter of his, lately published in London, in which he speaks of looking forward to the possibility of the presidency with a sort of awe, and without joy, reminds one of the tone of our best Presidents — precisely that of Lincoln and Washington. How dramatic is Conkling's appearance on the field to dash down his old enemy!

Affectionately, MOSES.

Dec. 20. My last lecture was given yesterday. Have had no interruption in class engagements; have given my whole time and strength to the preparation of my lectures. It has been the strongest term's work I have ever done, and I am sure it has told. Evidently I must give most of my time this year to the same employment; then my lectures will be in a shape to allow of my pushing forward upon the *History* — without fear of the enemy behind me.

CHAPTER XIII

1885 — 1887

New York, 1 January. I arrived last night. Sauntered about the streets, going into Jerry McAuley's Mission. I reflected on the many times I have passed in New York the last night of the year.

Thus, to take recent cases, in 1872-1873, when I met Oliver Johnson at Frothingham's service, and had the first intimation of his being on the *Christian union*, and of his wish to have me there. Then, December 31, 1873, when I was on the paper, and had discovered that my removal was a mistake. By December 31, 1874, I was once more living in Ann Arbor; but that night I passed with Frank Carpenter, partly at F. D. Moulton's and Theodore Tilton's and partly in a walk up Broadway, passing Grace Church at midnight and talking over the horrible Beecher business. Ten years ago! . . . I have been quite alone all day. My thoughts have been both in the future and in the past; and much in prayer. I think I never before had so few and so feeble ties to this world, nor ever began a year with so conscious a willingness not to see the end of it. Indeed always before this I have both desired and expected to live. I am content to continue in life a long time if it be God's will; indeed, I should rather like to carry out certain plans of work. Yet I feel as never before perfect rest in God's hands; no purpose of my own independent of His; and a conviction that other worlds to which I am going will give me useful employment and growth.

New York, 3 January. Called on Edward Eggleston and saw him and his wife at their lodgings. He is taking on a fine, ven-

erable look, rather of the big literary patriarch kind; told me of his fireproof study, etc. At which, pangs.

New York, 8 January. Gave first of four lectures to-night before General Theological Seminary at St. Peter's Hall, on *Whig writings prior to* 1775. Had a good audience and a good time.

New York, 9 January. Lectured on *Hopkinson.* Larger audience.

New York, 12 January. Lectured on the *Tories.* A large audience. Didn't enjoy it.

[The last lecture on January 13th, on *Philip Freneau,* the Whig satirist, was given to a very large audience and is referred to in a New York paper as follows:]

"Professor Tyler delivered his fourth and last lecture last evening in St. Peter's Hall before the Episcopal seminarians and a thoroughly appreciative audience which filled the room. The remarkable interest which these lectures have so steadily developed would suggest the expediency of a repetition of the course in a large hall more centrally located. His line of thought and illustration gathered chiefly about Philip Freneau, who was of good Huguenot stock, descended from a line of New York merchants. He was clearly enough the satirical gladiator of the Revolution. If he hated the British with an uncommon hatred, he perhaps inherited the privilege of doing so along with his French blood and his French name.

"Graduated at Princeton in the class of 1771, he sympathized with the earliest movements of the Revolution. Other Whig satirists may have had a playful vein; Freneau almost never. His ordinary stroke is keen, but heavy and hard; he is the poet of hatred. He carefully trained himself for his function by studying the Roman and French masterpieces in satire; but his great models were Dryden, Poe, and especially Churchill. He began his career at a fortunate moment, when just such a satirist was

needed, and when the materials for just such satire — sincere, wrathful, Juvenalian satire — were furnished to him in abundance by the conduct of the English government and of its civil and military representatives in America.

"A running commentary on his revolutionary satires would be an almost complete commentary on the whole revolutionary struggle, nearly every important emergency and phase of which are photographed in his keen, merciless, and often brilliant lines. In connection with a writer like Freneau, it is natural to think of the long strife of the Revolution not so much as a strife of arms, as a strife of wit and anger, of ridicule and recrimination.

"This sort of warfare was vigorously maintained by Freneau from 1775, when, in such poems as *The midnight consultations*, *Libera Nos Domine*, and *The rebel*, he satirized Gage and Burgoyne and Lord Percy and the blundering proceedings of the British troops down to 1783, when he dismissed them with *The prophecy;* and during the interval, George III, Lord North, the Howes, Cornwallis, the American Tories, the apostate Arnold, the British prison-ships, and the Tory printers, Rivington and Hugh Gaine, are the subjects of his poignant verses."

Ithaca, 24 January. Worked all the morning on lectures on *Colonial governments*. News of an awful dynamite outrage in London; explosions in the Tower, in Westminster Hall, and the House of Commons. Anarchy is abroad.

Ithaca, 29 January. The civilized world is pausing in horror before the dynamite outrages in London.

Ithaca, 30 January. Spent half an hour in inspection of work at Hillcroft. The return of that name into my life sweetens it. How I loved that home! How my heart bleeds and moans for it still! And my study, and those old places and doings! But a light shone down into my spirit from heaven, and guided me hither — through much trial and loss. I think it was light from heaven. But what it all means will be made clear, perhaps, some day.

Oneida, 2 February. At five, left for Oneida, where I arrived at about half-past eight. On train met Garrett, of north Texas, a most vivacious, not to say rollicking, prelate.

Oneida, 3 February. At half-past nine the clergy attending diocesan conference entered the church in processional. Holy Communion. A sacred time; the divine presence. Then the Bishop gave us a wonderful address on the spiritual attitude and life of the clergyman; wise, searching, most solemn, and tender. At three in the afternoon session resumed. The last thing was my paper. In the evening Bishop Garrett preached an impassioned and brilliant missionary sermon.

Oneida, 4 February. Holy Communion at quarter-past seven. The Bishop officiated, looking like an apostle — like St. Peter. It was a time of deep spiritual joy to me.

Ithaca, 7 February. In the evening called on Bishop Garrett. He was rippling and boiling over with fun; too much so for a bishop, I think.

Ithaca, 13 February. At eight, junior seminary; at three, senior. From four to six forty-five, faculty meeting. A dead waste of time, patience, and health.

Ithaca, 19 February. News that Gladstone's government is likely to suffer defeat. We all grieve over the fate, while proud of the manhood of Gordon.

Ithaca, 5 March. At eight gave the seniors my fifth and last lecture on *Andrew Jackson* — dealing with his crime against the civil service, a timely topic. The rest of the forenoon I devoted to my new lecture on *The campaign of 1850.* Read account of Cleveland's inauguration, and his compact, sensible, and well-spirited address. Felt tired in the evening. Read part of Stanley's chapter on Socrates.

Ithaca, 9 March. I got to my den at nine and worked till half-past twelve on *Campaign of 1840.* I am composing it on my typewriter, which I use more and more.

Ithaca, 15 April. Till eleven worked on lectures on *American revolution;* then till half past twelve finished first volume of S. G. Goodrich's *Autobiography* — an egregious example of long-windedness.

Ithaca, 28 May. This noon I gave my last lecture to the seniors and am looking forward to release from my heavy labors — the heaviest and most fatiguing that I remember. I have bent down over my class lectures all the year, and revised them all and composed many new ones, and upon the top of this have been the cares of building, moving, and settling. My plan is now to gather up the odds and ends of work and begin once more on my third volume, and to get in two months of work before I go to the seaside in August.

Ithaca, May 30. Worked till twelve on notes of readings and for an hour rested in Peter Parley's *Autobiography.* In afternoon had a delightful ride. All nature was young, beautiful, and fragrant. My heart was very joyous.

New York, 2 August. I am fifty years old to-day. Here I am, alone, started for my summer's rest at 'Sconset. I cannot write my thoughts on this tremendous birthday. I seem to pass the line now toward old age. Arithmetically I am no longer a young man; nay, scarcely a middle-aged one; but my heart is not old. What remains of my life — here, O God, I dedicate to Thee. Use it and me as Thou wilt. I worked for Thee, not for myself. Taking the duty of an invalid I did not attend church, but devoted myself to absorbing sea air. Went by boat to Manhattan Beach; and after remaining there in quiet obser-

vation and thought for several hours, returned in the same manner. The spectacle of this great city in mourning is a very touching one, and impressive. The symbols of grief and homage for Grant are hung out by all classes and in all sorts of streets. The fronts of some of the great buildings, like Wallack's and the Fifth Avenue hotel, are a mass of rich and imposing symbolism. On the City Hall are some tawdry verses, and a sentence of rodomontade, but generally the inscriptions are simple, brief, and touching. "His First and Last Surrender." "He fought for his life as he fought for his country." His portraits wreathed in the mourning are everywhere exhibited.

CHAPTER XIV

1886—1887

Ithaca, 4 January, 1886. At my office most of the morning; worked on the *Life of E. K. Apgar.* Also put some papers in order. In afternoon a heavy rain; instead of going out, sawed wood in the cellar — a rather dark but perspiring operation. In the evening went to office and also called on C. K. Adams, who had just returned. Gave me an account of his visit to New Haven. Tim Dwight writing with his eyes close to his knees.

[E. K. Apgar was Edgar Kelsey Apgar, a politician — as such considered, by his friends, rather above the average. Harold Frederic, to whom he was a warm friend, spoke of him as "toweringly superior mentally" to other politicians and as exhibiting "unselfish patriotism."]

Ithaca, 22 January, 1886. Wrote to John T. Morse to ask whether my promise to write *Patrick Henry* for his series is outlawed. I am depressed about my *History.* Perhaps an excursion into another field will restore my spirits.

Ithaca, 24 January, 1886. Sunday. Being brain-weary, did not go to church. Lay on my back, and thought and prayed. Am meditating on the plan of writing a *Life of Patrick Henry.*

Ithaca, 1 February, 1886. Letter from J. T. Morse, jr., settles me in plan of writing *Patrick Henry.* Began work on it at eleven, and did more in the evening. Shall first run over the existing lives — beginning with Wirt.

Ithaca, 5 February, 1886. Read carefully over the Fontaine manuscript, and was moved to write the first paragraph of the first chapter. In afternoon with Cutler carried in débris from the new stable — *i. e.*, the kindling wood. Greatly enjoyed real bodily labor; it reminded me of some of the pleasures of dear old lost Hillcroft.

Ithaca, 6 February, 1886. Writing and studying on *Patrick Henry*. Wrote a bit on his inherited qualities and the talents of his family on both sides. It quite reanimates to get at real literary work again.

Ithaca, 7 August, 1886. I have worked on *Patrick Henry* steadily till now. Have done first eight chapters — to end of Continental Congress. Have had almost no interruptions since my return from the Historical Association in May. Must knock off now and take a complete rest at the seaside for a month.

Ithaca, 5 November, 1886. This evening at nine I finished revision of Chapter X — *Patrick Henry as a soldier.* My labor has been very strict and steady upon the book.

Ithaca, 6 November, 1886. Worked till one on some gaps in Chapter IX which I had left until I could get some expected material from W. W. Henry. Had hoped to finish it to-day, but shall need another morning for it.

Ithaca, 8 November, 1886. From half-past nine to one worked on Chapter IX. Not quite done yet! But what is time? Thoroughness and care are the things.

Ithaca, 17 November, 1886. Made much more progress than usual on ,the first draft, which seemed to write itself; but had not time to put through the typewriter only as far as p. 20. My work to-day is the struggle in Virginia between the aristo-

cratic and democratic influences in the first state constitution of Virginia.

Ithaca, 22 November, 1886. From nine to twelve forty-five, on a final revision of Chapter XII (formerly XI), which I have spent two weeks on. It is done and in the vault.

Ithaca, 26 November, 1886. Got on well with *Patrick*, but am seriously retarded by not having the *Journal of Virginia house of delegates*. A letter from Spofford says he is not permitted to send books out of Washington. Wrote again to W. W. Henry and others for books. Till they come I am stuck. However, the time is not wasted.

Ithaca, 30 November, 1886. The books came this morning. In an hour got two or three items of great value. Pushed on with exhilaration and vim. Wrote to W. W. Henry urging him to run up here for a visit.

Ithaca, 4 December, 1886. Had a great flow of composition all the forenoon on the dictatorship question; wrote about twenty pages, which will need to be carefully revised.

Ithaca, 8 December, 1886. Pushing through *Patrick's* first year as governor. Hated to stop for dinner. Brain at full tilt.

Ithaca, 10 January, 1887. Letter from J. T. Morse says he wants to begin printing *Patrick* at once, if the publishers can feel it safe to begin with an unfinished copy.

Ithaca, 21 January, 1887. Pitched into *Patrick* like fun, and tried to make up for lost time yesterday. Succeeded in part. Am dealing with his legislative career 1781–4.

Ithaca, 24 January, 1887. A letter from Morse asks me to telegraph him how much more copy I shall have, so that the printer may make his estimates. "Probably two hundred additional pages of manuscript unless you object."

Ithaca, 29 January, 1887. Worked heavily over materials for Patrick Henry's work on the new constitution, and knocked off under fatigue. All the week rests on me.

Ithaca, 31 January, 1887. Letter from Morse tells of the excess of materials. Troublesome. Wish I were publishing in my own way.

Ithaca, 16 February, 1887. Wrote to Morse asking if he wishes manuscript all returned. Can't shorten what has been written. Will try to shorten what remains.

Ithaca, 19 February, 1887. Finished revision of Chapter XVIII; but must spend a few hours verifying quotations. This point reached, what remains is comparatively easy. I feel nearing the end. The brain work this week has been close and intense, and I feel it.

Ithaca, 21 March, 1887. At work without interruption on the last chapter of Patrick's life. The chimes are now ringing for one o'clock, and I have just finished copying the last words. His death, which I have just described, seemed very real and personal to me, and my eyes were moist as I wrote.

Ithaca, 25 March, 1887. A telegram from Morse announces the reception in Boston of *Patrick Henry*. Now remains to be heard the report of the printer on the manuscript. Can it be squeezed into so small a space? Am writing preface — a thing I dearly love to do. It was in me to say, and had to come out of me. I have a feeling in me which I am trying to satisfy as to what it should be.

Ithaca, 30 March, 1887. Am dawdling to-day. Have little energy. Probably I feel the reaction from long and close work. A week off would be good just now; but it isn't practicable. Of late have had an idea of blending my projected literary study of the American revolution with the general study of it — presenting the whole in topics somewhat after the method of Lecky. It means many years of work; perhaps greater resources than I have; yet toward it my studies have unconsciously tended for many years. Am waiting for the decision of the printer. Perhaps it will come with the first galley proof. Am still a sick man, as it were. My cold clings and gets increase. One of my greatest needs is the frequent review of my own records of former work, and a taking account of stock.

Ithaca, 5 April, 1887. Studying navigation and trade laws of England — in seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Statutes at large. This for lectures; ultimately for my new *History of the American revolution.* Delighted to be at the sources.

Ithaca, 6 September, 1887. Study of first constitution of New Hampshire for lectures. My mind dwells kindly upon the plan of writing a history of the revolution somewhat after the method of Lecky. . . . . .

Ithaca, 16 September, 1887. At half-past three this afternoon, as I was about to use the lawn mower, I saw the National Express wagon drive up and produce a small square parcel from Houghton, Mifflin and Company. It was the first ten copies of *Patrick Henry.*

Ithaca, 26 September, 1887. Received a letter from George Bancroft about my new book, on the whole the most valuable compliment I ever had.

LETTER FROM GEORGE BANCROFT TO MOSES COIT TYLER

Newport, R. I., September 24, 1887

DEAR BROTHER HISTORIAN:

Many thanks, my dear friend, for your book on *Patrick Henry*. It is thoroughly and excellently well done and so fascinating that it would let me attend to nothing else until I had finished it. You have said all that there was to be said; you have said it thoroughly well; you have rejected all the trash called tradition which cannot stand the test of historic criticism. In retirement Patrick Henry could well say: "The American revolution is the grand operation assigned by the Deity to the men of this age in our country"; and he plainly felt happy in the assurance that he himself was one of the most important of those men. Only I was a little surprised to find that Patrick Henry pronounced the alien and sedition laws good and proper.

Ever most truly yours,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Ithaca, 30 September, 1887. Andrew D. White greeted me this morning with his old time brightness; thanked me for a copy of *Patrick*, and added that he couldn't help puzzling over that visit of Colonel Byrd to the sprightly widow. "Suppose he had married her, who would Patrick Henry have been?"

Ithaca, 9 October, 1887. Yesterday came a batch of newspaper notices from the publishers. In the main pleasant — though none truly critical or thorough. In evening read in *Life of Longfellow*. Many personal allusions of great interest to me. Still the work is fearfully padded with unimportant matter.

Ithaca, 15 October, 1887. A batch of newspaper notices about *Patrick Henry*. A low growl from the Jeffersonians in the *Richmond dispatch*. May indicate more. Hope so. Met

Adams coming out of his office, and walked with him half an hour. Asked his advice about my literary plans: First, shall I write (a) *History of the American revolution;* (b) *Life of Washington;* (c) *New edition of writings of Washington?*

He advised me against the latter (c) as taking years which I can't now spare and involving work of a lower grade than I might be doing; but thought I should do (b) and then (a). Evening at home. Read aloud a little to the family in Dickens's *American notes*, which seem like antediluvian history.

Ithaca, 17 October, 1887. Am tending to resume plan of writing *History of the American revolution.* C. K. Adams's talk has steadied and spurred me. Read in library. Class work takes the stuff out of a fellow. I much prefer lawn tennis. I get newspaper notices of *Patrick Henry* every day, generally of a helpful tone; some of them flippant and trashy.

Ithaca, 1 November, 1887. Began Whitney's *Grammar* and *Reader* in preparation for our journey to Europe next March. Trying to recover lost ground, being rusty. Shall keep rubbing the rust off from now till next September and hope to be a rather burnished Teuton by that time. Statement from the publishers shows that *Patrick Henry* was sold to the number of about fifteen hundred copies from September 17 to September 30.

Ithaca, 28 November, 1887. There came by express to-day a box from Washington which proved to be a large portrait of George Bancroft, a noble and touching present.

CHAPTER XV

1888

Ithaca, 10 February. Faculty meeting this afternoon. It is interesting to watch the play of personal traits in these meetings. Working at German. I'm a slow coach thereat. Only by continual pounding can I get a thing into me. We are in suspense respecting a European war and its possible bearing on our plans for residence abroad.

Ithaca, 26 February. Still pounding away at German. Am making some impression.

Ithaca, 8 March. This evening at a quarter to seven the good Emperor William of Germany died at his palace in Berlin. The news was in print here at four in the afternoon! His death makes a deep and sorrowful impression on the Teutonic race; and gives a deeper tint to the pathos of the situation in which the imperial family are now placed through the dangerous illness of the Crown Prince at San Remo.

Ithaca, 25 March. At St. John's gave my sermon on *The crime of Pontius Pilate.* Being already ill, was so much prostrated that I had to spend the rest of the day in bed. So tired — but spirit serene and grateful.

Ithaca, 4 April. The situation in Europe looks alarming. Boulanger is the trouble in France, and the French people are children.

My health unsatisfactory. Spring weakness and depression. Suppose it is this eternal, disreputable, ill-mannered liver that is at the bottom of the mischief.

Ithaca, 10 April. Felt quite well last evening after my recent illness. H —— came up to my room and talked for an hour. Consulted him about a Latin title for a series of volumes I am planning on lives of noted persons in this country. I had thought of *Americani memorabiles;* he suggested *Viri memorabiles,* which I shall adopt as giving me more range. I want to limit myself to men in contact with America, though they need not be Americans. After he left, my mind got greatly interested in the project; it would be American history unfolded in a series of biographies — each being as short as a rigorous exclusion of minor matters would permit. I lay awake till nearly morning, though I had much better have been asleep.

Ithaca, 16 April. Had a good sleep last night. After breakfast went to my office and did an hour's work. Home and rested, then walked till nearly twelve — but not as vigorous as a bull calf. News that Matthew Arnold died to-day at Liverpool of heart disease.

Ithaca, 18 April. Roscoe Conkling died this morning and the Emperor of Germany is said to be on his death-bed. Boulanger is leading a shoddy Cæsaristic movement in France. The Russian forces are said to be marching toward the Austrian frontier. The face of the world seems troubled. My health is still unsatisfactory. This lazy, obstructive, mulish liver of mine still refuses to do his duty. I fear this climate is always to be a hard one for me to live in, especially if I am to be without horseback riding.

Ithaca, 28 April. At a reception met Goldwin Smith, with whom I talked about Canadian politics, which he despises; says politics is divided on no principle; is petty, mean, and corrupt

in its method; that no man of self-respect can engage in political life there, in consequence of the self-compromising engagements he must make. He spoke of Sir John Macdonald as an old fox, a cunning old politician, capable of every pretence and hypocrisy, lately standing up in a revival meeting to be prayed for, and all to catch revivalist votes; not in the least resembling Disraeli — to whom he has often been compared. I was to hear Goldwin Smith discuss the author of *Lothair* — whom he described as a phrase-maker in politics, a manufacturer of platforms and of political catchwords, and of fertile imagination — all of which Sir John was not.

Ithaca, 29 April. Goldwin Smith's talks here have had many good personal bits. John Bright once asked him who was the greatest citizen that England ever had; and when Goldwin Smith replied that he could not tell, Bright said: "John Milton; for besides his supreme greatness in literature, and especially in poetry, he was most active, courageous, and influential in the practical duties of the state." He told of the enormous physical endurance of some famous Englishmen, such as Brougham, for example. He said he could work day and night for a week and have no sleep except what he could snatch in going to and fro in his carriage. This he did during the trial of Queen Caroline. Being summoned to her one day, and having not been in bed for nearly a week, he dropped asleep as soon as he got into his carriage and slept till he arrived at the palace. He was almost incapable of fatigue. Goldwin Smith also told the story of his once calling at the house of Sir Roundel Palmer. The butler hesitated about admitting him; first consented, and then said: "I don't know that I ought to show you in; Sir Roundel has not been in bed since Sunday." That was on Wednesday. Sir Roundel was then attorney-general of England — the most laborious office in England.

Ithaca, 6 June. My last university exercise this year. Excessively hot, 94°. This sudden heat is overwhelming. It is now late at night — my last at this Hillcroft for fifteen months — perhaps forever. The clock strikes eleven as I write this.

Hannover, 23 June. For an hour before breakfast practised on the passive voice; and studied till Herr G —— came at half-past eleven. A vigorous *Stunde*, till half-past one moistened by a bottle of beer which I placed on the table for him. Nothing yet to be learned about the Chicago convention and the Republican nomination for President — though it looks as though Blaine would be nominated in spite of all his protestations of unwillingness. News that Stanley has been wounded in mid-Africa, and is having a rough time of it with hordes of the hostile natives.

Hannover, 24 June. In morning at eleven to Marktkirche to attend mourning service in honor of the late Frederick III. A great church, built for the Roman service, but having now the neglected look of Lutheran places of worship. Service, musical chiefly. Very little appearance of devotion in the congregation.

Hannover, 4 July. Here in Hannover we celebrate the national holiday by pitching into the German language with the same spirit that animated Jefferson one hundred and twelve years ago in pitching into the Elector of Hannover.

Worked in *Otto* and *Eisenbach* on the auxiliaries. Think I have got on top of them at last.

Hannover, 17 July. At half-past five I walked out for my constitutional. Went to the schützenfest, but the rain and mud gave an extra touch of sordidness and vulgarity to the performance. It is the coarse German boor at his diversions.

This Hannover is to me a rather wonderful city. In my whole month here I have not seen a beggar nor a lewd woman by day or by night. No roughness of speech or manner; a universal amenity; the voices of the people soft, refined, quiet, often very musical. I call it a civilized community.

I am greatly impressed by the identity in race of these northwest Deutschlanders with the Englanders and New Englanders. Twelve hundred years ago some of these people settled in England; two hundred and fifty years ago some of them who had gone to England settled in Massachusetts, etc. But the race type has been preserved by all three groups. Most of the faces here are of exactly the same look as those of New Haven, London, or Ithaca. I feel that I am here in the Older Home of our race; and that in trying to learn German I am merely trying to get the language of my cousins — a variation, like English, from the ancient speech of our common forefathers.

Hannover, 23 July. Began to work at a quarter past nine, but after an hour gave it up. *Ging fort.* Did errands. In the afternoon went to the gardens of the Polytechnicum and drank of the royal milk, which tasted quite like democratic milk.

I am impressed by the all-pervading presence of the military habit here. Soldiers in uniform, officers in splendid dress and with grand strides are to be seen in every street. Every morning soon after daybreak is to be heard the tramp of soldiers. The children wear uniform caps in the school according to their classes. From infancy they become used to the symbolism of dress and color as designating graduations of rank and authority. Every male person, is, was, or is to be a soldier. The gait and posture of the citizens indicate military training. Many of their little customs and movements in the street—as salutations—are military. A gentleman from Bonn was here to dinner a while ago, with his wife. Frau Schön told me they had nine children,

eight of them boys. I applauded him. "Yes," he said, "we supply eight soldiers to defend the Fatherland."

Wolfenbüttel, 26 July. Arrived here alone in a pouring rain. Before supper took a stroll through this quaint old town.

I am taking in German through all the pores of my skin. Frau B—— tells me that the old sewing woman who comes in every morning to help in the housework heard almost with consternation that an Amerikaner was in the house, "Ist er sehr schwarz?" was her first question. When she entered the room where I was sitting to get my boots, she sidled away from me in a sort of fear lest my aboriginal, murderous propensities were still unsubdued, yet her curiosity to inspect me was also very great, and her investigation was a queer mixture of blinking and staring. Another old German woman with whom I have been talking seemed greatly impressed by the fact that I was from America, and asked me, among other things, "if America were not twice as large as Wolfenbüttel."

We went over to call on Professor von Heinemann, the chief of this great Bibliothek. Wonderful collection of treasures and a most admirable building. Held in my hand the lead inkstand which Luther threw at the Devil. Was very much impressed by an original portrait of Luther which under the glass had the very tints of life. Stood also in the very room in the old house in which Lessing wrote *Nathan*. Over the front door is the inscription, "Hier lebte, schrieb, dichtete Lessing 1777-1781." Walked with Professor von Heinemann.

Said he had no directors over him; was kaiser und kōnig. The people took off their hats to him as if they thought so too.

This is a quaint, picturesque, mediæval nest of a city. It seems as if I were wandering in a mediæval community. The placid and *outre-mer* sentiment which fills my heart to-night is something to be recalled in after years. But what a sad

mistake that I did not come to Germany when I was a young man! But I am only too grateful to be here now.

August 2. Here in Wolfenbüttel, and to-day fifty-three years old. Have studied hard all day. Am hammering away at *Otto*.

Wolfenbüttel, 5 August. To Garrison Kirche 8:30 A. M. and 5:00 P. M., with much rest, peregrination, and letter-writing between. Heard Probst Emil Rothe. He looks like Spurgeon; is the first real orator I have heard in Germany; his speech was delicious to listen to; his action vivacious and natural; his spirit very devout and earnest. Was greatly attracted to him.

I am brooding over the literary work I am to undertake when I go home. Strongly moved to try my hand first at an historical novel: *Virginia, 1676, Bacon's rebellion.* Make it faithful to the facts of history; a living, stirring, vivacious picture of the time and place.

Braunschweig, 10 August. At ten we went to the Museum and spent two hours there with great delight. Besides some pictures of great importance, I was interested in two rings of Luther's and a ring of Maria Stuart, and profoundly interested in a full-length figure of Frederick the Great, in the very costume he wore in the Seven Years' War, a little, old, wizened, spindle-shanked, big-eyed, sallow anatomy of a man.

The day has been sultry; last night also. I lay awake several hours, possessed by the project of the novel. The scheme of the plot, and many incidents, poured in upon my mind, and I revelled in the still delight of arranging them in order in chapters. This morning I have jotted down as much of this as time has permitted, to save it before it vanishes away.

Blankenburg, 14 August. I write far up the little mountain toward Teufelsmauer. We have found a refined and friendly

family in the midst of glorious scenery, with delicious air, quiet, fascinating walks, and everything to entice us to health and happiness. To-night, after dark, as I was strolling alone near the Hotel Heidelberg, I was spoken to by a person approaching me hurriedly. I said in English: "I beg your pardon?" He instantly replied with an Anglican accent: "I beg yours; I was looking for a friend and mistook you for him." Then, from a little distance, he turned and said: "Are you an Englishman?" "No, I am an American." "Ah," replied he, "I am an Englishman; so we are cousins." The speech was gracious and had for me a pleasant sound here in the Härtz.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO MAJOR TYLER

Blankenburg im Härtz, August 16, 1888.

DEAR BROTHER JACK:

On the thirteenth we came to this most exquisite and exhilarating place, amid famous historic and romantic scenes, where we can drink in health and strength. We are likely to remain here several weeks and then go to Berlin. . . . We have welcomed all your letters, newspapers, etc. Glad to get all personal news — particularly of the canine sort. What you tell us about Pip comforts the very cockles of our hearts. It may not be a gracious thing to say, but there are not a great many two-footed friends in America over whom our hearts yearn as they do over that small quadruped. . . . I wish you could imagine what a wholesome spot this is, and so cheap. You might spend a half year in the Härtz and make money out of it.

With love, MOSES.

Wernigerode, 20 August. Here I am, alone, just settled in my quaint little room, in this ancient rambling house of Frau Pastorin Tappe. On the train I met a fine old English clergyman who believes that the Teutonic people are descended from Ephraim. As I approached this house to-day with my dienst-

mann carrying my luggage in his old wheelbarrow, I read on the wall of the Rauthaus the date 1524 A. D. I am at last in a perfectly unspoiled German city, about to taste a bit of genuine German life in a German family. The air about me here hath an old-time flavor, but to-day I have felt depressed by the appalling difficulty of mastering this awful language. It seems as if I can never learn to speak it. For this mood I am prepared; and I shall keep at work just the same. I set apart a year for this purpose. The year is to be devoted to it, whatever be the result. I am in a good German family, quite isolated from English and even in a typical old German Stadt.

At half-past four, with the same escort, walked through the grounds of the Schloss, and witnessed preparations for the great festival to-morrow in celebration of the silver wedding of the Graf of Wernigerode. After *Abendessen* we began to read in the parlor, but were interrupted by the sound of a gun and the noise of fireworks. Crowds of people were out. A curious study for me in national habits, ideas, and politics.

Wernigerode, 23 August. The day has been surrendered to the fest in honor of the Graf and Gräfin. I witnessed the procession of the trades through the Stadt and the grounds of the Schloss, a wonderful spectacle. In the evening saw the Count and Countess with their children and guests ride through the streets amid vast crowds of people, shouts, illuminations, etc. How curious a thing this is. *Warum?* No one can exactly tell. It seems like a living chapter in feudalism. Am working at both ends of *Otto* each day. Frau Tappe gives me an hour in the morning. I hear all the German I can contain and more too; and strain for utterance. I feel my impotence and imbecility. I am at the point of great darkness in the work. I do not propose to give it up; but its vastness, complexity, and hardness oppress me with a sense of the impossibility of my task.

Wernigerode, 26 August. Letter from home containing sad news in it. It was that my beloved Bishop Harris died on Tuesday last, August 21, at the Langham Hotel in London. When I first saw him in the pulpit he seemed to me like the Archangel Michael, and I have always since then thought of him as a chivalrous and resplendent soldier of God. He came to the diocese nine years ago in the glory of a splendid manhood, with seemingly unbounded health and strength; and he has died of the mighty work he has done. How tired he was when I last saw him! I think of him now as so happy in the perfect rest of Paradise. But what a loss! what a sorrow for us who are left! God help me to do the work that He appoints, and to remember that the time for work here may not be long. How very near to me comes this death! I loved that man; he was younger and far stronger than I, and I expected him to outlive me.

I do feel a trifle lonely and forlorn. I see but little light before me in this tough study of German. Shall I ever be able to understand these sounds that I hear all about me, and to repeat them to myself? If I live, I shall. That is, I shall keep hammering away; but it is so *schwer*.

Wernigerode, 29 August. It is about half-past five in the afternoon. I am seated on a bench far up on one of the wooded streets back of the town. Sunshine, long shadows, delicious cool air, the odor of pines, a world of trees and rich green foliage, restful silence qualified by the tinkling of the bells on the home-coming herds, and now and then the voice of a rambler. For the first time at Wernigerode I walked out alone to-day. It seems a relief from the mental strain of conversation in German. I take in the calmness and repose of nature. Long, long shall I remember this delicious spot — this ramble alone with God and the angels, and thoughts of my dearly beloved Bishop Harris.

I have studied to-day since eight o'clock, with two hours for dinner and rest — seven hours.

Blankenburg, 5 September. Have had a wonderful excursion to-day. Started for Thale about nine. Had the luck to get a droschke from Thale returning empty. At Bahnhof took nourishment. Then walked to Hexentansplatz — the point from which the princess leaped; took more nourishment; next through a wald, escorted by a briefträger; reached the path of descent into the deep abyss; at Königsruhe, Bodethal, where I again took nourishment; then slowly ascended to Rosstrappe, saw the imperishable hoof-print in the rock, listened to the reverberations of the pistol shot, looked down upon the enormous and magnificent gorge, and the vast glory of all this rock scenery; then at the hotel reposed for an hour, enjoyed the wide outlook over the earth, and likewise took nourishment once more, and at half-past four started for Blankenburg. Missing the way, lost three quarters of an hour. Came home through a most beautiful forest. The most impressive scenery I have beheld since I was at Rigi and Chamonix.

Blankenburg, 6 September. My experience in mountain climbing is that I do not feel the fatigue till the following day. So to-day I am conscious of yesterday. Have spent the time socially and idly, taking mine ease in mine own inn.

Wolfenbüttel, 17 September. Am in glorious trim for work. A good day I have had of it. From eight till nearly one, steady push, then from half-past two to five. The last hour and a half were a Stunde with Frau B——. But I am in a deep pit of incredulity as to my power to learn or master the German language;

yet if I can keep this thing going for another twelvemonth or so, some sort of good result must come.

Wolfenbüttel, 20 September. I had coffee at half-past six and worked steadily till about half-past twelve; then from three till four, when my eyes began to notify me that I had done enough. So I pushed out into the country alone, going due eastward, across fields toward the Brocken, whose noble peak I saw before me. I write this sitting on the leafy cushion of the earth, leaning against a tree, in the deep centre of a huge forest which I have been exploring. The scene is full of loveliness and repose, seclusion, spiritual joy, and a silence that speaks tenderly to my very heart. Sitting here in this beautiful solitude, I cannot think this a very bad world, nor can I easily realize that some millions of my fellow countrymen four thousand miles to the west are getting very much excited over a presidential election, which, I believe, is to come off some time this fall. *Later:* I walked farther and farther into that beautiful forest, tempted by its enticing loveliness; and at last, when the sun was nearly down at the horizon, I discovered that I had lost my reckoning. I walked on and on. It began to get dark. I could find no end or limit to the forest. I began to think I might have to spend the night there. Finally I came to a wagon road. I determined to follow it till I should come out of the forest. I did so. At last, after perhaps three-quarters of an hour of rapid walking I emerged. All was strange to me. I could see a Dorf about a mile off. No house nearer. Toward the Dorf I walked. At last, not far from it, I saw a man walking in a field, though it was quite dark. The result of our conversation was that I had come to this Dorf which was fully two Stunden from Wolfenbüttel. I asked him to guide me back through the forest, for which I paid one mark. I reached home at about nine.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS MOTHER

Wolfenbüttel, Germany, September 23, 1888

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I was very happy to get, some time ago, your nice letter of July 19, and I took some pride in showing your clear, neat handwriting to several German friends here as a specimen of the workmanship of an American lady of eighty-one summers. I am in magnificent health. Indeed, there is something wonderful about the German climate. Never before have I been able to work for so many hours a day, with brain and body, and feel so little fatigue. I find the people universally kind and courteous, many of them of most charming manners, happy, and making one another happy.

I greatly enjoy going to church. At first the service seemed very strange and not impressive; but I am coming to feel that it has much beauty and power. Luther perhaps retained somewhat more of the method of the Roman worship than did the later English reformers. The service is nearly always chanted by the priest and the choir; there are no responses from the congregation, and it is only in the long old hymns that are sung, and that form an important part of the service, that the congregation have any direct part in the service.

I am greatly impressed by the efficiency of the women in Germany, and by their wonderful health and strength. In the country, where I walk every day, I see on many a farm the entire family in the field — father, mother, boys, and girls — all working together from dawn to dark. Every member of the family begins to work as soon as he or she can toddle. Even the babies (of which the multitude passes all human computation) have to go out into the fields too, and amuse themselves as best they can — with an occasional interview, by way of needed nourishment, with the maternal bounty. Yesterday as we walked in the country we saw such a sight; only in this case the two babies were lying in a little wagon, and were yelling furiously. The family were picking up potatoes in a field too far off to hear the infantile music. When we got along to where the mother

was we told her that the children were crying. "Ach Gott!" said she, "it will do them good. They've been fed and will be fed again. Now I am busy. The babies are in the care of God. Let them cry; their lungs will be the stronger for it." So Deutschland has become mighty, and has conquered France, and can do it again. . . . Your affectionate son,

MOSES.

Wolfenbüttel, 24 September. Eight to one with dear old *Otto* — in fact, began a new attack on those infernal irregular verbs. Was not quite so fresh and vigorous as usual. Newspapers from America containing many things about the life, death, and funeral of Bishop Harris. My eyes were blinded with tears, and my mind too full of the thought of that splendid Christian leader to be able longer to work well over *Otto*.

Berlin, 10 October. After a wash and a bite I walked to Unter den Linden and through it. I saw the famous street first under electric light — broad, stately, imperial, beautiful, but not equal in its impressiveness to Paris. Was conscious of the roar of travel all night — a contrast to the utter peace and silence of dear little Wolfenbüttel. I have been here long enough to make up my mind not to stay here very long. Shall settle down in Leipzig for my steady and heavy work in Deutschland.

Berlin, 16 October. Here I am in the lecture room in which Doctor Seler is to lecture on *Die alten Kulturvölker Amerikas*. The diabolical janitor came in just before the lecture began and corked the room up tight; we sweltered and gasped and grew stupid in the foul air, while the lecturer himself, a somewhat fidgety, youngish man, spoke so fast and so indistinctly that I could not follow him well. Another fiasco!

Berlin, 18 October. We all went this morning to the Zoölogical Garden and spent several happy hours with the crocodiles, monkeys, elephants, camels, chimpanzees, and other brethren and sisters.

ELISHA AND MARY TYLER
DETROIT · 1851

22 October. Left Berlin and reached Wittenberg at ten, where I spent most of the day. Deeply interested. It was good to see memorials of great men that did not belong to the Hohenzollern family. I saw everything that is celebrated in the chronicles of St. Baedeker. Was most affected by the sight of Luther's house, the court of the old monastery, the double chair of plain wood in which he and his wife sat by the window, and, further, by what I saw in the Stadtkirche, where Luther preached, and where the communion was first administered in both kinds. I wandered about the place at my leisure, breathed in the very air which Luther breathed, looked up to the same sky which for so many years hung over his head, and mused on the simple greatness of the genius, the courage, the wonderful work of that peasant's son — a much greater than Bismarck or Frederick the Great — the mightiest and most benignant personality in two thousand years of German history.

At about half-past three started for Leipzig, which I approached with a feeling of loneliness.

Leipzig, 24 October. Heard my first German lecture. It was from Friedberg, jurist, on *Deutsche Rechtsgeschichte*, strong, lucid, well delivered; and to my great comfort found myself able to follow it in substance.

As I came out at ten, saw great throngs of students in the court or central plaza; buzzing — a scene wondrously familiar; and these boys look and act and talk very much like the youngsters whom I have been encountering every year since before the time that these particular students were born.

Leipzig, 25 October. Nine to ten. I am now in the lecture room, trying to hear Wuchsmuth. He stands in a lazy way, leaning back against the blackboard, his hands in his pockets, or one of them rubbing his face; his utterance hesitating and then abrupt, now clear and now inaudible, his voice dying away

into a whispered cadence. I can't catch much, scarcely the drift; far less than Friedberg yesterday. He seems to meditate as he goes on; to be hardly conscious of his audience and to discourse in a sort of monologue — thinking aloud to himself — certainly not to me. Now his hands are behind his coat tails. Now the clock strikes.

Ten to eleven. Heard Luthard on *The Gospel according to St. John*. Large room; crowded full; several standing; some students with cigars in mouths and smoke coming out. Doctor Luthard, a man of perhaps sixty, smooth face, white hair, bright eyes, large, firm mouth, rich, deep voice, and eloquent temperament, a noble, venerable person; evidently greatly loved and admired. He began as if in prayer; standing, leaning forward over his crossed arms. After some introductory words, in gentle, deep tones, he straightened up and looked the orator and preacher and apostle; presently he sat down and so proceeded. I was at the farther end of the room, but heard him and understood him well. From eleven to twelve, hearing Winterschied, a jurist; great room, crowded full. The lecturer, an old man, with the look and manner of a shrewd and rather foxy old advocate. He speaks in a conversational tone, rapidly and not audibly so far as this farther end of the room is concerned. Being unable to hear him, I wait patiently for the end of the hour by writing these lines. I note that here the departments of law, theology, and philosophy seem locally blended and not separated, as is the case with us. Thus here are three or four hundred law students; in the next room are as many theologians.

When Winterschied came in some began to applaud; but this was suppressed by a sudden imperative hiss.

From four to five, lecture, by Doctor Lindner, on *Religious Geschichte*. Only four students in the room. The lecture, a good beginning, scientific of course, learned, no fire; a little

too fast in delivery for me; the room almost dark before he got through.

Then from six to seven heard Maurenbrecher's first lecture on *German history*, 1840-80. Room crowded full; eager students; when Maurenbrecher came in, warmly applauded. A big, burly fellow with a slouch hat, which he slung on the corner of his desk. He took his chair; in a quiet, friendly tone, with a rich and well modulated voice, began to read his lecture, with which he was so familiar that he scarcely seemed to read. Almost at once he began to warm up; grew emphatic, now and then almost impassioned; brought his big hand down on the desk so that it trembled, and his stamp on the platform made a little earthquake. It was a preliminary view of European history from the French revolution. Evidently to go into a book. Attention eager to the end. A real success, a brilliant lecture; and as he went out, they again cheered him lustily. As we came out at seven, it was fine to see the huge throng of students from other rooms as well pouring along.

At six went to Maurenbrecher's room; crowded; had to stand throughout; room hot, audience not perfectly absorbed. He described the Monroe doctrine as if it were Canning's product and communicated by him to America.

Leipzig, 27 October. Worked at Grimm's *Märchen* from eight to twelve. Found a tough place and made only ten pages. Then went to hear Professor Biedermann on *History of German literature of the nineteenth century.* I am now writing in his room, where I wait for his entrance. There he comes! a gray-haired, gray-whiskered man of about sixty-five, with a sensitive face and temperament; sad-looking, rather; he goes toward the desk with a sort of nervous, almost timid, movement; looks as if the world and especially Bismarck were not on his side.

Alas! his voice is weak, feminine in quality; the street cars rattle in the street close by and often kill out entirely these feebly uttered, yet refined and interesting, sentences. I listen hard. I sit about fifteen feet in front of the desk, but I can only catch a word here and there. But I like him; he is a refined gentleman, a sensitive scholar. He has some written notes on the desk,which he occasionally glanccs at; but his lecture is a real, conversational discourse — the flower of critical and discriminate thought from a cultivated mind. Each professor has a special student — a famulus — who writes and posts notices, is present at each lecture and looks after the conveniences. At three in the afternoon heard first lecture of a privat-docent, Dr. Gess, on *Recent German history*. Admirable in all respects. A fine speaker; a clear, orderly thinker. Full of promise this young fellow. Then called on Dr. Gregory, the American member of the Leipzig faculty. Our talk was largely practical. He has been here since 1873. Too late for a lecture at five which I wanted to go to; besides, was tired, and walked about the city, enjoying my solitude and the sights of the streets.

Leipzig, 30 October. Heard lecture on political economy by Warschaur, a privat-docent; very able, but too rapid in speech for me. His nose proclaims from afar his Abrahamic ancestry; while his neck scarf, watch chain, and general appearance give intimation that he is a veritable dealer in ready-made clothes for men. His voice was pleasant, and his manner, though touched by Judaic self-assertion, was not disagreeable; moreover, he seemed to be the undoubted possessor and distributor of wit, though I did not understand the point.

Five to six, came to the Probe-vorlesung of young Dr. Flügel, who thus enters on his career as a privat-docent. He was in full evening dress, white kid gloves. The professors came in with him and took a front seat, and were rather uneasy listeners.

He read too fast, and was told it by one of them. It was on Shelley. He has a delicate, refined look — as of a poet and artist.

Leipzig, 31 October. No wonder the Germans have an awe of their Kaiser. It rained hard yesterday and in the night; but as the Kaiser comes to-day, the heavens forbear to send down their flood. It is true Kaiser weather, they say. Read in Bible till eleven; then Jeannette and I sauntered forth to see the demonstration; it is Reformation's feast day, the dedication of a war monument, and the first visit of the young Kaiser. The city has been long preparing for the great day and has spent money lavishly on decorations, which are really splendid. We wandered about among the throngs and finally took our stand opposite the Dresdener Bahnhof, where the Kaiser was to arrive. When he came out from the station I climbed up a gas-post in order to see him and the King of Saxony.

Leipzig, 5 November. Four to five went to hear Overbeck's lecture on *Greek mythology;* a genial, elderly gentleman; speaks deliberately and composedly, clearly, with frequent bubbles of mirth. Decided to take his lectures. He is a great authority. The next hour, five to six, at Maurenbrecher's lecture on the *Sources for recent German history*, and from six to seven heard his lecture on *Frederick William IV*. Decided to take him too. Find four hours together rather a trial for the head, and shall be content with three a day hereafter.

Leipzig, 6 November. Presidential election at home to-day. Profoundly ignored in this country. Made a call on Professor Overbeck and asked permission to attend his course. He was very affable and easy, with his characteristic touch of playfulness. After two made a similar call on Maurenbrecher, a big-bellied, big-hearted, strong-winded German, with a very cordial manner.

Said he once had the good luck to meet Bancroft, and was much impressed by his talk. Spoke of Von Holst, but added, as an historical writer, "we cannot control him." I wondered if the German government had gone so far as that. Presently he added that Von Holst's materials, his *Quellen*, were not accessible in Germany; and so I understood that he meant "verify." He spoke of calling upon me, and when I mentioned that my wife and daughter were with me, he took up a circular of his course of public lectures on *Literature* (10 m. for two persons) and asked if their attention had been called to this — a bit of naïveté which I could not have been capable of. His wife is a German, but born and educated in England, and speaking English. Maurenbrecher spoke English, but with much hesitation.

Leipzig, 7 November. Three to four, heard young Doctor Gess. His room cold and we were directed to another one. A visitor and myself were his only Zuhörer; and his lecture was directed at me. He looked me squarely in the eyes all the time.

Leipzig, 9 November. We have decisive news at last of the result of the Presidential election. Cleveland is severely defeated. Nearly every Northern state has gone against him. Alas! Hill is elected Governor of New York; likewise the Tammany candidate for Mayor of New York. This means that Cleveland has been slaughtered in New York by his own party. It was greatly to Hill's interest to be elected Governor himself and to have Cleveland defeated for the presidency.

Before Doctor Overbeck's lecture this afternoon his famulus brought me a message from Overbeck requesting me to apply to the University authorities for permission to hear lectures. As Dr. Gregory had told me that no such application was necessary, and as Dr. Overbeck had cordially responded to my request to be allowed to attend his lectures, this message brought me some

surprise and annoyance. Resumed *Otto*, which I had laid aside since my last week in Wolfenbüttel. Began a review from beginning. Shall continue daily readings in Müller's *Geschichte*. This afternoon went for counsel and help to Gregory about the muddle into which his previous direction has got me. He flatted out completely. I find, amid some humiliation, that I ought to have gone to the rector, and have got a Zuhörer Schein and to pay for my lectures. This is what I shall now do.

Leipzig, 12 November. Called on Rector Hofmann and was most courteously received and my arrangement to hear lectures without matriculation was satisfactorily made. Dr. Overbeck did not read this afternoon. Perhaps the avaricious old cuss is sick. Should think he would suffer from gripes in his trousers pocket. From three to four, Dr. Gess. I was his only auditor. He began smilingly, as if it were comical. I looked grave and serious. At the end he spoke to his audience from his chair and said that he would be unable to lecture next Saturday. We had some talk further and he accompanied me to the Lese Halle.

Leipzig, 23 November. Completes my first month in Leipzig. On the whole I have less confidence in my ability to acquire German than when I landed in June.

Leipzig, 5 December. Eight to one *Otto*, and began to read *Geschichte der Schlacht bei Leipzig*. Have taken too many lectures, and feel the effects of overwork — insomnia, etc. I take the afternoon for a visit to some of the battlefields. I have passed through Thonberg, and am now standing at the Denkmal to S. E. "Hier weilte Napoleon am 18 Oktober, 1813, die Kämpfe der Völkersschlacht beobachtend." . . . I am now on the Hügel der Monarchen, sitting in front of the Denkmal. On a tablet is this: "Gott war mit uns. Hier verweilten in der Schlacht bei Leipzig am 18 Oktober, 1813, die 3 ver-

bündeten Monarchen, Kaiser Franz I von Ostreich, Kaiser Alex. I von Russland, König Friedrich Wilhelm III von Preussen, und waren Zeugen der ausserordentlichen Tapferkeit ihrer Truppen."

I walked back to Probsthayda, and thence to Gonnerwitz and home by Pferdebahn. Could see between Probsthayda and Gonnerwitz the two stations of the enemy, that of Napoleon and that of the three monarchs, and could realize partly the scene.

Three to four, with Gess. His only auditor. He spoke to me informally at the opening and suggested that he should shorten his lecture that we might walk in the fine weather. In our walk he gave me a good account of the first King of Saxony, Napoleon's ally, a man without military capacity or courage; after battle of Jena made his own terms with Napoleon, by whom he was advanced from Kurfürst to King. In the battle of Leipzig the King stayed within the city in a house (which Gess showed me) and even concealed himself in the cellar. When the true monarchs, victorious, came into the Markt Platz with their troops, the King of Saxony, with only an adjutant, went out to them and stood before them cap in hand, supplicating mercy; but they would not speak to him. He was sent as prisoner to Berlin.

Leipzig, 16 December. With Consul Millar visited Halle. I was captivated. In the chief university building is a large clock audible in all the lecture rooms and striking every quarter-hour so that the lecturer can tell just how fast the time is slipping through his fingers. The benches and desks in the room were as plain as usual, but under each long table ran a shelf — so that each student had a place for his Collegienmappe, Brodchen, u. s. w. Consul Millar told me that the Saxons are hated and even laughed at all over Germany for their amiability — not always connected with high intelligence.

Leipzig, 20 December. I heard to-day Wündt, said to stand at the head of the physiological psychologists of Germany. Room large and full; applauded cordially as he came in and went out. A very plain, even homely and rather insignificant looking man of perhaps fifty; apparently not robust; with the air, say, of a journeyman tailor afflicted with dyspepsia and discouraged on account of lack of work. He began in a very quiet but earnest voice; he was grave throughout; often wrote on the blackboard, and often turned quite around and talked to the blackboard instead of the audience; something in his tones sounded to me pathetic, as if the gloom of his doctrine had cast its shadows upon his soul. His manner continued quiet, but earnest and winning; his words were spoken deliberately, but with a sort of tender and genuine cadence; and without any apparent effort to hold his audience he held them. Often he leaned forward upon his desk, where he stood, his hands extended in front, and both moving in nervous sympathy with his thought. By appointment with Dr. Ewald Flügel went to Gohlis, where we saw the house in which poor Schiller wrote his *Hymn to joy* — a very humble mansion indeed.

Leipzig, 31 December. The consul invited us to drink punch at his house to-night.

So ends this good year 1888.

CHAPTER XVI

1889

Leipzig, 1 January. Feel unaccountably depressed; the mistakes of my life, the defects of my character, oppressed me; the littleness of what I have done in any direction compared with my real opportunities of doing much gave me a sense of failure, and the fear that every opportunity was slipping away beyond my reach; along with this came the self-reproach that in the precious and few autumn hours of life I had needlessly come away from my unfinished work, and was spending on mere by-play and pleasant loitering the time and the vitality which are needed for steady, persistent work at home.

Self-abnegation vs. selfishness. Sympathy and help vs. self-absorption. Deliberation vs. impulsiveness. Self-control vs. self-indulgence. Perseverance vs. project-shiftliness. Every one thinks he could do better if he might live his life over again. The new year gives every man that opportunity. Let him for the future rectify the blunders of the past. Every new day is a new career.

Leipzig, 2 January. By appointment called on Professor Workman from Victoria University, Canada. Workman explained to me his theory of inspiration, which he calls the *Communion theory;* also the point of his forthcoming book on Jeremiah. The latter seems like an epoch-making work. He took the Septuagint of Jeremiah, collated it with the Masordic Hebrew text; found enormous discrepancies, and that the Septuagint must have been made from an older and purer text than is the Masordic; and then translated the Septuagint back into

Hebrew to find what it was. This reconstructed text he printed in a column parallel with the Masordic, and thus shows the discrepancies.

Leipzig, 3 January. All the morning read on Gellert's *Neue Briefe*, pp. 16–32 — twice over; the first time, without dictionary, to get the general sense; then more carefully looking out such words as were not familiar. I am charmed by Gellert — his delicate Attic style, his humor, his sympathy, his loving benevolent helpfulness, his beautiful devoutness. Bought a complete edition of Gellert, 1784, ten volumes, with good paper and type, steel engravings, for fifty pfennig per volume! After that visited Das rote Collegium, where Gellert lived. Saw also the room where the philosophical faculty hold examinations for degrees; with old portraits on the walls — originals of Luther, Melancthon.

In *London daily news* read an editorial article on Charles F. Richardson's second volume of *American literature*. The article ended with the sentence that as our literature is still so young it would be better for us to add to it than to be writing histories of it. This set me re-thinking on the use to which I ought to put the next few years of my life. Shall I go on with my *History of American literature*, or write a history of *The birth of the revolution*, or write a series of historical novels, beginning with one in Governor Berkeley's time; and perhaps also take time for more miscellaneous literary work — essays, American ballads, dialogues *à la Imaginary conversations*, and other projects more purely literary.

Leipzig, 9 January. All the morning on Gellert. Ran through more of his letters; then began on Volume I, to read his *Fabeln*. Read about twenty pages and found them very good, each one having a real idea, neatly expressed, with a charming flavor of humor and a dainty poetical touch.

After dinner read in Hauff's *Tales;* from half-past three to five walked with Flügel. He showed me the Napoleon house in Reudnitz. At his own house he also showed me original letters of Washington and the other early Presidents. He told me of the rich Leipzig banker, Frege, who is very devout. Frege has a country house. One day, walking out in the fields, he heard a workman swear. Going up to him and giving him a mark, he said, "Please don't swear any more." The next day on his walk, whenever he passed workmen, they broke out into loud swearing. They also wished to be reformed by the same appeal.

Leipzig, 16 January. Dense fog; light too dim to use my eyes; and my head somewhat rebellious, So at ten went forth. At eleven heard Springer on *Geschichte der altchristlichen Kunst.* His famulus brought in and arranged photographs for illustration, and Springer entered from his apparatus room, and sat in his chair, silent for a minute or two, a picturesque old man, white hair, white beard, bright eyes, his face bearing traces of illness; his front teeth partly gone and his articulation defective therefrom and his voice rather heavy. At first he spoke with his eyes directed to the ceiling, having a wrapt look; sometimes with his eyes closed, as if dreaming aloud; sometimes he looked straight into the eyes of his hearers. His gestures were animated and unconscious; he would leave the platform and show the pictures, walk up and down the space in front; or lean unconsciously against the desk. A real orator by nature, and the most impressive sage I have seen here, next to Luthard.

At twelve, heard Hasse on *Deutsche Colonial-politik.* He came in with his hat in hand, and fur-lined overcoat on, and hung both on pegs near the stand. A square, broad-faced Saxon, with blue eyes, blond face, and yellow hair and beard; a head of the Garfield shape; a handsome man; quiet, business-like

ways, with a masterful air about him, and with a something in his manner that gave weight to what he said. After the lecture, instead of going at once from the room, he stopped to put on his coat, and his hearers left first. First instance of this I have seen.

In evening looked over some histories of German literature, particularly Hettner.

Leipzig, 21 January. Gellert's *Fabeln*, 139–162. Also a good many pages in Hauff. Three to four, Gess's lecture. Walked with him for a short time. Later read in Klopstock's *Leben* and in the evening aloud Longfellow's *Nuremberg and the belfry of Brouges*.

Was wakeful last night and as usual at such times, of late, was visited by visions of my historical novel. Persons, traits, incidents, crowded upon me. Till after ten this morning wrote down memories of these visions. Some portions of the plot have been greatly developed and several characters made distinct.

Leipzig, 22 January. Eleven to twelve, being unfit for work, went forth, heard Arndt on *Allegemeine Verfassungsgeschichte des Mittelalters*. About twelve hearers. He is a man of about fifty-five, gray-whiskered, with a most genial face and spirit; his voice deep but mellow and flexible. He sits, stands, leans over, moves about, gets tired of any one position, gets up and pulls down his vest, and even adjusts the position of his trousers; and is altogether and very quietly at home. The lecture impressed me as scientific and thorough, very solid, no flourishes. At twelve went to hear the elder Delitsch. A large room, many students. He came in with tottering steps and the movement of old age; wears no glasses; seems to be nearly eighty; his voice too feeble for the room; and in the early part of the lecture his face was turned away from the class, and part of the time he talked to the blackboard. We could hear only a murmur of

indistinguishable sounds. Some of the students were laughing at the absurdity of the performance. He wrote on the blackboard names of certain Israelitish kings. Then read slowly the leading propositions of his lecture; but the class often scraped the floor for repetition, which he seldom gave them. The scraping was met by hisses.

At eight in the evening went to Dr. Delitsch's Anglo-American seminary. About twenty persons were present. He came in like a picturesque old sage and prophet; was reverently assisted in removing his overcoat. At table he read in English a brief thesis about miracles, stopping after every proposition and elaborating it in German. Was rather acute and effective. After he had done, the names of all present were given to him, and he spoke to two or three persons. He tried to talk in English. He spoke with much hesitation and his pronunciation was very Teutonic. A Mr. Curtis was introduced to him. The old man brightened up at the name, and thought of his friend Professor Curtis, of Chicago. He wanted to say, "You are one of the sons of Professor Curtis?" but he lapsed into this delightful variation: "Are you one of the parents of Professor Curtis?"

Afterward walked to Lindeneau, and talked with the miller who occupies the house in which Napoleon rested on his retreat. In evening I read in Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*. Tame!

Leipzig, 29 January. Resumed reading in Gellert's *Fabeln*, 182–208. Again read in Hauff. All the world is agog at the election of Boulanger by the people of Paris. What next? France in the hands of an adventurer. If he takes supreme power, can he hold it without a war with Germany?

Three to four, Gess's lecture. Six to seven, Seydel lecture. A face like Melancthon, intellectual, delicate, sensitive, spiritual, affectionate. He takes his chair, pauses a little, reads and

improvises in a gentle, clear voice; full of refinement and beauty. Was able to follow him very well.

Leipsig, 1 February. Accepted invitation to supper at Professor Maurenbrecher's house. His wife, a handsome woman of about fifty, black eyes, a face of intelligence and strong character, born and bred in London, though of German parentage; speaks English with a perfect accent. Evidently (as gossip says) the master of the situation, the ruler of her own household, her huge, fat husband included. With so remarkable a memory and so wide a range of knowledge that her husband constantly appeals to her for information as the talk goes on; and she generally produces it. Thus he and I were talking about Ranke, and the question was asked in what month did he die. Across the table to her, who was talking with others: "Mamma, in what month did Ranke die?" (Instantly): "In 1886 — in May!" So of names, of persons, places, books, etc. She said she was expected to have learned everything and to remember it.

I told him that in his lectures on *Quellenkunde* I had been waiting to hear what opinion he had of Kinglake's *Crimean war;* and that perhaps he had spoken of it sometime when I was absent. He: "No, I have not spoken of it." Then, after a delay, as if waiting for me to speak, he added: "Do you think highly of the book?" I gave him my opinion of it, and his look and words indicated that he had not read it, though he chose not to say so. There was a little apparent finesse in covering up the fact or avoiding the avowal of it. But his bright wife, in the midst of the talk around the table, caught the name Kinglake, instantly gave the title of the book, and added that the Tauchnitz edition had recently been announced as ready, probably the final volume lately published in England. The Kaiser Wilhelm II, as Prince William, studied at Bonn ten years ago

and had heard Maurenbrecher's lectures, he said. For two years was very earnest and inquisitive, used to wait near the window or on the the stairway after the lecture to meet Maurenbrecher and to ask him about various points in the lecture; the exact meaning to this, where he could read upon that, etc. He had a mind of his own; formed his own opinions to an unusual degree; and at that time was not a friend or admirer of Bismarck's; was still under his mother's influence. Maurenbrecher said that if he had never done anything else in life, he should always feel some content over the fact that in conversation he had constantly impressed on the Prince the great service and ability of Bismarck, and had perhaps set a-going the influence which had conduced to his present complete intimacy and concord with his great chancellor. He was often with the Prince bei Tisch.

Maurenbrecher said further: "The Prince may not think great thoughts, but he certainly thinks; every thought of his has to pass through his own mind first. As to character — ah! he is not 'liebenswürdig' like the old Kaiser; he can be very hard and harsh and impolite and even savage." Maurenbrecher kindly offered to show me his seminar rooms and agreed to call for me next Tuesday at half-past four.

They have four sons — the second one only eighteen and weighing two hundred and forty pounds, as his father said, but the son corrected it by saying it was only two hundred and thirty-nine.

A sweet young lady from Düsseldorf, introduced as his niece, was there on a visit to them, with a charming broken English; a noble, sensitive, good face; and eyes full of tenderness, truth, and trustfulness. The only other guest was Dr. William Busch, privat-docent, pet of Maurenbrecher's; with facile and self-confident courtesy, and ample social courage; jovial, ready, affable; never forgetting himself, and a bit of an actor in

look, tone, gestures, etc. He escorted me home with great and deferential cordiality — apparently; though I had my doubts.

We sat at *Abendbrod* from about twenty minutes past eight till nearly eleven; great eaters — especially Maurenbrecher and his fat son; no beer; but as Rhinelanders they had wine — white and red. Maurenbrecher grew very jolly.

Once Maurenbrecher was about to tell me something in German and began by saying: "Herr Professor, will you understand what I am going to say?"

Of course, the question was worthy of an Irishman. I paused an instant till he should realize it; and then said, "I hope so."

Maurenbrecher laughed uproariously, rolled his mountain belly around, and clicked glasses over the speech.

Speaking of the Austrian Crown Prince Rudolph, just dead by his own hand, I asked Maurenbrecher if the Prince were not rather dissipated. In a low voice and leaning toward me as if in confidence, he replied, "As dissipated as a human being could be."

Leipzig, 4 February. Read all the morning in Hauff; finished the sixth volume of *Märchen*, and began to read *Lichtenstein*. Not in good trim for work. Went to the university library to find some books on American history. Want to look over Berkeley's reign in Virginia. Found few books and no conveniences. From six to seven, lecture by Maurenbrecher, concerning Bismarck's *Briefe;* he said that Ranke had in conversation passed this judgment upon them: "If Bismarck were not the greatest statesman of Germany, he would be its greatest *schriftsteller*, after Goethe."

Last Friday evening Maurenbrecher offered to show me his seminar rooms, etc. He chose this afternoon at half-past four

to meet me here on his way thither and I told him I would await him at the front door. There I waited from twenty minutes past four till five. He did not come, and he sent me no message at his lecture. This sort of thing, I am told, is characteristic of him; he is too facile in making promises and doesn't keep his engagements. His lectures yesterday and to-day on Italian affairs under Cavour's hand have been very brilliant and impassioned.

Leipzig, 8 February. Read *Lichtenstein*, which proves to be a charming romance. Maurenbrecher came at twenty minutes past six into his lecture room; but, finding that he had not brought his manuscript with him, could not lecture. He dismissed his audience in a somewhat embarrassed way. I thought he did not avail himself of his opportunity to give a good general talk; but few Germans seem able to meet sudden emergencies. At seven, at Gevandhaus — new oratorio, *Constantia*. Not a masterpiece.

Leipzig, 10 February. All the morning wrote letters. Received one from the Adams Publishing Company, of Springfield, Massachusetts, respecting a republication of my *Brownville papers*.

Leipzig, 19 February. Gave two hours to second reading of *Lichtenstein*, looking out carefully every word concerning which I was uncertain. In the afternoon made farewell calls and took a parting drink of beer with the ever-friendly consul.

Leipzig, 20 February. At twenty-five minutes past seven left for Weimar and reached it at ten. Rain falling, soon turned into wet snow; the streets and walks sloppy and dirty. I first walked about the place, through the leading streets, saw the chief buildings, statues, tablets, etc. Then visited the Goethe

house — an abode fit for a great poet; was most impressed by his work room and bedroom — their severe simplicity, no carpet, only a fragment of one in front of the bed, etc.

Then took lunch; went to the Schiller house and saw the plain deal bedstead on which he died; then to the Wittheimer Palais — deeply impressed by the portrait of Schiller and Frederick the Great; then to the statue of Herder and the house in which he lived and died. It was now a quarter past three and dark; the chief houses closed; my feet were wet; and I hurried to catch the swift train for Leipzig, where I arrived at six. Was deeply charmed with Weimar. Should love to stay there a whole summer and read in the poets who lived there.

München, 15 March. Went to Neue and Alte Pinakothek, which are wonderful collections of old masters, but especially of Rubens, Rembrandt, and Van Dyke. Galleries cold.

Walked to cemetery — a dismal effort at landscape and architectural beauty; monuments high, thick, and unlovely. Looked into the rooms where the dead must lie exposed for two or three days — each corpse in contact with an electrified wire by which a bell rings in case of resuscitation.

At eight we went for *Abendbrod* to Englisches café and had our first taste of Salvator Bier — sickish stuff — too sweet.

München, 20 March. Read about fifty pages in Freytag. Delightful for its humor and its clear dramatic gleams of human nature. Visited the studio of the famous Défregger. His studio, a separate house in his grounds — very ample and commodious and gave me heartache for my lost study.

From four to seven walked to the Zacherlische Brauerei, and saw an immense crowd of people — men, women, and children — drinking immense quantities of Salvator Bier, a spectacle of sheer barbarous enjoyment — unmitigated swilling; unrelieved by a touch of delicacy, or art.

München, 28 March. Read nearly one hundred pages in *Soll und Haben.* It is full of power; its humor is delicious, its touches of human nature and character neat and vivid; some passages of high poetic and philosophic beauty. Weather very Münchenish.

The morning paper gives news of the death of John Bright. Letter from Houghton concerning publication of a new edition of *Brawnville papers.*

Freiburg, 28 April. Went early to the cathedral. Densely crowded with men, women, and children; multitudes standing. The scene most impressive.

Between nine and ten called on Von Holst, who lives in a stately house and is a man of very high consideration here. He received me very cordially. His wife was to have a surgical operation to-day, and I spent only half an hour with him. At about half-past eleven took the train for Strassburg. Here I am at Hotel Pfeiffer. After dinner and rest walked to the cathedral. Was greatly awed by its interior. Heard a good sermon delivered before a woman's *Verein* for benevolent work, and was almost the only man in a great throng of women.

Then went to the new palace of the German Kaiser and finally to the university, which is the most sumptuous university edifice I have seen in Germany. Came back and lingered near the cathedral till nearly dark.

Heidelberg, 1 May. At a quarter of nine left Stuttgart and reached here at about fifteen minutes past twelve.

Looked in at the university just in time to hear the first lecture of Kuno Fisher on the *History of Greek philosophy.* The room was half full; he was much applauded as he came in and went out; his elocution suggested that he had memorized his lecture — which was perfect in arrangement and diction and most fluently spoken. To my great surprise I was able

to follow him. I could see that he had influenced Schurman's method as a lecturer, while also the latter has points of difference in manner — preserves his own originality, and reveals a humbler, gentler, and nobler spirit.

Heidelberg, 9 May. In the afternoon read much of G. P. R. James's novel *Heidelberg*, which quite held me, perhaps more on account of the local interest. Am now quite ready to move on down the Rhine. I long for London and to get to work in the British Museum.

London, 21 May, 27 Woburn Place, Russell Square. We are to have a whole floor, three rooms, with attendance, gas, and cooking, for thirty shillings a week. After dinner I rode to Trafalgar Square, then walked through the dear old Strand to Chancery Lane and home. Good, good!

London, 24 May. With ——— and my girls went on top of 'bus to London bridge; then by boat to Cadogan Pier, Chelsea; saw the houses of Carlyle and George Eliot; and came back the same way. Sent word of our arrival to McCarthy, Harold Frederic, etc. In evening heard Spurgeon at Exeter Hall — a great speech by a great orator. When he arose, the audience waved handkerchiefs and hats, and cheered for several minutes. He began humbly, referring to his fatigue and illness, and feared he could not meet their wishes; and then at once began to talk directly to the young men — first to those who were not Christians and then to those who were. It was courageous, practical, pungent, occasionally humorous, but deeply impressive and stirring. He referred to the tendencies of the age; said people told him he should keep abreast of them, but his idea of it was this: There were the tendencies of the age coming down pell mell against them, and all bad; and he was for standing up and breasting them. This was thrilling and aroused

great feeling. He was very eloquent when he appealed to the young men to keep themselves pure and unspotted. After his speech the audience arose and shouted as he hobbled from the stage, and people gathered about his carriage in the street and he shook hands with all in reach.

London, 25 May. After nine went to University College and got prospectus; then to National Gallery and spent an hour and a half; then sat awhile on the steps looking at the vast crowds in Trafalgar Square, and then walked home through Regent and Oxford streets. At half-past two went to British Museum and was told that "once a reader always a reader"; was recognized by one of the old attendants at the door, and made a start for reading.

London, 26 May. At eleven, Foundlings Hospital chapel. Sermon by the rector, Dr. Momerie — a witty, not very reverent, but pungent and courageous attack on the doctrine of the physical resurrection.

London, 27 May. At half-past five called on Harold Frederic. Saw his wife, and then later he came in; my first sight of him. About thirty-three; perhaps five feet ten, big bellied, stout, with a strong, healthy look, and the dress and manners of a London artist or journalist. Talks easily and well; a well-poised, confident bearing, slightly recalling some of the ways of Theodore Tilton. Seems quite settled into London life; his wife thinks she can never bear anything else.

At eight, by appointment, to the National Liberal club — a superb, great affair; then looked in at the Salisbury club, and later, at a club in Covent Garden — the latter the transformation of a historical place. Home at midnight.

London, 29 May. At half-past two at London Library in St. James's Square. Annual meeting. Mr. Gladstone presided

and made a brief, quiet address. He has aged much since I last saw him; has almost no hair on the side and back of head.

To bed at nine — not exactly London bedtime.

London, May 30. Worked at British Museum until half-past eleven; then at Harold Frederic's. Looked at manuscript of a new novel he is writing. With him for lunch to the Savage club, where we ate and drank with Moffat and Forman, and David Christie Murray, the latter a novelist and good talker.

In afternoon went to Mile End Road and saw the People's Palace — the realized dream of the novelist Walter Besant. Received notice of election as honorary member of National Liberal club and of the Century club.

London, 4 June. Nine to one, British Museum. Am getting deeply interested in Sir William Berkeley, and can see materials for a fine book on his life and times. Much new materials are available, and many errors might be corrected. Am tempted to do it, instead of the novel. But, succeeded in discovering the date and place of Sir William Berkeley's birth. At seven, Savage club dinner (at the Criterion) to David Christie Murray. I was the guest of Harold Frederic. Came away at eleven in the evening. Edmund Yates presided; a rather second-rate and very bohemian affair.

London, 28 June. In evening at annual meeting of the English Goethe Society. An exquisite address by Edward Dowden on *Goethe and the French revolution.* Dowden himself a refined, strong man of perhaps forty-five — gentle, pleasing, firm, simple.

London, 14 July. At seven, Westminster Abbey — service marred by the incivility of a disagreeable usher. The discourse was by Professor Jowett, and was in memory of Dean Stanley; a fine essay, but unsuitable for such an assemblage, and tamely read.

London, 16 July. At just ten minutes before one, at British Museum, finished my last piece of work — serious work — on this side of the Atlantic. For the rest of the time before August 24 I shall play. That does not exclude my writing a bit mornings. My work in London has been an attempt to understand Sir William Berkeley and his administration, particularly the closing portion of it, including Bacon's rebellion. There is work here for a strong, good historical biography, but probably I shall never undertake it. I have now put myself in pretty good condition to work out the plot of my novel — covering the years 1675, 6, and 7. I feel some anxious curiosity to find out whether I have it in me to do good work in that field and if so I shall follow it up — I mean the field of fiction — particularly, at first, the historical romance.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS MOTHER

Chester, England, 2 August, 1889

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Since it is my birthday, I think I will write you a short letter which I hope may reach you on your birthday; although I know that the congratulations which will greet you on attaining the honor of being eighty-two years old will be tempered with sadness by the thought of the great sorrow we all feel over the dreadful affliction which has befallen poor John. [He died the day after these words were written.]

Indeed, this last year has brought to me many griefs through death, sickness, and other misfortunes, and has given to all life a more sombre hue than it has ever before worn for me.

I hope these few lines will find you in serene spirits and bearing cheerfully the weight of all the years which rest upon you, and that the Light which is brighter than that of the sun may ever stream around your footsteps.

We have just passed a very restful month in Stratford-on-Avon; and are now greatly enjoying our stay in this city, which is one of the most ancient and picturesque towns in England —

dating back to the time of Julius Cæsar. We are going this afternoon to see the ruins of a Roman bath which has lately been exhumed and which is perhaps two thousand years old.

In just three weeks from to-day we expect to sail for home — a prospect to which we look forward with great eagerness.

Your affectionate son, MOSES.

Ithaca, 19 November. We landed in New York on Sunday, September 1, and came here on the third of September. For about two weeks I was busy with repairs and changes in the house. Then settled down to writing lectures on *Constitutional history of the colonies.* Have written and delivered fifteen. During the past week have resumed work on the *History of American literature* from 1765 to 1815. Just now on Joel Barlow. Can give only an hour or two a day at present. But it is a joy to have got started at it once more.

Ithaca, 20 November. Last night I turned a man named Eaton out of my senior-graduate seminary on account of incivility and incompetence. Two more will have to go for the latter reason; and two more ought to. Never have I felt so strong a grip on my work since I came here. The great incident of my life, since my return home, is my break with President C. K. Adams. We are no longer friends — acquaintances merely. Perhaps I shall jot down some day the facts which have dissolved a very intimate relation, lasting nearly twenty years.

Ithaca, 21 November. From eight to eleven forty-five, at home study, on Joel Barlow. Read for second time three books of *The columbiad* and made notes on some of his small poems.

Ithaca, November 22. I am very happy to be in my private study and to be at my history once more. Am reading Book VIII of *The columbiad* and am greatly stirred by the tremendous passage against African slavery in America. The political,

ethical, and patriotic thought is noble. His biographer, Todd, has done his work inadequately. There were materials for a great biography.

This leads me to think of my old plan of writing a series of condensed American biographies as my next work after finishing the *History of American literature.* I must have one on Barlow. Worked till nearly twelve on him for the *History;* and began to write a first draft. Lecture 3:30 to 4:30. From half-past four to a quarter past six, faculty meeting. Another of those painful scenes which have become so frequent under C. K. Adams's tactless rule. I felt real pity for this poor old pachyderm of a president, persistently reiterating the same old blunders and plunging forever into the quagmire deeper and deeper.

Ithaca, 25 November. Till twelve on Barlow. Trying to get into the swing of real literary work. Hard after so long disuse. To write artistically is tenfold more exhausting than any other kind of work I ever tried, except night oratory. This morning worked slowly and delicately over the first three or four pages of my manuscript on Joel Barlow; and it told more on my nervous life than any amount of the rough work of making lectures on American constitutional history and law.

Ithaca, 7 December. For several days have been somewhat dejected by the mediocrity of my materials for American literary history between 1765 and 1815; but a reading of several chapters written some years ago restores to me somewhat my courage and gives me hope that a true, honest, scientific, and yet attractive piece of work can be built on that territory.

Read a bit in Swinburne's new book — *A study of Ben Jonson.* What a debased style is that of Swinburne.

Ithaca, 12 December. At half-past three gave my last lecture this term, ending the work as well as I had ever hoped to do it.

Upon the whole, this term has been for me the best one I have ever had since I began this career of professor — the most concentrated, effective, and fruitful.

Ithaca, 15 December. A call in the parlor this evening from C. K. Adams. He was not at all at his ease; and gasped and floundered more than usual. I manifested no cordiality, but treated him with cool civility, and the conversation went on for an hour.

I accompanied him to the door, and as he walked away he turned half around in an awkward sort of way as if expecting me to say some relenting word. Poor old pachyderm — befooling himself with the dream of being a Bismarck.

CHAPTER XVII

1890

Ithaca, 16 January. Have been reading considerable German — Hauff's *Novellen*, Freytag's *Verlorene Handschrift*, *Die Heilige Schrift*, *u. s. w.*

I am stuck in the mud of Joel Barlow, and cannot pull myself out; neither can I do anything else till I have got out. So, with rather invalid strength, I began to tug away this morning and tired myself out in two hours.

Ithaca, 17 January. Till after twelve toiling on this vexatious task of finishing up my chapter on Joel Barlow. Shall have to give it several mornings more, I fear.

Ithaca, 18 January. Physically and mentally depressed, perhaps the effect of my recent illness. To be done with Joel Barlow being my present necessity, I pounded away on him all the morning and perhaps have got to the end of my treatment of *The columbiad*. If so, it will be easier to deal with his minor writings.

Ithaca, 20 January. Though lacking strength, toiled away at Joel — revising what I wrote Saturday, and beginning an account of his minor writings. Progress is visible, and I hope the end is not far off. Anxious to get on to the next topic.

Ithaca, 21 January. With better vigor returned to the siege of Joel Barlow. Dealt with his *Conspiracy of kings* and *Hasty pudding*. Lecture at half-past three. Seminary at seven.

Ithaca, 22 January. Cold weather. Good! All the morning on Joel Barlow. Have finished his political writings,

and am now studying his prose. The evangelist Moody held a meeting at Barnes Hall at five. Great crowd. Was most painfully impressed by the jocular, vulgarizing, crude tone of the man.

Ithaca, 26 January. Slept but little last night. Unfit for controversy and business; and a personal war, like this, is at war with my nature. [This has reference to relations with C. K. Adams.] Regrets and sad memories poured through my mind all night. But I am in the path of duty and must not flinch. I never was in a fight before; and I am not going out of this fight behind.

Ithaca, 27 January. With a tired brain worked for two hours on the prose of Joel Barlow, and then went to the library to try to settle some bibliographical questions about him. Afterward looked over class papers at office. At dinner Mr.—— called and stated that the president could not attend the meeting of Senate committee on Tuesday evening. On my way to lecture I called on President Adams and arranged for Thursday evening. Our interview was formal, cold, and, on his part, almost harsh.

Ithaca, 28 January. Not up to the mark for good brain work. Pottered awhile on Barlow's prose, and then prepared lecture on *The first colonial patent of James I.* Seven to half-past eight, seminary. Later, read a bit of P. Bayne's *Life of Luther*, a flashy, trashy sort of an attempt at popularizing history.

Ithaca, 2 February. Read to-day in Charles Beard's *Martin Luther* — a masterpiece of historical scholarship and of English style. My Sunday reading now is to be on Luther and the Reformation. I am glad to be able to study more closely that wondrous man. The strain of work this past week, especially connected with our committee and Senate meetings, leaves me

very tired to-day. Am much impressed by the possibility of spiritual and mental discipline to be got from practice in the business of faculty discussions — a thing calling, in high degree, for self-control and mental resource.

Ithaca, 3 February. Nearly all the morning looking over John Trumbull things. Ah, yes; the last two hours, preparing lecture on *Early colonial patents.* Came a sweet, old-fashioned letter from Andrew D. White, suggesting that I should write an *American Plutarch* — really an old idea of my own. This letter will strengthen my inclination thereto. When my *American literature* is done — if there is anything left of me — perhaps I'll give it to this.

Ithaca, 6 February. Again all morning on colonies; and the new lecture thus written went off well in the afternoon; especial uproar of fun over the ludicrously unintelligible boundaries of Rhode Island.

Ithaca, 19 February. Ash Wednesday. Had a bad night. Unable to do real work to-day. Head very tired. After preparing for my class, wandered off in the fresh air and visited a peaceful and inviting spot — the East Lawn cemetery — looking about for a good, comfortable place in which this poor body may be laid to rest. Could not go to church. Felt discouraged about writing.

Ithaca, 20 February. Not in good condition yet. Pottered over Trumbull, and then gave up in despair. Gave the rest of the morning to arranging books and papers in my study.

Ithaca, 21 February. Got a slight start in writing on John Trumbull — just a gleam of intellectual light; giving me a revival of hope that I can still do something. Had to spend most of the morning on class work. Half-past three, recitation

in American constitutional law. At half-past eight, to see Professor Palmer, of Harvard, and his wife — my old pupil, Alice Freeman. A pleasant hour. A bit of good talk with Palmer. He read a charming passage from his translation of the *Odyssey*.

Ithaca, 22 February. Had some good hours for writing. It cheers, but does not inebriate. From half-past three to five walked with Professor Palmer, who greatly attracts me. He told me much of interest about Harvard, Eliot, etc.

Ithaca, 27 February. Got about four hours for work on John Trumbull. Am studying his earliest prose essays, about 1768, *The correspondent*. Slow, but real work.

Ithaca, 3 March. From half-past eight to half-past twelve, a good piece of work on Trumbull's first essays — *The correspondent*. After lecture at half-past four walked in the crisp air, over the frozen ground, out to the Pleasant Grove cemetery, which I rather prefer to the East Lawn. Must ask about it. In evening, seminar; then half an hour's walk.

Ithaca, 9 March. Head and body too tired to go down to St. John's. Walked out for a pair of hours into the country. At three at chapel; heard Dr. Chamberlain; it was an over-ornamented effort at preaching the joy of righteousness. He falls quite below my expectation.

Ithaca, 10 March. Spent the morning in going over some thirty pages of type-written copy on Trumbull, verifying, correcting, putting in notes, etc.

Ithaca, 11 March. Finished revision of my chapter on Trumbull, which at present is carried only down to 1760. Shall hope to finish it after my return from New Haven. Half-past

three, lecture. Gave a blessing to young T—— for his flimsy thesis — the young wind-bag son.

New York, 18 March. At New York Historical Society library, looked over files of *Boston chronicle* for 1769–70, and found the ninth number of *The meddler.* In evening went to Metropolitan opera house to grand spread of the Nineteenth Century club; heard lecture by Miss Amelia B. Edwards on *Egyptian fiction.* Miss Edwards looks to be about sixty; her left arm, recently broken, was hung in a sling; her features delicate, fine, sensitive; and a voice of rare melody, most effectively used by her. The lecture was a masterpiece of felicitous literary statement. The great news reaches us of Bismarck's retirement — a notable event for the whole world, and the end of a great epoch.

New Haven, 19 March. Left New York at nine and reached New Haven at twelve.

I write in old Grove Hall, looking out down Church street, and seeing President Woolsey's old house, at which I used to gaze with awe as upon an imperial palace.

New Haven, 20 March. Went to library and to work on such things as they have on Trumbull and Barlow. Found *The meddler* essays in *Boston chronicle.* At five, heard lecture by Professor George Adams on the *Missouri compromise* and the *Monroe doctrine;* good, clear, business-like talks; judicial; just a trifle lacking in life and spirit. Stopped and spoke with him.

New Haven, 21 March. At half-past eight lecture by Professor W. G. Sumner — or, rather, a class exercise. Subject: *The American iron market in relation to the tariff;* first fifteen minutes class wrote in silence; papers were taken up, then questions fired upon him by the class. His way of dealing

with them was masterly. I never witnessed more admirable teaching. All tell me that he wields an unrivalled influence over the students. Can well believe it. I waited to speak with him. His manner to me was formal, cold. At a quarter of ten went to the library and renewed work. All the morning on the Stiles manuscripts, which profoundly interested me. I wish they were printed; a mass of eighteenth-century science and opinion and social customs. While working was visited by Lounsbury, A. M. Wheeler, and President Dwight. The latter was facetious and informal and very pleasant, but knew nothing of any early unprinted writings of his grandfather. At three in the afternoon Lounsbury called by appointment for a walk. He showed me the courts of the lawn tennis club, with one of wood for winter use. He told me of his great work on Chaucer, which he hopes to publish this year, in two volumes, by the Harpers; an exhaustive piece of work; his *magnum opus* and his monument. He has given prodigious work to it the last ten years; has gathered together a great collection of books on the subject; hopes to deal completely with every important topic relating to Chaucer, and to make a book which every student of Chaucer hereafter will need to have. We gossiped about Yale faculty matters. There is a chronic unpleasantness established between Timothy Dwight and the faculty. Tim is on the whole a disappointment. The great need of the college is money — unrestrained in its use for general purposes, especially for increasing the force of teachers. Sumner hates Dwight, just as he did Porter. Just before five we arrived at the library, where I met Professor George Adams, with whom I walked till six. He speaks very modestly of his attainments, especially in American history, on which he has now to "cram" for his lectures.

New Haven, 22 March. From ten to one at the Yale library. Finished my inspection of the Stiles manuscripts, which have a

biographical and historical value greater than I expected. At 6:00 P. M. at dinner at Professor Lounsbury's. We had a merry evening. Lounsbury's talk is full of life and seasoned with humor.

In afternoon long call from Professor A. M. Wheeler; and then called on Professor Fisher and President Porter. The latter is physically broken and infirm — a mere wreck; but still teaches philosophy. His instruction is a mere farce, and greatly deranges the department, but the poor old man — partly from pride and partly from the need of his salary — clings to his professorship, the duties of which he tries to discharge. Sad that we have not a proper system for the retirement of aged professors after a life of faithful service.

Stratford, Ct., 24 March. Left New Haven at half-past eight. Reached here at about nine, and after considerable inquiry found the house of Miss Linslie — a large, stately old mansion standing in the midst of perhaps ten acres of ground. She received me at the door, called me by name, and ushered me into a large parlor, in which a wood fire was making things cheerful. After some preliminary talk I proceeded to work with her assistance, and went through the last volume of the *Connecticut gazette*, but found no *Correspondent;* then began to search the *Journal* and *Post boy* through 1768–1769. Finally in 1770 found the first nine numbers of *The correspondent* and in 1773 found the remainder. Noted exact dates. Miss Linslie kindly helped me in copying and was in all ways agreeable and kind. Took dinner with her, after which she showed me the old homes of the place. Was most interested in looking at the site of Samuel Johnson's house.

Ithaca, 8 April. Finished lecture on *Historical precedents for a bill of rights*. The world is watching anxiously the young German Kaiser, who is now ruling without Bismarck. Many

voices cry out — audacious, eccentric, foolish, and predict disaster. Somehow, I believe in him. Perhaps he is a genius; another Frederick the Great. All the evening looking over my old book, *The Brawnville papers*, for which there seems to be some demand, and I may revise and republish.

Ithaca, 24 April. My habit now is to spend the first half hour in my study alone every morning in religious devotion, reading *Die deutsche Bibel* von Luther, übergesetzt; *Thomas à Kempis und Pusey's Prayers.*

Bishop Doane preached morning and evening at St. John's. He told me that Lidden will not publish the *Life of Pusey* till after Manning and Newman have left this world. Doane's episcopal regalia, with his Oxford hood blazing on his back, made a great sensation, and were far more brilliant than his discourses.

Ithaca, 8 May. Beginning to weary of lecture-making, as I usually do after I have written a dozen or more in quick succession. Long to be at my chapter for *American literature* once more. At half-past eight went to reception given to Goldwin Smith. He was very cordial, said he had just been in Washington, where he liked to go, especially to see "old Bancroft," as he calls him. The latter was in bed; remembers clearly the events and persons of his early and middle life; his talk was full of interest and charm. He was confused only as to where he was; seemed to be uncertain whether he was in Washington or Newport. Goldwin Smith thinks it doubtful whether Bancroft has kept records of his vast personal acquaintance with eminent men in Europe and America for the past seventy years. One other remark of Goldwin Smith's: Haggard's stories indicate the last attempts of fiction to keep itself alive before it expires. The end of novel-writing has been reached. In fact, there will be no more literature. All now is

to be science. We used to tell Matthew Arnold at Oxford that he was the last, though not the least, of English poets.

Ithaca, 11 May. At chapel, Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, gave a wonderful sermon on *Our Lord's person and authority*, the very Gospel. I was spellbound. After sermon, Dr. Hoge spent an hour with us. He is an apostle indeed. My heart goes out to him.

Ithaca, 13 May. Worked rather wearily on the records for the twelfth amendment lecture. Shall write no more lectures after this topic is treated until next fall. Long to resume work on my book. That would refresh me. Very tired. Paced the veranda all the evening, chewing the cud of quietness and content.

Ithaca, 24 May. With unspeakable pleasure resumed work on my *History of American literature*, which I have been forced to neglect since about this time in March, when I stopped in the midst of my unfinished chapter on John Trumbull. After so long a pause it is hard to restore the mental connection.

Ithaca, 28 May. After a night of ill sleep, a morning of ill work. Pottered and muddled over Trumbull. Instead of the freshness and glow of creative vigor, have I spent the last two months on lecture drudgery; and now, when I can get some mornings for literary work, the power is gone. Still I must press forward; perhaps it will come back. At any rate, I need refreshment and recuperation.

Ithaca, 3 June. Began to write on Trumbull as a satirist, *Progress of dullness*, a progress which my own work on the subject illustrated, I fear. Am in danger of writing a book about Trumbull. The day was without bracing air, and I plodded in a grim sort of way.

Ithaca, 23 June. Vacation really begins to-day, and for the next three months I can lead the life ideal — the life I would lead if I were in independent circumstances.

After morning devotions, from nine to one wrote and studied for my *History*. My mind was fresh and alert; and I wrote joyously. Made some headway. These things I cannot command, but I hope to finish *Trumbull* by the last day of this month. It has dragged so long. This is an ideal day — industrious, earnest, composed, independent, helpful, quiet, cheerful, in the fear and love of God and in love of all men.

Ithaca, 15 July. Heavy with moisture, hot, dead — the air to-day has lain as a burden upon us — not as an inspiration. I have struggled against it in vain this morning; tried to make a beginning of my small chapter on *Humphreys*. I forced two or three sentences upon the paper, and felt that they were lead, that I was impotent and stupid. Then, at about eleven, escaped into a book, and read till lunch with much delight in H. C. Lodge's new book on *Washington*. I have been forthputting now for so many weeks that I seem to be hungry for reading.

Ithaca, 23 July. Plodded along with *David Humphreys*, and made very, very slow work. Art is very long. Evening — delightful rest and meditation, wandering among the trees on the lawn, and sitting on the veranda. This is almost an ideal life, one of the most rationally happy summers I ever had — recalling somewhat that of 1869 — in the dear little cottage, ætate 34.

Ithaca, 24 July. Another morning of almost imperceptible progress on *David*. Afternoon — nap as usual; an hour in the library, during which I came upon some new material concerning David Humphreys and his literary crowd, Trumbull,

Dwight, and Barlow, and decided to be content and go slow, and to let my treatment of *David Humphreys* take its own development, and become larger than I had intended. Shall drop him for a few days now, and prepare my article on *The American epic of Columbus*, an adaptation from my Barlow chapter. A letter to-day from H. E. Scudder, of the *Atlantic*. Shall send the article to him.

I finished this week the reading of Luther's *Uebersetzung des Neuen Testaments*, and began to read it again, simultaneously with the *Old Testament*. I am profoundly fascinated by this Hebrew literature in Luther's German — its spirituality, ethical grandeur, and purity; its benign strength for body, soul, and spirit. I am so eager to be reading it that I hurry from breakfast in order to begin.

Ithaca, 27 July. Read in the June *Forum* Lecky's paper on *Formative influences*, and felt deeply depressed from considering the disadvantages of my own life, poverty, burdens, inability to travel and buy books, and, worse than all, my physical weakness in work, and my infirmity of purpose resulting in much shifting of direction and consequent superficiality and fruitlessness. My only consolation was in the hope that all my failures in intellectual achievement before the world might prove a moral and spiritual discipline to me — I do believe in the Eternal, the True, the Righteous — and I think I am not a humbug, anyhow.

Ithaca, 2 August. This day I become fifty-five years old. I celebrated it by doing the work that lay before me, in spite of the hot weather. Am enlarging my canvass for the sketch of handsome, big David Humphreys.

Ithaca, 7 August. A note from Horace E. Scudder sending back my paper on *The Columbiad*. He does not like the subject. Have been deeply depressed all the day and all the evening.

Ithaca, 8 August. Am under great depression still as to my literary work, my fitness for any sort of intellectual service in the world. Am dreadfully conscious of the great mistakes of my life. Felt the lack of balance in my judgment, my liability to self-delusion through the colored light in which I often view things. An elderly man, with the cool, mournful sob of autumn sounding about him.

Yet I tugged on again through most of the forenoon.

Ithaca, 16 August. This week I have heard of three memorable deaths — John Boyle O'Reilly, Charles L. Bruce, and Cardinal Newman.

Ithaca, 28 September. With great reluctance this morning gave my sermon *Almost persuaded.* I felt a lack of spiritual preparation to deliver such a message, and was in great anguish. But I was strengthened to utter it, and there was every sign of solemn attention in the congregation. Once more rolls upon me the longing to be a preacher. What human employment compares with it! Oh, that I had persisted in it even unto death!

Ithaca, September 29. My spirit is deeply moved by the experience of yesterday in preaching; and I brood over the possible duty and blessedness of letting my life — what remains — move more completely into the religious work that I might do, even while I still hold this chair. Suppose I finish the *History*, and then —— Ah, what could be so great a means of peace to my spirit! God's will be done! I am His — I am ready to do whatever He wills to do with me and through me. Let Him direct. I will not hold back.

Ithaca, 3 October. George Bancroft's ninetieth birthday. I spoke to my students about it, having sent to him a telegram in their name as well as mine.

Ithaca, 20 October. On lecture on the *Defeated party*, etc. Three to half-past four, a class exercise, written and oral. The first of the kind. Good start. Seven to quarter-past eight, junior seminary. Afterward went to druggist for some liver pills. I need them. Am in the dumps.

Ithaca, 6 November. Went to New York last Saturday; read a paper at the Historical Society on Tuesday evening, and came home yesterday. I was weary beyond description, and this experience of my frailty of health shatters the last bit of hope I have lately cherished that I might take some duty as a preacher. Alas! I cannot. This weakness seems like death. I must stay at home and do my work here — such as it is — in quietness.

Ithaca, 24 November. Prepared lecture on the *Earliest legislation for the public domain.* Three to four in the afternoon, gave it. Before I left the room the janitor brought me a big letter from C. K. Adams. It expresses every sort of kind feeling for me, and offers to name me for promotion. It contains inaccuracies, but opens the way at least for better working relations between us. What I lack is confidence! But I cannot refuse such a proffer of good will. Seven to half-past eight, seminary. Half-past eight to ten, meeting of the full professors at Lincoln hall. Ten to half-past ten, committee meets. What a day's work for an insomnolent invalid like me!

Ithaca, 26 November. To-day begins a week's rest, which I greatly need. Since term began I have written out in full about fifteen lectures, involving much research and planning, and my brain is very weary of that form of work. I crave literary refreshment, and an entire change of mental employment.

Ithaca, 28 November. Began yesterday to read Froude's *Cæsar* — a book to hold me in chains of delight. Finished it to-

day. I can feel the sanitary benefit of this literary feast trickling through all the cells of my brain. After this literary festival, for a day or two longer, I shall resume work on my *History*.

Ithaca, 29 November. Had a wonderful sleep last night — ten hours. My thoughts running upon Cæsar, I read other estimates of him — by Plutarch, De Quincey, and Seeley.

In evening read Newman's *Apologia*.

Ithaca, 6 December. Had a wonderful sleep last night. Broke my record! Ten hours solid. Feel like a giant. Yet my intellectual work has not been gigantic.

Ithaca, 8 December. Wrote on Timothy Dwight. Very slow. Pottering. All the world watches the row in the Irish party in the English Parliament. Parnell discredited by private baseness, yet clings to the leadership with satanic audacity and power; then follows a disruption under the lead of Healy and McCarthy, but without great ability for leadership. Will it be the time for Salisbury to dissolve Parliament and have a general election? His opportunity?

Ithaca, 12 December. Was awake in the night under a sudden vivid impression of a good plan for a tragedy on *Bacon, the Virginian* — using the materials dramatically instead of in a novel.

Ithaca, 15 December. A letter from A. C. McClurg & Company, of Chicago, inquiring if I would edit a reprint of Barlow's *Columbiad* for the *Centenary*. Replied cautiously; and if they do the right thing, shall consent. Can use my Barlow chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII

1891 — 1894

Ithaca, 27 January, 1891. Finished my final revision of chapter on President Dwight; forty-seven pages typewritten. Intend now to gather up the crumbs; perhaps to do a little reading of a more general kind, and then to work further in this Connecticut crowd of literary fellows — President Stiles, and the small poets.

Ithaca, 28 January, 1891. More odds and ends relating to Dwight; and put him in the safe. An hour's work on lecture for afternoon. After four, down town for exercise. In evening tired. Read a little in Schurman's *Belief in God;* also in the English version of Köstlin's *Luther.* To bed early.

[At this point the diary became silent for the space of a year. Every available moment was spent on the preparation of the two large octavo volumes, *The literary history of the American revolution,* which made its appearance in the spring of 1897, when a great load became lifted.]

Ithaca, September 26, 1892. I am going to nail myself down now and henceforth work on *History of American literature* till it is done. Many things have been settled in my mind the last year. Concentrate. Simplify. Persevere. Must get back to the method in the old Hillcroft study. From nine to twelve on Conway's *Life of Thomas Paine,* revising my chapter on that man. I walked about afterward for fresh air; and at home wrote letters and read in *Keats.*

LETTER FROM GROVER CLEVELAND TO MOSES COIT TYLER

Gray Gables, Buzzards Bay, Mass.
4 Aug., 1892

MY DEAR SIR:

I hope you will forgive the unavoidable delay in acknowledging the receipt of your extremely kind letter of congratulation. As a Democrat I regard as one of the most valuable results of party action the adherents whom we have gained among thinking and educated men, and I should be much afflicted if the party, or any of those who represent it, should be unfortunate enough to forfeit the confidence of these supporters.

These are indeed times which our friend Apgar would have rejoiced to see; and I frequently think of him and of the assistance he would be to us, mourning anew his untimely death. Thanking you for your kind expressions toward me personally, I am,

Very truly yours,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Ithaca, 26 October, 1892. Work began last Thursday. All my classes are large. Met to-day my seminar for first time. From three to twenty minutes of six, classes. Heavy. So tired. To bed very early — my sovereign remedy.

Ithaca, 26 October, 1892. Our Wedding Day. Thirty-three years ago! I am still plodding on *Thomas Paine* amid great interruptions.

Ithaca, 13 November, 1892. At St. John's. Said morning prayer and assisted in Holy Communion. Am going into the chancel this year less than usual — on account of health. Have overworked. Since last record Cleveland has been elected.

Have been hard at work on Volume III. Just now on *James Otis.*

Ithaca, 14 November, 1892. Eight to twelve nearly finished notes and verifications for Chapter II on *Overture of political*

debate. Thorough work, and of a quality of which I was incapable when I wrote the first two volumes. This may comfort me for the delay. Lectured, rather ill-prepared and preoccupied.

Ithaca, 17 November, 1892. All the forenoon on war against chaos among books and papers; an inheritance from years of neglect enforced by too much work. Getting near to order and serenity. Work done by the class to-day was dull, and in places showed signs of shirking. Rather disheartened. Must plan a prompt and vigorous remedy. For Volume III I am at a pause so far as concerns composition. Before I go on with the next chapter, relating to political writings — 1764–1766 — must re-read Tudor's *Otis*, Wells's *Samuel Adams*, Rowland's *Mason*, and Henry's *Henry*, etc.

Ithaca, November 28, 1892. On Friday last went to Easton, Pennsylvania, to lecture for one Lerch, whom I found to be master of a private school. Was his guest. The lecture badly provided for. Small audience. The next morning I ran over the grounds of Lafayette College — a meagre, obsolete little concern. Got home at half-past seven Saturday evening. Was paid $50 and expenses and virtually lost two good working days. Not a wise use of life, I think. Yesterday, Sunday, I made my usual monthly journey to Slaterville and held service. Perhaps a waste of energy also. From eight to one, on Wells's *Life of Samuel Adams*, etc. For some time to come I must be reading on the political and constitutional development of the Revolution with a view to precision in my account of its political literature. Evening, copied my Chautauqua address for publication.

Ithaca, 1 December, 1892. Eight to one. Devotions take till nearly nine. Shall not again mention them; it hath a pharisaic look. Preparing lecture for to-morrow — the first of a series of new lectures on the *Failure of the confederation.*

Ithaca, 3 December, 1892. Had to pitch in hard to get ready my lecture for this afternoon — and, my mind not being at ease on the matter, could not get my nap after dinner. Went into the lecture room with some anxiety, but the lecture turned out to be a fairly good one.

Ithaca, 6 December, 1892. Chiefly on lecture for to-morrow on the *Failure of the confederation.* Walked till six with Professor B —— the most chivalrous soul I know on the campus — a rare embodiment of intelligence, delicacy, and nobility.

Ithaca, 7 December, 1892. Still's *Life of John Dickinson,* till eleven — a thoughtful and very suggestive book, not without errors of fact and opinion: impregnated with the traditional Middle-state dislike and envy of New England; after that on my last lecture this term. *Laus Deo!* Shall have nearly a month now for work on my book. Much of this I shall give to a fresh study of the lives and writings of the men who shaped the political and constitutional policies of the revolutions — as a preparation for my chapters on our political literature, state papers, etc.

Ithaca, 14 December, 1892. Finished the three volumes of W. W. Henry's *Life of Patrick Henry,* which I am to criticise in the *Yale review.* Also began Volume I of Rowland's *George Mason,* which impressed me as a gushing and sloppy piece of work.

Ithaca, December 21, 1892. Not a good working day for me. After making a hard pull on my article about Patrick Henry, adjourned to the fresh air, and walked out to the cemetery on the North road, where I hope to buy a lot soon for my own burial when needed. In afternoon odds and ends. Read in De Quincey's *Figures of the past*— a joyful book. In the world outside,

Blaine lies sick unto death. Great commotion in Paris over the Panama scandals; discredit of the government; fresh plots of a royalist revolution. In Germany uncertainty, discord, threats, prophecies of trouble. Cleveland arranging for his second administration with great authority and self-command.

Ithaca, 23 December, 1892. In my workshop, as usual. Chiefly on my article on W. W. Henry's book. I am quite out of practice in literary composition; and in taking it up once more find myself moving from sentence to sentence very slowly. But speed is nothing; and nothing shall be sacrificed to it. In evening finished volume III of *Samuel Adams* — a bit of unfinished duty.

Ithaca, 17 March, 1893. Since last record have done no stroke of work on the book; but have prepared new lectures for class at the rate of two a week; have written out two platform lectures; have lectured at Dobbs Ferry, Poughkeepsie, and Buffalo; and have kept up my monthly service at Slaterville. My lectures for next term are pretty well provided for; and I begin to-day to work on my book — and hope to keep at it every morning through March, April, May, June, and July — four months and a half. That ought to advance matters. I feared that I could not come back and drop into the old currents of thought without much delay and difficulty; but I have had a forenoon of animated and fruitful work, beginning just where I left off. Chapter II closes with Otis's pamphlet of 1764, July. Chapter III, which I call *The first clash of American whig and American tory* — goes on to give an account of all the Whig writers of that year till it reaches the Halifax Gentleman — the first Tory writer — and the discussion which he stirred up. This morning's work carried me well on into my treatment of Oxenbridge Thacher. *Laus Deo!* In afternoon wrote letters — a department dreadfully neglected. Then walked an hour, and in evening rested with Sir Walter Scott's *Diary*.

LETTER FROM EDMUND C. STEDMAN TO MOSES COIT TYLER

New York, 19 March, 1893

DEAR DR. TYLER:

I am indebted to you for the pamphlet copy of your review of Mr. Wirt Henry's big life of his renowned ancestor. But I had read it already, with unusual care, when it appeared in the *Yale review*. It was to me a kind of oasis in the economic desert! Yale is better, no doubt, in economics than in literature, but I can survive without Adam Smith or Bagehot. It appeared to me that your courteous suggestion of the defects in Mr. Henry's work was very considerate and that your final words of recognition, under all the conditions, were most generous.

And by the latter adjective I mean that in your case they were most characteristic. You couldn't be otherwise than knightly, my dear Tyler, if you tried and tried.

Ever sincerely yours,

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

Ithaca, 25 March, 1893. For the past two days, being brain weary, have been away from this desk — knocking about in the open air. Before that interval had made good progress in writing.

Ithaca, 26 March, 1893. Palm Sunday. Took the service, with sermon, at Slaterville, this morning. But it fatigues me more than I can bear. My days of preaching are nearly over. Shall go to Slaterville but twice more this spring; and shall seldom go into the chancel again. A great sorrow to me. But my bodily strength is not enough for two professions, and my profession in this university is the one to which Providence seems to appoint me.

Ithaca, 27 March, 1893. All the morning steadily at work on Chapter XIX. Revising old matter — produced in a different and earlier stage of my acquaintance with the subject, and in a different tone from what I now have. Proves hard — harder

than to do it all anew. Slow. Almost no positive result of the whole morning's work. Am conscious of very small reserve force; life is tending into old age. It is afternoon. How I envy those to whom the sunset has peacefully come, and justly, for they are nearer the sunrise.

Ithaca, 28 March, 1893. Made another fight to get farther along with Chapter XIX and gave it up. The thing is the last to be done in the volume. In the nature of the case I must wait till all details are before me before I can report the results of a survey of them. So I stoop to conquer. After two hours or more of baffled effort I lay aside what I have done on XIX, deliver over to Jeannette XX for copy, and resume work on XXI.

Ithaca, 31 March, 1893. Good Friday. After private devotions for the day, my work was kept up through the forenoon — but with results negative rather than positive. Cleared away difficulties in dealing with latter part of 1764.

Ithaca, 10 April, 1893. Last Friday went to Wilkesbarre to lecture on *Francis Hopkinson* before Daughters of the Revolution. Mrs.—— the boss — and such a boss! A comedy of preposterous energy and misdirected enthusiasm. Many pleasant people. On Saturday morning a droll time going with the she-boss to the Monument and catching the train at Wyoming.

Ithaca, 14 April, 1893. Had a thundering good sleep last night, and in consequence a thundering good morning's work. Reached the end of the debate between Otis and Halifax Gentleman in Chapter XXI.

Ithaca, 25 April, 1893. Modifying, verifying. Have just bought for my own joy Birkbeck Hill's *Boswell* — a book to live with and love the rest of my life. It has much to do with my period of work and my theme — the English side of American

revolution. Saw to-day *Catalogue of library of the late George H. Moore, LL.D.* — the first information I have received of the a man with whom I have had much to do.

Ithaca, 4 May, 1893. I like Sir Walter Scott's phrase for this desk work —"I wrought." So, to-day, I wrought on Daniel Dulany's great pamphlet — trying to lay out its line of argument clearly.

Ithaca, 31 May, 1893. Last Sunday I preached at Slaterville for the last time this season, and perhaps for the last time in my life. My strength is unequal to the tasks that have been laid upon me; and is growing less each year. This labor on Sunday left me unutterably tired and has been the case generally during the year past. Sadly, nay, sorrowfully, I turn back from the great joy of doing the work of a preacher of Christ's Gospel. More and more must I reduce the strain put upon my strength and draw in from distracting efforts and keep to the things given me to do — that of a writer, that of a teacher.

Ithaca, 19 June, 1893. In the beauty and peace of the long summer vacation here at home. For the next six weeks I hope to live an ideal life, my time at my own disposal — a free man, a scholar, a writer. God prosper me with health, exemption from pain of body or mind, and good cheer in my work — which I greatly long to finish.

Ithaca, 29 June, 1893. "Wrought" as usual till one, with much energy and glow of mind, and yet without much visible progress. Was a long time in a turmoil of dissatisfaction with some sentences which I could not shape to suit me.

Ithaca, 1 July, 1893. So one-half of this year has rolled away. Hope that the second half of it may have in store for me health, spirit, and opportunity for effective work on my book.

Ithaca, 6 July, 1893. My home-stretch with Hopkinson is to-day proving to be a far-stretch. As I shaped my plan for a rather summary ending, I find my prophetic soul refusing its consent. I can never do any literary work, unless an inward arbiter smiles approval. So I flung overboard once more every calculation founded on the almanac, and plod patiently and slowly along the path which I must take. A solid forenoon in which I struck out into lines not thought of yesterday.

Ithaca, July 14, 1893. I stop to enter here the fact that I have just finished my long chapter on Francis Hopkinson; nearly ninety pages of type-written copy. Thus I have been about two weeks longer with it than I had expected. But I have not wasted my time; and the subject has asserted its right to attention. It presents a pretty complete view of Hopkinson's literary services to the Revolution, and shows their importance in a light stronger than ever before indicated, I think.

Ithaca, 21 September, 1893. Yesterday morning we returned home from our summer's outing.

Was never more deeply contented to come back here for home. Life for me is clearer, better defined, more unified. God grant that this may be a year of health, domestic happiness, and useful work. I hope that my materials for class work are in such a state as to enable me to give the rest of this university year pretty solidly to this long delayed task. My motto must now be — stick to it — write — finish! Fight off all thieves of the morning time. The completion of this book will be to me the release from a long imprisonment. I long to be doing something else. May God prosper me in this work — give me strength, hope, determination, steadiness.

Ithaca, 30 October, 1893. Yesterday heard at chapel Philip Moxon. A wonderful discourse on *Immortality*. Moxon is

as delightful in personal intercourse as he is in the pulpit — a wise, tender, modest, eloquent fellow, full of thought and of surprising range of reading. In my solitude in the evening read nearly two cantos of the *Faery Queen*. I am reading over again my old loves — the English poets — for whose words I am very hungry.

Ithaca, 28 November, 1893. At dinner to meet the Russian Prince Walkowsky. Afterward heard the Prince's lecture at Barnes Hall to a great crowd — on *My impressions of America.* He has much wit and tact; and is a thoroughbred in look and manner. One could easily believe him to be a prince — before it is mentioned. Still this particular lecture had a quality not wholly to my liking — an assumption that the American people were a crude, callow, ill-mannered set of novitiates in civilization whom he or any other foreigner was at liberty to talk to about their personal peculiarities.

Ithaca, 29 November, 1893. The morning work went through by force of will, rather than with power and joy. After late hours last night comes a day of weary-headedness — no vivacity or creativeness. I plodded through the forenoon — trying to get forward in my task. Had a hard subject, too, Dr. Benjamin Church, the rhyming, moody, effusive, double-faced scoundrel.

Ithaca, 5 December, 1893. Wrote out and rewrote my section on Nathaniel Evans, the Philadelphia poet. Began with a heavy spirit, a discouraged brain — and by sheer will, and with a dull despair of ever doing anything again that was bright and readable — I pushed on hour by hour; and finally got into a higher and brighter air — and triumphed with a quiet joy. I am satisfied that this is the way for me to do — go to the writing table and keep at it every morning until I succeed or give out from nerve-weariness.

Ithaca, 14 December, 1893. At the end of my rope. Played-out head-piece, good for nothing — nerves on a strike — stomach rebellious. Couldn't even write a letter. So my usual remedy, loafing in the fresh air.

Philadelphia, 18 December, 1893. Left Ithaca this morning by D., L. & W. Arrived here at about six.

Philadelphia, 20 December, 1893. At half past six, McMaster called and escorted me to the club, where I met a number of men. Good company. The charm of such regular feeding reunions by a lot of male duffers who have homes of their own eludes me. I am greatly attracted by McMaster. He is refined, modest, courteous, genuine, with an air of abstractedness and of scholastic unworldliness. He makes no flourishes, but is very kind.

Philadelphia, 21 December, 1893. From nine to half-past one, at the Ridgway. Then to the University of Pennsylvania, where I was met by McMaster. Was present at one of Thorpe's classes. Looked through the concern. Much pleased with their work in American history.

Ithaca, 31 December, 1893. Alone in the evening, read two cantos of the *Faery Queen*, a few poems of William Watson, etc. Thus endeth this record of three active years, of a fruitfulness not yet visible. More sadness than joy in it all, perhaps. But a Higher Hand is leading us, I believe, and all will be well — especially after this body takes possession of its quiet and cosey little home up on the Lansing road.

Ithaca, 17 January, 1894. The morning's work was on Brackenridge, his dramatic poems; but with a heavy heart and an unwilling brain. What is the matter with me? Is it mere fatigue? Or is my brain perishing atom by atom? Is this cerebral dete-

rioration? O God! pity. I do want to get this book written, and worthily. Of course, I have little to show for this morning.

Ithaca, 18 January, 1894. Made some little headway in treating of Brackenridge's *Battle of Bunker Hill*, but I have no vim — no zest, inspiration; am dull, stupid. Had to knock off work at twelve on account of weariness of nerve and brain.

Ithaca, 20 January, 1894. Finished *Bunker Hill*, and then reread carefully Brackenridge's *Death of Montgomery*. In the evening read in Lytton's *Last of the barons*, and Henry James's essays on *London* and on *Lowell*. I have no use for Henry James.

Ithaca, 16 September, 1894. I have had great rest and am in the best physical condition. Shall try to get a whack at my awfully delayed book every morning (Sundays excepted) from now on until it is done. God help me to do this! Oh, that I had control of my time the rest of my life!

Ithaca, 17 September, 1894. Had to get into the swim of this work of literary composition. Going over my finished chapters in order to recall their contents and to judge of their quality. Have been much depressed of late as to the latter point. This reading gives me renewed confidence. If I can finish the book in that fashion, shall not need to be ashamed of it. Find it hard to get into the current of writing after so long a break. Is not daily practice in writing of some such value as daily practice in tennis, or piano playing, or other arts?

Ithaca, 26 September, 1894. David B. Hill was nominated for governor to-day by the Democrats upon a ticket of better men. A shrewd piece of politics. Now for a tremendous fight. As a Democrat, I wish D. B. H. may be defeated and buried low down, never to rise again.

Ithaca, 30 September, 1894. Preached at St. John's this morning, the first time since Easter a year ago, and probably the last time for many a month and year. Indeed I am not strong enough for it; a deadly weariness comes upon me as a reaction from the excitement. Besides, unless I preach all the time I get out of the true way of it, and the act becomes amateurish and distressing.

Ithaca, 16 October, 1894. Last night, being wakeful for many hours, there came to me a flash of an idea: to precede the publication of my big Revolutionary volume by a pretty little book containing three elaborately finished chapters which will not go into it — viz., Berkeley, Joel Barlow, and Timothy Dwight; and perhaps call it *Three dissimilar men.* This has thrown me out of the track of work for to-day. The two girls at breakfast hailed the project with their applause; and I at once wrote to Putnam to name it to him, and to Houghton for permission to reproduce the Berkeley chapter.

Ithaca, 22 October, 1894. Each week-day busy on revision of three monographs. To-day finished that of Barlow. My second sober thought is one of doubt whether or not it will be best for me now to publish this little book; perhaps it is too slight a thing after so long a silence. Why not get it quite ready for the printer and then put it into the safe and wait. Putnam writes that they will desire to publish everything I care to.

Ithaca, October 27, 1894. Have been ill much of the time in bed with a cold; but secured three or four hours each morning for work, and finished to-day my revision of the little book, *Three men of letters*, and sent it off to Putnam.

Ithaca, 13 December, 1894. This interval has been filled with very hard work in college and upon the preparation and proof-

reading of the little book which I so suddenly thought of publishing. Writing on the big book has had to wait — though it has had casual and intermittent opportunities.

Ithaca, 31 December, 1894. I sent back to Putnam page proofs for *Three men of letters*, and yesterday the samples for covers. I should think the book would be out by January 15. By one year from to-night — if I am alive — perhaps I shall be able to record my joy over the actual publication of *The literary history of the American revolution*. For the next three months I shall be exterminating the mob of minor writers in my list — leaving a very few big ones for slow and elaborate treatment — notably Franklin and Freneau. Can I finish and be ready to send the book to press by July 31? Wouldn't that be fine? But alas— these interruptions of college work!

CHAPTER XIX

1895—1897

Ithaca, 1 January, 1895. It is four degrees below zero. Heavy snow covers the earth. The sky steel blue; the sun beaming down in glory, the air full of sting and life. I enter upon the year in good health and with a heart to finish and dismiss the great task of *The literary history of the American revolution.* I resolve with the help of heaven to have it off my hands and in the hands of those who care for it by the closing day of this year. My stint for this month is nineteen names — to reduce from fifty-nine to thirty. Doubtful. I now begin on old Isaac Backus, the Baptist historiographer.

LETTER FROM OSCAR STRAUS TO MOSES COIT TYLER

New York, February 3, 1895

MY DEAR PROFESSOR TYLER:

This is Sunday night, which I have devoted with intense interest and profit to the careful reading of your *Three men of letters.* Like everything which comes from your graceful and polished pen, these studies are fascinatingly instructive. For some time I have observed, through book notices, you have in preparation *The literary history of the American revolution.* I am sure this will be a valuable book and look forward with much interest to its appearance.

Amid the wear and tear of my active life in this ever-agitated city, where much is done but little is finished, I often revert with a feeling akin to envy to the peaceful life you and your colleagues lead on University Hill. I sometimes think under proper conditions I might accomplish something worth doing; but then again I console myself with the thought, which you have so well expressed, that, after all, this is an illusion —"the

tendency to mistake the whispers of ambition for the invitations of genius." . . .

With best regards to Mrs. Tyler as well as yourself,

Very sincerely yours,

OSCAR S. STRAUS.

LETTER FROM ANDREW D. WHITE TO MOSES COIT TYLER

Florence, Italy, February 19, 1895

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:

Your book reached me night before last. After dinner I took it up and never laid it down until I had read it from cover to cover. It is delightful, and I thank you most heartily for ordering it sent me.

After a not unusual fashion with me, I began with the last of the three essays, for my interest in French revolutionary matters led me to wish to know something more of Barlow. Your account of him quite carried me away. It seems both kindly, appreciative, and strictly just. The only trouble was that like Oliver I wanted more, and was very sorry that you could not have found some excuse for giving an account of his famous journey into Poland to meet Napoleon and of his death there.

Next I took up President Dwight and was, if possible, more interested. I never realized before the secret of the man's influence. I am waiting to study portraits of historical personages carefully, and I have looked very intently at his. It always pleased me, but seemed rather that of a good portly Presbyterian minister of the old Dr. Jerry Atwater style than anything else. But I can now read into the lineaments of it that which makes it infinitely more expressive to me; a grand old fellow he was, who deserved well of his country, and you deserve well of the country for making us know it.

Last of all, I read the first, on Berkeley, and that proved the cream of the whole. I am quite sure that I never read a more charming and enticing beginning of an essay than that which opens yours. I rose from it some time after midnight with one of my old enthusiasms upon me, determined to write you within twelve hours to propose a statue of Berkeley at Yale, and

I am still in favor of it, as also a statue of Dwight, and will gladly contribute my full share to them, say one hundred dollars apiece, though I can ill afford it. Think of those two worthies sitting in bronze on those pedestals in front of Osborn Hall, with Woolsey on one side and some other worthy on the other. There are four pedestals there, and four sitting statues would produce a splendid effect.

One has already been modelled — that of Woolsey — and I wish the other might be. Some day we must have some sort of memorial of Berkeley at Cornell; the *raison d'être* of it would of course be that he was one of the founders of university education in the United States.

I hope that you are to do more of this delightful kind of work, of which you have given such an admirable specimen. I used to say that your speech at laying the corner-stone of Sage College was one of the most perfect pieces of extemporaneous oratory of the academic sort that I ever heard, and I really feel that even though I have read Matthew Arnold's *Essay on Berkeley*, yours is the masterpiece.

With all kind regards to Mrs. Tyler, your daughter, and yourself, in which all here cordially join, I remain, my dear old friend, gratefully and faithfully yours,

ANDREW D. WHITE.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS WIFE

Block Island, Rhode Island,
August 2, 1895

Well, dearest old lady, here is your old gentleman gaily sailing into his sixtieth birthday. I admit that is not exactly a jubilant thought, yet my physical sensations on this event are not different from usual. Evidently, there's no use in whimpering over it. So here is to a serene and industrious Old Age, and not too much of it. (Drink standing and in silence.)

I shall enclose a letter from a New York publisher making a proposition virtually to sell my name for a history I did not write. There is money in it — but not honor — and I have declined.

MISS JEANNETTE H. GILBERT
NEW HAVEN — 1857

I have a letter from the American Book Company asking me to write a text book history of the United States as soon as I finish my present task. I am considering it.

I am in the drowsy mood which always attacks me at sea and at the seaside, so you must not expect much exertion of intellect on my part. I have been in swimming twice and am rambling about in a leisurely way. . . .

Thine, M. C. T.

Block Island, August 6, 1895

. . . This is so quiet and lazy a life that I shall not have much material for letters, or much cerebral energy for using it; and I think I shall not inflict my marine fogs and stupors upon you oftener than on Tuesdays and Thursdays — on which days I shall post my letters to you. . . . I am daily troubled to think that my strength gave out as it did, and that I had to leave you alone this month under the peculiar circumstances you are in. I fear the loneliness and monotony of your life — and the ceaseless strain upon your nerves — will be too much for you. . . . The swim yesterday was fine; the water, the surf, and the sandy beach all delightful. . . .

Thy Old Boy.

Block Island, August 15, 1895

. . . I must ask you to be careful to see that your letters to me are not held back in the Ithaca post-office for lack of attention on your part to the proper amount of postage required. Here I am utterly cut off from news from you for about a week; yes a full week; and now comes a card from the post-office at Ithaca asking me to forward a two-cent stamp to enable them to send me a letter (evidently from you, I see, because it is addressed to my box here), which without such stamp would be sent to the Dead Letter office in two weeks. That is vexatious to a man anxious for news from home and deprived of it for such a reason. I suppose I shall not get this letter before Saturday or Monday next. (The scales are on the mantel in my study.) In spite of all these adversities I am finding my stay here profit-

able to my bodily health — though it would be more so if my occasions for anxiety were fewer. But I shall be fully ready to leave next Tuesday, the 20th.

I hope this letter will find you still able to bear your present burdens as cheerfully as you have hitherto done. May heaven protect us all and help us to a little more sunshine than we have just now.

It seems to me that Block Island is rather deteriorating in the quality of its summer patrons. The ocean view has a much less elegant or opulent class of guests — at least judging from appearances; and the look of the people at the bathing beach is that of a rather uncultivated and vulgar type. I don't think it makes any difference to me. I came here for the air and water and rest which the Island affords — not for social life, and what I came for I can get and am getting — no matter what sort of people there may be here. I do not mean to say that they are loud or obstreperous, especially, but they have a cheap, crude look. I am satisfied that I was right in following my instincts, which crave Block Island this year — especially its bathing. After all my experiments elsewhere I am confirmed in my opinion by renewed acquaintance with this bathing beach that it is upon the whole the very best one on this coast. I like it better even than that of Newport or Narragansett Pier, which are specially renowned.

I am having some correspondence with the American Book Company in regard to the writing of a text-book on American history as soon as I get the big book off my hands. Of course, compared with such work as I have been doing, it will be mere play, and I may hope to derive some snug income from it. Still it is not settled yet. I shall not take hold of it unless I am satisfied it will be so handled by the company as to pay handsomely. . . . M.

P. S. I expect I shall write a good many books yet if I live to be seventy — but they will not be such tough ones as this I am now trying to get rid of. Nor shall I ever again be so oppressed by a literary burden. What I have in view will furnish congenial literary occupation — not servitude and drudgery.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM C. WILKINSON TO MOSES TYLER

Chicago, November 20, 1895

DEAR PROFESSOR TYLER:

I have read or heard read (which for me is often better) from beginning to end your *Three men of letters*. I have been charmed with it throughout. The subjects are in themselves highly interesting, though possibly, except in the case of Bishop Berkeley, I might not have suspected this but for your treatment of them, which, like a genial incubation, has wonderfully brought out the latent and political life that lurked in the theme. Your humor delights me; I am almost, perhaps quite, reconciled to the irreverent freedom of it when you call President Dwight "Timothy" and Barlow "Joel." But I am glad that you abstained, as I think you did, from calling Berkeley "George."

The well-bred negligée of your style is the last achievement of the master. Turn, if you please, to page 106, and read the paragraph ending at the top of page 107, and frankly admit that you are captivated by the grace of the writer. What consummate characterization! How exquisitely expressed! In short, I consider the author of *Three men of letters* as good a master of style as any now writing English anywhere on this continent. After saying this much with all sincerity about this particular book, I feel bound to add that your article on the American Loyalists pleases me still better. It realizes about perfectly my ideal of what such a paper should be. A series of essays on American history treated by epochs and crises, and not seeking to achieve a formal continuity of narrative, would, if done in the manner of that article of yours, form a better manual of instruction for me than any existing work that I know on the general subject. . .

WILLIAM C. WILKINSON.

LETTER FROM THEODORE TILTON TO MOSES COIT TYLER

73 Ave. Kleber, Paris,
December 28, 1895.

MY DEAR OLD COMRADE AND FRIEND:

It was with joy and affection that I received your charming letter, together with the Christmas gift which accompanied it.

I have read your little book, wishing it were bigger.

The facts which you narrate concerning your *Three men of letters* are, for the most part, new to me; but the style, my dear fellow!—the same old, simple, grave, and perfect style—easy yet strong — genial yet merciless in criticism — philosophic to the marrow-bone, yet often as frolicsome as a fairy tale — all this I recognized so promptly that if your title page had not borne your name I should at once have taxed you with the authorship.

Your theory as to Berkeley's long tarriance in America had never occurred to me, but your explanation seems to solve the enigma. Dwight was to me in my early sermon-swallowing years a magnificent bore — and never in real genius to be compared with Jonathan Edwards.

Barlow I have not peeped into since my green and salad days, and all that I now remember of him is that in his *Hasty pudding*, he says something like this:

"It makes me blush
To hear rude Pennsylvanians call thee mush."

There are two other monographs which I hope you will make — Washington Irving and Cullen Bryant, both of whom are sliding down from their first rank — and you could hold up their names; each of which ought to be a *clarum et venerabile nomen.*

When you come to Paris, let me know, and if I am in Siberia, I will return to meet you.

Ever yours as of old,
THEODORE TILTON.

Ithaca, 13 January, 1896. Gave most of the morning to J. Colin Forbes, who took preliminary sittings here at my study for a sketch portrait.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS WIFE

St. Ignace, Mich., July 21, 1896

. . . I finished my last lecture at ten minutes past twelve to-day; and after an ordeal of farewell greetings — with much verbal confectionery which seemed to be sincere — I got my din-

ner and got out of town by the 2:50 train. The journey from there to Mackinaw City was through a region of pine desolation and frontier roughness. My joy came about half-past four, when we reached the huge black ice-crushing boat which brought us across to this quiet and ancient place on the northern side of the straits; the cool breath of the lake was refreshing, and the sight of Mackinac Island was majestic. It is simply balmy to rest out here in the cool, sweet air and to feel that my ten lectures are over and I still live. I had but one lecture to-day, so that I am already in a measure recovered from my previous fatigue; I gave three lectures yesterday, so as to purchase the freedom to escape this afternoon.

Upon the whole I am not sorry that I agreed to go to Bay View. The audiences are very thoughtful and serious and most attentive and in them are teachers and ministers. They are heavy as regards the appreciation of any light stroke of humor, but while they are very undemonstrative, I never anywhere have audiences so appreciative and so grateful. After every lecture I have had expressions of such a kind from many men and women. After every lecture, too, some new surprise awaited me in the revelation of an old friend or acquaintance. It seems to me almost like the surprises that may come to us after death when we go wandering about Paradise and stumble up against an old friend at every corner. I'll tell you all about these things when I get home. . . . M.

Ithaca, 3 November, 1896. Yesterday I finished the thirty-nine chapters, and sent them to Putnam by express. They weighed just nineteen pounds! I feel as if I had lost something — a baby perhaps — and I can hardly realize my full freedom. I'm going to vote now, and then spend the whole forenoon on horseback on the high hills of Danby, and try to recuperate.

Ithaca, 17 April, 1897. At 10:40 this morning was surprised by a long autograph letter from President Dwight of Yale, marked personal and private, and in terms of confidence and warm

friendship offering me the Emily Sanford professorship of English literature. Moreover, he states some of the inducements, and appeals to my loyalty and love for old Yale.

I had not expected ever again to be pulled out from my equanimity in this way. I am torn between the powerful attractions of the two places. Jeannette was out at the time. As soon as she returned I read to her Tim Dwight's letter (dear old Tim) and also the first draft of my own letter to President Schurman informing him of this call and of my own embarrassment respecting it.

Of course all other matters yield to this. I can think of nothing else. Unable after luncheon to take my nap, I went down town and took a long ride.

Ithaca, 30 April, 1897. Jeannette and I have visited New Haven, and have wrestled in much anguish with this problem. This morning I received first copy of first volume of my new book; and also wrote a loving letter to dear old Tim, sorrowfully telling him that the call to Yale comes too late! Did I ever dream that I could refuse a call to old Yale.

[In connection with the Sanford professorship call to Yale, the following appeared in a New Haven paper:]

"It is feared that the vacant professorship in English literature at Yale may not be filled this spring, as was hoped. It is known at Yale that the faculty has thought highly of the plan of offering the position to Moses Coit Tyler, head of the department of American history at Cornell University. Professor Tyler has just paid a visit to this city, and it has been rumored that he held a conference with the Yale faculty on the subject. It was stated this afternoon, however, on the highest authority that Professor Tyler had no thought of leaving Cornell, and so the chances of announcing an incumbent of the Sanford professorship at present are small."

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR WHEELER, OF YALE, TO MOSES COIT TYLER

New Haven, May 5, 1897

MY DEAR TYLER:

President Dwight showed me your letter last evening. I cannot say that I am wholly disappointed, but I am awfully sorry, for I had really set my heart upon your coming, hoping somewhat against hope.

Your decision is doubtless correct. It is a serious and haphazard thing for a man who has reached our time of life to tear himself out of his nest, and especially out of such a nest as you have made for yourself where you are. It was not to be done unless you could see your way perfectly clear.

Well, Moses, let us, nevertheless, hold together somehow during the years that remain, and try to meet often enough at least to keep green the memories of the earlier time.

With kind remembrance to Mrs. Tyler,

Faithfully yours, A. M. WHEELER.

LETTER FROM ALBERT BUSHNELL HART TO MOSES COIT TYLER

Cambridge, May 6, 1897

MY DEAR PROFESSOR TYLER:

May I most cordially thank you for the first volume of your *Literary history of the American revolution* — not alone for the copy kindly sent me by the publisher, but for the years of well-directed labor, the thought, the style, and the just and impartial treatment. I have already since yesterday (having bought one copy before the publisher's gift arrived) gone over the whole volume, and have noted with extreme pleasure the discussion of the recently serious questions of the Revolution — principles, political arguments, and responsibility.

How useful all your published work has been in this preparation of the *American history told by contemporaries* will appear in the preface, introduction, and head notes of the work. My plan has been to use your volumes after I had canvassed available material to suggest authors otherwise unknown to me; and to aid in making final selection; and to give a background of the personality of writers. . . .

I should envy you, my dear Professor Tyler, in your monument of historical work were it not that none of your friends can envy one who has put us all under obligations. I mean no more than that you have accomplished what younger men dream — the leaving to posterity of a standard piece of literary work which need never be done over again —"*perennius vere.*"

Sincerely and gratefully,
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

LETTER FROM MR. HUFFCUT, DEAN OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL, TO MOSES COIT TYLER

Ithaca, May 11, 1897

MY DEAR PROFESSOR TYLER:

I am more delighted than I can tell you to receive an autograph copy of your *Literary history of the American revolution.* The charm of the book will be doubled when I read it from this volume which came to me, I venture to believe, from the heart of the author. The spell that first took possession of me in Morrill Hall about fifteen years ago is again upon me, and I shall soon be levelling a charge of witchcraft against the dangerous professor of American history at Cornell University, and I shall not be without credible witness.

Believe me, my dear Professor Tyler,

Ever faithfully,
ERNEST W. HUFFCUT.

LETTER FROM W. D. HOWELLS TO MOSES COIT TYLER

New York, May 23, 1897

MY DEAR MR. TYLER:

I thank you for the book, which I have already tasted with delight. If it should come in my way this to-be-distracted summer, I would like to write of it, but I cannot promise myself anything definitely.

Yours sincerely,
W. D. HOWELLS.

LETTER FROM GEORGE W. CABLE TO MOSES COIT TYLER

New York, May 29, 1897

DEAR SIR:

I have been so impressed with the importance of your fascinating *Literary history of the American revolution* that I propose to give it an extended notice in *Current literature* for July. May I not print in the same issue some photograph of you not hitherto reproduced, and can you send me one, kindly letting me know what expense it was to you, that I may remit the amount? I shall count this a kind favor.

Moreover, it strikes me that in collecting such masses of material for your history, as you must have been gathering for years, you must have come into possession of matters — pictures or other things — of illustrative value which it must have been a disappointment to you not to use in your volumes. If we might have a chance to make a picture or two of one or two such things in a manner to make it or them worthy of your work, it would add to the interest of what we wish to say in print, and to our grateful sense of obligation.

Yours truly,
GEORGE W. CABLE.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS WIFE

Wolfville, N. S., June 20, 1897
Sunday morning

Here I am in the heart of Evangeline's land in the quiet little village which is the seat of Acadia College. The college is a simple frame building on a sloping eminence amid trees and grass, and looks off upon miles of pretty country and the very basin of Minas, on which the vessels were anchored before they carried Evangeline and her lover.

The air has a singular purity and sweetness and it smacks of the sea, and it helps to peace of mind and all slumberous moods. Of course I arrived here tired, and last night I must have slept a deep sleep for more than ten hours.

To go back a little and tell of my history since I left home: After doing an errand or two in Boston, went back to the station and got my trunk and with it on a hack drove over to the Lewis wharf, where lay the steamer for Yarmouth. I rambled about that place a bit till the train started; and then we rolled along through a pretty country, and stopped awhile near the old fortress of Annapolis — the oldest European settlement on this continent north of St. Augustine — three years older than Jamestown.

Sunday, 2:20 P. M. The chilly rain has set in, and the whole lovely country is wrapped in cold and wet. I have made use of a part of my time this morning to drive over to Grand Pré — the scene of the tragedy in *Evangeline*. I had a very intelligent man for guide; and saw the site of the old church where the Acadians were forced to hear the king's order of banishment; the road by which they marched amid weeping women, to the harbor, to be transported. . . . MOSES.

21 June, 1897. On the train from Wolfville to Windsor. At the latter I am to arrive at 1:15 and shall have two hours to look at the fine old place. Here Judge Haliburton lived and wrote his *Sam Slick*. Here the Loyalists founded in 1788 King's College — a fine old church college on a very Anglican pattern. After two hours at Windsor I expect to get a train that will fetch me to Halifax by six. The day is beautiful and so is the country. Tide fifty feet high.

Hotel Aberdeen, Kentville, June 24, 1897

Here I am at the first stage of my homeward journey. I left Halifax yesterday afternoon, and having spent the night here am to leave in about two hours for Digby, whence by steamer I cross over to St. John, New Brunswick, going through Bangor, Portland, etc. I feel pretty sure now that I shall go to New Haven for class meeting.

My visit at Halifax has been of much interest to me. Upon

the whole, however, I am disappointed in Halifax and in Nova Scotia. They afford no very real change of scene for us; are but variations of the same old American tune. Halifax itself has almost nothing that is beautiful or attractive, except what Nature has done for it. It seems amazingly dull and behind-hand. At this time of the year Nova Scotia is pretty, and the air is certainly fine; but for a summer stay I don't think we should care for it. Everywhere the standard of living seems lower than ours. On the whole, I'd give more for a day in Europe than for a month here. I was kept on the fly at Halifax, yet I am feeling better than when I left home, and in another week shall be quite ready to resume work again on the book and finish it up. . . .

THINE OLD MAN.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS WIFE

Boston, June 27, 1897

. . . I was up at five yesterday morning to take the early train from St. John, New Brunswick, and I travelled on the same car all day till nearly ten last night, when I arrived here, thoroughly tired, as you may imagine. This morning I felt rather played out, not having had a good night's sleep; and under the depression of mind thus produced I resolved not to go to class meeting, but to take the train for home. In the course of the day my spirits have rallied somewhat and I feel more courage to face the experience of seeing classmates after the changes wrought by forty years, and I have resolved to go. . . .

Thine, MOSES.

New Haven, 28 June, 1897. Have arrived all right and taken rooms in a private house in Crown street. Tried to get into the old house where I used to room, but it was full. Have seen no one yet. Am well and glad I came. Just saw a big class go to the ivy planting, etc., as we did forty years ago. They looked just as we did.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON TO MOSES COIT TYLER

Chicago, July 7, 1897

MY DEAR PROFESSOR:

I have this day finished with regret the reading of the first volume of your *Literary history of the American revolution.* I have seldom read anything in prose or in verse that has given me such unqualified satisfaction. But this expresses my sentiment feebly. In truth my admiration and enjoyment of your work have been unbounded. Your style captivates me. It is nearly ideal. The delicious aeration of humor in it tickles my literary respiration to such delight of life! No excess of humor, such as that offered in that wittiest of writers, James Russell Lowell, but all in admirably just and happy measure. But more of course and better than the exquisite style, so lucid, so direct, so urbane, so impressed with distinction of every sort, is the noble largeness and justness of view, the Christian humaneness of sentiment, the candor, the willingness, and the sympathetic capacity to see both sides and to give both credit according to truth and not according to passion — in short, these are the traits that should characterize the historian. For I should confidently expect, if I followed critically upon your track in the region of sources and authorities, to find that both your honesty and your sagacity were equal to your need, and that the skill with which you conduct narrative and with which you determine the order of your progress gives your reader delightful confidence, never failing, never disappointed in his guide. Said reader marches, or, rather, trips, lightly along, no unnecessary impedimenta embarrassing his movement. I empty out my praise like water escaping from a full bottle suddenly inverted. The water does not get out very well, but it shows its eagerness to do so. I shall quite literally wait with much impatience for the second volume. I ought to say that three of us have read your book, every word of it, together. We have all of us enjoyed it equally.

Cordially,

W. C. WILKINSON.

New York, 9 July, 1897. Left home at about ten minutes of eight in the morning; reached Twenty-third street, New York,

at six in the evening. At seven was at Century club to dine with George Haven Putnam. Talked about literary plans. He was greatly taken with my plan for developing American history through biographies, after the spirit of Plutarch.

New York, 30 July, 1897. Began early with some proof-sheets that I had brought with me.

. . . Went to Pier 39, foot of Houston street, and inspected the ship *Massachusetts* which is to carry me and my fortune out into the sea to-morrow. Afterward, at twelve, called by appointment on Mr. W. Appleton and discussed with him a proposal that I should do the volume in *American literature* in a series of books projected by Edmund Gosse and to be published here and in London. In afternoon rested a bit; later took boat to Coney Island and returned by half-past seven. Tired.

LETTER FROM CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS TO MOSES COIT TYLER

North East Harbor, Maine, July 30, 1897

MY DEAR TYLER:

I have this moment finished Volume I of the great book. How superbly you have done your work! It greatly exceeds my expectations, high as they were. It is marvellous that you have held the balance so evenly and have succeeded in deciding all questions with such marvellous impartiality as to conceal your own predilections.

The most successful part, or, rather, I should say the most striking part, is your dealing with the Loyalists. I shudder to think that if you and I had been born just a century earlier or possibly a little more — we might at the end of the eighteenth century have been "blue noses" or "Cannicks" and our descendants might have been seeking college presidencies and fellowships at Cornell and elsewhere! Isn't it an appalling thought? And yet you have done the Loyalists full justice without going

over to their side, as I feared you would do. The chapter on the *Declaration* is also great. It is hard for me to be quite just to the blatherskite who wrote it. Inspired he doubtless was, but still he was a blatherskite.

I am impatient for the second volume. When can I have it? Don't think, my dear fellow, of giving up the job. You are the foreordained historian of the country. In fifteen or twenty more years you can double the number of your volumes and pass on a magnificent growth of volumes to a grateful futurity. And I? What I have done seems merely to have been throwing my effort into the air — whether or not I have enriched or helped anybody is more than I can guess. I look with unqualified admiration upon the way you have, for this great result, denied yourself to all alluring solicitations. There are doubtless times when the method of Bunyan's hero is the only way. If you have put your fingers in your ears and shouted "Life, eternal life!" you now have your reward.

The book, while having the same general traits as the first one, deals with subjects of greater importance, and consequently is entitled to higher rank. It would be hard to say when there has been a contribution to our historical literature of so much worth.

How I wish you could come to see us! We are here in our cottage and should be delighted to welcome you and Mrs. Tyler. Can't you come, say, the first or second week of September? We go out for meals, but find in the fact no inconvenience, and we can easily furnish you with the due quota of pillows and plates. Mrs. Adams will join in a hearty welcome.

Remember us both kindly to wife and daughter, if she is there, and believe me,

Very truly yours,

C. K. ADAMS.

At Sea, 2 August, 1897. Well, that tells my story. Sixty-two years old! This was the last birthday my dear father ever had; and if I live till next November I shall live as long as he did.

A glorious night's sleep last night; the state-room was cool and full of fresh air, and all day, under a clear sky, we have been steaming along at a steady pace of about eleven knots an hour. I have been reading *Peter Ibbetson* — my first taste of it; and my expectations are not fully met. Comes upon me the drawing to write my novel — my story of the tragic love episode of the Bacon rebellion in Virginia. Would it not be wise for me to fill my mind with the subject, and write the thing out and be done with it, and see what comes of it; and after that go at my Plutarchian labors — if I live? I wonder if I shall live. Constantly am I haunted this year by the thought of sudden death. It is not a gloomy thought — rather is it a fascinating one — and yet I should like to stay here ten years longer and finish a few more pieces of work.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS WIFE

Corda, Shanklin, Isle of Wight, Aug. 29, 1897

I came down here from London day before yesterday. I had no address, but looked around for an hour or two and finally took this boarding establishment. It is in beautiful grounds and near the sea, and is a regular continental *pension*, though conducted by English people. There is much ceremony at table and all the people but myself are Britons, apparently. Table is most excellent, and for all this I am paying less than I should have to do at the crude Beachcroft or even at Slaterville. But what I want to tell you is my great pleasure in the Isle of Wight — my joy in its air, beauty, history, life, and especially in the picturesqueness of this particular place. I don't wonder that Tennyson chose the Isle of Wight for his home; and it seems to me that here a man could write poetry if he could do it anywhere. It far more than meets my expectations in every respect. Next year when we are in Europe together I should like to bring you here and have you enjoy this paradise.

London, September 9, 1897

. . . My departure from the Isle of Wight was last Monday morning, arriving at Salisbury by noon. I spent the rest of the day in and near the wonderful cathedral — the most graceful one in England—and I greatly enjoyed staying at an old hotel called the Crown. On the visitors' book I found the names of Colonel Higginson, his wife, and daughter, who lately spent a week there. On Tuesday morning I drove out to Stonehenge — nine miles from Salisbury. I was deeply impressed by this colossal relic of an unknown past. Early in the afternoon I left for Winchester, and had the latter part of the day for its cathedral, and the following forenoon for the famous old school and some historic places in the town.

Windemere, September 12, 1897

At last I am getting a view of this beautiful Lake District — this haunt and home of great literary memories — this *Wordsworthshire*, as Lowell calls it. And the weather is most glorious — full of sunshine and clear, balmy and bracing air. Of course I have not yet had time to look about much. I have just come from church, where we had a most hearty service and a refreshing sermon; and this afternoon I am going to devote to rambling in this neighborhood. . . .

I want to let you know that I have quite thrown off the cold which threatened me a few days ago, and am now feeling exceedingly well and eager to sail out into the Atlantic deeps for home. . . . How I wish that you were with me here now in this charming place, that we could see together what it has to show us. This travelling alone is hard.

[The following letters, from four well-known men to Moses Coit Tyler, are placed here, although out of chronological order. They were written during this trip to Europe, but were not received until his return to America:]

LETTER FROM WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE TO MOSES COIT TYLER

August 12, 1897

DEAR SIR:

Your volume has just reached me and I have to thank you for your great courtesy

For nearly half a century I have been an admiring student of the American Revolution and I believe myself to owe to it an appreciable part of my own political education.

Allow me to remain, dear sir,

Yours very faithfully, WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

LETTER FROM EDWARD DOWDEN TO MOSES COIT TYLER

Buona Vista, Dublin, August 27, 1897

DEAR PROFESSOR TYLER:

I need not before writing read your first volume of *The literary history of the American Revolution* — though I am eager to read it — for I know what to expect —a great addition to my knowledge, thorough scholarship, sound judgment, and a critical method which results in the best of literary attainments — the equity of large sympathy.

I have been away from home and have only just returned, to find the book waiting for me. I shall not feel it fully my own until I have become acquainted with all its contents. A visit to Princeton last year brought me somewhat nearer to the world and the past time of which you speak. I wish it had been possible to have gone to Cornell University, but my Dublin work obliged me to return immediately after the Princeton celebration. Should your second volume appear early in the autumn, it is just possible that it might set me writing something for that trilingual *Cosmopolis*, but it might also happen that it might give me too full a sense of my own ignorance to allow me to do this. I have promised to send something to the editor for November or December. At present I can only wish that it were possible for me to make your book the subject of an article.

Pray give my kindest remembrance to Professor Corson and believe me, Very truly yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK LEWIS PATTEE TO MESSRS. PUTNAM

State College, Pennsylvania, September 4, 1897

DEAR SIRS:

Near the close of the summer session here I received from you a copy of Vol. I of Professor Tyler's *Literary history of the American revolution.* As I was just on the point of leaving for a summer's wheeling tour through England and Scotland, I had time to give it only a glance. Since my return, however, last week, I have taken the earliest opportunity of examining it and I will now report my impressions. I have been long acquainted with the history of our colonial literature by Professor Tyler and I mentioned it several years ago in our text-book on our literature as the supreme authority on the period. I can now extend my statement so as to include the present volume in hand. Every page shows traces of great research among original documents. It seems to be exhaustive. One has the impression constantly that every pains that patience and scholarship can give have been exhausted to make the work a complete and final authority. I believe the book is definite. I cannot conceive how a more thorough and accurate history could be made. I am singing its praises right and left. As I wrote Professor Tyler, I have been impressed more and more with the literary merits of the work. Aside from its scholarship, its accuracy, its grasp of details, and its wonderful condensation, it is also a work of real literary art. I find myself reading chapter after chapter with headlong interest as if it were a novel.

Again thanking you for your kindness in sending me a copy of the first volume of the work, I am,

Yours cordially,

FRED. LEWIS PATTEE.

LETTER FROM W. H. LECKY TO MOSES COIT TYLER

London, 38 Onslow Gardens, S. W., October 5, 1897

MY DEAR SIR:

I am afraid you must have thought me very discourteous in not having before thanked you for the first volume of your truly original *Literary history of the American revolution.* . . .

I only returned last night and have already been spending a considerable time on your book, which seems to me to be both admirable in its thoroughness and a perfect marvel of the candid treatment of a highly controversial subject. It is full of instruction to both our countries and will, I am sure, tend powerfully to the end which you have so well indicated in your preface. I am delighted that the concluding volume is actually in the press.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

W. H. LECKY.

CHAPTER XX

1898

LETTER FROM EDMUND GOSSE TO MOSES COIT TYLER

London, 29 Delamere Terrace, Jan 1, 1898

DEAR PROFESSOR TYLER:

I have to thank you for very many kind letters and gifts. But the announced Vol. II of *The literary history of the American revolution* did not come. So I eventually possessed myself of it in the ordinary way; and I have written a belated review of it (of no sort of value) which I enclose as a New Year's greeting. It shows, I hope, good will and appreciation of your excellent work, which indeed needs no bush.

Perhaps you will take my review as a letter and forgive a brief note from me to-day, as my hands are rather full.

With all the most cordial wishes of the season, I am, my dear Professor Tyler, Very sincerely yours,

EDMUND GOSSE.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM C. WILKINSON TO MOSES COIT TYLER

Chicago, February 26, 1898

MY DEAR PROFESSOR TYLER:

I have just finished the second volume of your *Literary history of the American revolution*, and I wish to congratulate you on the happy achievement of your noble task. I have constantly admired the competent knowledge of your subject everywhere displayed; the fine sympathy with everything lovely and of good report; the even judicial balance between this side and that steadily maintained; the penetrative sagacity that has guided you safely where there was such excellent chance to go astray; the blithe humor with which you have — using the wisdom of the *not too*

much—lavished your pages, and the fine, choice, copious diction and felicitous phrase and satisfactory rhythm that gave distinction to your style. You have done your work so well that no one worth considering will ever attempt to do it better.

Cordially,

WM. C. WILKINSON.

LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

Cornell University, March 1, 1898

SIR:

I beg you to accept my thanks for the excellent notice of my books as given by you in your literary department last Sunday. Ever since I became a writer for the public I have received generous appreciation from the *Tribune*, and have reason to remember as long as I live the help given to me by your old literary editor, George Ripley. For this reason I had been especially concerned that my recent publications were to be overlooked by you — a token now happily removed.

I write more particularly to say that those who know are already giving me unmerciful chaff on account of the extraordinary image which in the same paper was published over my name. For instance, yesterday afternoon, as I went to vespers, my rector met me at the church door, and in earnest tones asked me if I "were not going to murder the editor of the *Tribune*." You will agree with me that when a minister of religion begins to prompt one of his parishioners to homicide, the case must be an aggravated one.

I wish to assure you, however, that not yet has the homicidal mania seized me, and I content myself for the present by asking you to accept a copy of my latest photograph, and to be so good as to hold it up for a moment by the side of the portrait which you have innocently sent to your readers as mine. The practical effects of such a representation are likely to be felt in a disastrous way by my publishers, if the remark of one of my colleagues is justifiable — that he would not buy or read the book of an author who looked like that — nay, he would not admit the book into his house.

You see, therefore, dear Mr. *Tribune*, that you have got me into a scrape. The amount of derision that I am receiving, here at present, both personally and through the post-office has perhaps this advantage, that it conduces to Lenten humility, to a general loss of appetite, and to much fasting and prayer.

I don't know whether the photo I send you is capable of being used by you at any time in a manner likely to remove the ghastly impression to which I now refer; but if my old friend, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, should happen to be personally present when this letter reaches you, I think his benevolent spirit would find satisfaction in advising that some attempt at reparation be made to me. However, I want you to understand that I am getting great spiritual good out of this discipline.

Yours sincerely, MOSES COIT TYLER.

LETTER FROM EDWARD DOWDEN TO MOSES COIT TYLER

Buona Vista, Dublin, April 8, 1898

DEAR PROFESSOR TYLER:

I have allowed long ungrateful — no, not ungrateful — months to slip away without thanking you for your second volume. I do not know when I have read a book that more fills the mind and satisfies it. I think the explanation of its distinguishing quality lies in entirely adequate knowledge and the spirit of intelligent and sympathetic justice. As I told you, I hoped to attempt an article on the suggestion of your book in *Cosmopolis*, but the editor, while beguiling me with the possibility that he would invite me to write such an article at some future time, told me that he specially wanted an article on Heine, and as I happened to know my Heine fairly well, so it had to be.

I saw that you had consented to write an *American literature* for Mr. Heinemann's series of literatures of the world. Good luck for Mr. Heinemann and good luck for many readers, but for my own part I like the sufficiency and wealth of a big book, and if the lives are clearly drawn, the breadth and depth united, even the delaying of the mind on a subject is a gain. How-

ever, if you pursue your work on the ampler scale, I shall find some cause to thank Heinemann for his skill in capturing you. . . .

Sincerely yours,

E. DOWDEN.

LETTER FROM EDMUND GOSSE TO MOSES COIT TYLER

London, 29 Delamere Terrace, June 11, 1898

MY DEAR TYLER:

I am looking forward to your book with the greatest anticipations of enjoyment.

By the way, the Appletons (who seem to be afraid to write to you direct) beg me to keep you up to the scheme of the *American literature*. But I refuse to hurry you.

I have had a letter from Professor Brander Matthews, in which he congratulates me on seeing you. And indeed I am proud enough, and need no congratulations.

Always cordially yours,

EDMUND GOSSE.

LETTER FROM ERNEST W. HUFFCUT TO MOSES COIT TYLER

Cornell University, July 12, 1898

MY DEAR PROFESSOR TYLER:

The glimpses are a joy. So is the glimpser. I always wanted to know him when he was just out of college and looking around with a humorous eye upon men and things preparatory to settling down. I've a kodak of him at that interesting period, thanks to him, and I like it very much. It was a happy thought to give us these sketches of a generation ago, for they have kept wonderfully well, and the fragrance is as the fragrance of yesterday. Thank you for the bouquet.

Ever faithfully yours,

ERNEST W. HUFFCUT.

Ithaca, 1 August, 1898. At 8:40 A.M. we two left the East Ithaca station for Canastota and Lake George. Reached the latter (Caldwell) at about eight in the evening, belated, and in

a heavy storm of rain and thunder. We are at the Lake House and in one of the cottages.

Caldwell, 2 August, 1898. Ætatis 63. Before breakfast I got out to orient myself, having been pitchforked into the town last night in the darkness. The air is worthy of the fame of this place for that article. At nine we took boat across the length of Lake George. We are charmed with the beauty of Lake George. I got a clear idea of the site of Fort Ticonderoga; and revised my impression of Burlington, Vermont, which I saw last in August, 1861. We reached Plattsburg at 7:00 P.M.

Plattsburg — Montreal, 3 August, 1898. After breakfast we took electric car for the Hotel Champlain, a superb hotel on a noble height about six miles south of this town. On the way going and coming we had a view of the Army Barracks — a series of comfortable brick buildings with suitable grounds for drill and parade; also of the Champlain Assembly grounds — the Catholic Summer School, not far from the Hotel Champlain. this Catholic Chautauqua has a quiet look, not much like the big concern in western New York. At about half-past twelve we took the train for Montreal, getting a glimpse of Fort Montgomery, near Rouse's Point, arriving at Montreal at 3:00 P. M. We have taken up our abode at the Queen's Hotel — too near the station, and otherwise less agreeable than we expected. We should not star it as Baedeker has done. After getting our trunks through the customs, we took electric cars to Mount Royal, overlooking the city; ascending the hill by an incline cable car — much to the disapproval and discomfort of my companion, who, on the top of the mountain, seemed to fear that she was in danger of falling off. A noble view of the city, mountain and plain, but less spacious than would have been the case had the sky been clear.

Montreal, 4 August, 1898. After breakfast we went to the office of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, and secured our state-room for the steamboat to Quebec, leaving at seven to-night. Then we visited the old church of Notre Dame, etc.— Dominion Square — and the objects of interest adjacent to each. J —— would not go into the Cathedral of St. James, as it is an imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, at about half size. I found it cheap looking outside and in; the pedestals of the columns being wooden substitutes for the granite or marble they pretended to be. I went alone to see McGill University. Fine substantial buildings, especially the library. All had a look of efficiency and thrift. I could not get into the Anglican Cathedral, which apparently is open for the uses of a cathedral only now and then; at least it is not what it should be — a place for rest and meditation and prayer all day long and every day in the week.

. . . Having got ready to start for Quebec, we amused ourselves by spending part of the afternoon in an electric car ride out to a new village called Cartier, about six miles up the river; then back around the mountain.

At 5:45 we left the Queen's Hotel by cab for steamboat to Quebec. The sail down the river is charming. I was in Quebec just thirty-seven years ago—August, 1861—just after the battle of Bull Run; myself in poor health. I was greatly impressed by its look of solidity and massiveness — more so than now. Probably my standard has changed; certainly my own mental and physical conditions have done so.

Quebec, August 6, 1898. We were on deck from about seven till our arrival at the wharf at half-past eight in the morning. Watching for the first view of the Heights of Abraham and the Citadel. The banks of the noble river were lower than I had thought; but I was not disappointed in the sturdiness of Quebec.

We went to Hotel Victoria for breakfast. Then looked for quarters for our week or two here, and finally decided in favor of 3 St. Louis street, close by the Chateau Frontenac and the Esplanade. Then at leisure we rambled on the Esplanade and sat there long, looking at the glorious scene — almost unsurpassed of its kind. Then a car ride out to the scene of Wolfe's victory and death — not alighting.

Quebec, 6 August, 1898. The day has been spent in studying the places nearest to us; the Citadel, and the things en route, then the streets and houses between here and the Basilica. Last of all a car ride to Wolfe's monument. The place of his death is on the southern slope of a hill — the highest elevation on the Plains of Abraham — and in that spot he could hardly have seen much of the action in front — unless indeed it was some to the left. Much of the plain is now covered with streets, houses and enclosures; and it requires an effort to picture the scene.

Quebec, 8 August, 1898. Our great tour to-day has been across by ferry to Lewis, with its view of the Citadel; and then by boat to Sillery, from where we were able to see Wolfe's Cave and the neighborhood, the path by which he made his ascent up the cliff to his last battlefield.

Quebec, 9 August, 1898. After breakfast we took Pat Granary's caliche (including Pat himself and his nag) and, going to the Lower Town and though the Champlain road out to Wolfe's Cave, ascended the cliff to the upper lands forming the Plains of Abraham. We drove up the dwindling road that now enables people to do easily what was not so easy for Wolfe and his men — I declined the ride, but preferred to share with Wolfe a small bit of glory — of going up afoot. I corrected my historical impression of Wolfe's achievement in some particulars. For

example, it was not difficult to see that access to the heights might be gained there, for the steep and regular face of the long bluff is there broken by a wide recess or cove. The bluff is much lower at that point and, in fact, dies away. It appears also that he and his men simply followed the dry rocky bed of a stream called St. Denis, that at times poured down there. I was unable to identify this stream-bed, and suppose that the winding road partly covers it. Nevertheless, the ascent was steep enough and rough enough to make the act a labor, especially with knapsacks, guns, etc. Obviously, too, it had been deemed possible by the enemy that Wolfe might attempt it; for Montcalm had ordered a brigade to be stationed on the ground just above it, and if it had not been for the indolence of others Wolfe's great achievement would have been prevented.

Steamer Carolina, 12 August, 1898. We sailed from Quebec at about half-past eight and had a charming journey down the St. Lawrence, going by the southern channel past the Isle of Orleans, and greatly interested in the thirty miles of rocky solitude on the northern shore, in the sight of the two points enclosing Murray Bay, in the bright and winsome Rivière du Loup, in Cacuma seen from a distance, and finally in Tadusac, where the boat lay from eight in the evening until midnight. We strolled up to the hotel; and to the ancient church, its foundations dating from 1647, and its walls from 1747, with a picture given by Louis XIV. A kindly priest was there to show it to us and to add to its revenues by the sale of some photographs of it.

On Steamer Carolina, 13 August, 1898. We awoke at a dock which we found to be at the head of Ha-Ha Bay, and by about ten we had steamed thence and up into the other arm of the Saguenay to the town of Chicoutimi. There we had an hour, which I spent in looking about. The cathedral is large, and

within has a stately impressiveness. A new hotel. Tokens of pre-eminence of the Price family — the lately deceased head of which was the lumber king of the Saguenay. After the boat left the wharf, and while we were sitting near the prow, my name was spoken by one behind us, who proved to be Mr. Charles Hughes, once our next door neighbor on the campus, now a lawyer of brilliant activity in New York. His company added charm to the day's enjoyment of the far-famed Saguenay. The region of Trinity and Eternity mountains is very noble; otherwise I felt that the scenery had been overpraised. It did not reach my expectations, either as to beauty or sublimity. Still, one is glad to have seen it; and to be able to check off the Saguenay on one's card of life-doings, as done. We again lay at Tadousac, and this swift steamer had to loiter at various places in order to keep from getting back to Quebec too soon.

From Quebec to Sherbrooke, 14 August, 1898. After disposing of our trunks, we went to the Hotel Victoria for breakfast and dinner, resting comfortably. Our farewell walk in Dufferin Terrace, beneath the historic Citadel and in view of the river and island and distant mountains that frame in the harbor of Quebec, abide long in my mind as something of surpassing beauty and nobility.

Between three and four we crossed Lewis ferry and in due time — *i. e.*, about half past-nine — arrived at Sherbrooke and went to the Magog House, named thus hideously in deference to the river that passes through the town. Our ride in the hotel omnibus was enlivened by a scene with the driver, who had crowded the little vehicle with people and loaded it down with trunks, all of which he tried to make one poor horse draw up hill. Finally, I roared angrily to him to stop and let us out, as we would not share any longer in such brutality; and my voice so terrified the women and children who had jammed themselves into the

omnibus that they all rushed out of it, and so reduced the load to its normal size.

Sherbrooke to Bethlehem, N. H., 15 August, 1898. After a good breakfast we took trips in the electric cars to Lenoxville, where there is a noted college founded by the Anglican Bishop Williams; and then on the belt around Sherbrooke, which has some pretty streets and houses. I got a glimpse of a new kind of a nun — one of the Sisters of the Precious Blood. At eleven we left for Bethlehem, New Hampshire, which we reached after many shiftings from train to train, many delays at stations, and much lack of nourishment, at about a quarter of six.

Bethlehem, 16 August, 1898. The Gramercy. A glorious night's rest. The day has been spent in feeling our way around. I strolled alone toward the middle portion of the village — the big hotels, the shops, etc. Bought Sweetzer's *Guide to the White Mountains* and a *Bird's-eye view* of them, and have begun to study the subject.

LETTER FROM ANDREW D. WHITE TO MOSES COIT TYLER

Hotel Metropole, Hamburg, August 20, 1898

MY DEAR FRIEND:

. . . Now as to your book. Like everything you write, it gives me the greatest pleasure. When I first took up the book, I thought you were doing a risky thing in recalling experiences of so many years ago, but, as I read, I found them as fresh, as profitable, and as interesting as if they were first written yesterday. I took up first your essay on Lord John Russell, and it wrought a decided change in my opinions. I remember attempting to soothe the indignation of my students at Ann Arbor, just at the beginning of the Civil War, by saying, "Wait until Lord John Russell speaks," and alas! how he spoke, and how he acted, we remember but too well. Nothing since that time, I think, has given me a more exquisite joy in existence than that I had lived to hear him groan under the Alabama Award.

Do you remember what Goldwin Smith said of him? As a young man, Goldwin was frequently with Earl Russell, and he told me that the great statesman made on him the impression of "an eminent corn doctor." I was not aware of his refrigerative character until you informed us, and then I saw an additional argument in behalf of the theistic view of history in the fact that, just in the nick of time, Mr. Charles Francis Adams was designated by Providence to deal with him in the matter of the cruisers.

You remember how some of the papers advised, during a terribly hot summer in Kansas, that Mr. Adams should be sent to travel through the state. Strange, indeed, on any other but the providential theory of history, that he should have been brought in contact with your "peripatetic refrigerator."

Then I took up a number of the others. I think the one that tickled me most was that on "American reputations in England," and as an admirable example of lightness of touch your statement that, in reference to Stephen A. Douglas, an American traveller sees that "a real contribution has been made to the general stock of the gayety of nations." I do not know whether I have told you that one morning Henry Stevens in London told me that the night before, at a dinner party, George Grote, the historian, though on our side, scolded bitterly against the incapacity of the American generals, especially as shown by the fact that McClellan in Virginia and Fremont in Missouri had not formed a sudden junction and overwhelmed Lee.

I might pick out fifty more things which have delighted me thus far, but spare you. I would gladly tackle you on Gladstone, whom I admire in a way, but who seems to me the most complete sophist that ever existed.

This book of yours, as the others have done, arouses in me new desires and expectations regarding your *American Plutarch*. My dear fellow, you have the best chance in the world. Such a book as that, which I hope you are writing, ought to do a world of good, and at the same time increase your fame and future. Think of the effect of the old Plutarch! It has been enormous, and I am more and more surprised, as I roam over various historical epochs, to find what a vast number of leading men have

been inspired by it. You can do as good work for Americans and doubtless for many outside of our country. You have an admirable way of presenting the main points; you are brief without being dry; and you have a genial humor which carries your reader along with you inevitably. Now, my dear old boy, lay yourself out on these books; try hard, but do not try too hard.

Please give all kind messages from me to Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. Austen, accepting no end of good wishes for yourself, and with renewed thanks I remain,

Most heartily yours,

ANDREW D. WHITE.

P. S. There is only one thing about your book that I do not like, and I think that I must have complained of the same thing in reference to other books. You certainly ought to attach your professional title to your name; first, because the person who picks up the book has a right to be reminded of the position which you hold, and, secondly, because the university, it seems to me, has a right to be honored in this way. Strange as it may appear to many people, I have noticed on the part of many American professors and others a sort of modesty such as our English cousins never show, and in which I believe we make a mistake—namely, the frequent American habit of leaving off a man's position from the title page of any book which he publishes, or from his card. The Englishman, who generally cannot be complained of for lack of straightforwardness, never does these things. A. D. W.

Bethlehem, 28 August, 1898. At Echo Hill House still — which proves to be a delightful place for everything except food. All day spent in reading and rambling in the neighborhood.

Jackson, 31 August, 1898. This morning we walked up to a higher knoll on Black mountain — a very considerable climb for novices. Vast sweep of vision for us. The top of Mount Washington is under a veil all the time. We have given up the hope of seeing it this season. We should be here later in September.

Jackson, 2 September, 1898. We begin to plan our departure homeward next Monday. A long telegram came last night from the *New York world* asking my opinion as to what we should do with the Philippines. J —— withheld it from me till this morning — as I had gone to bed. Good girl! I should have muddled over it and spoiled my sleep, which was so deep that I ignored a vehement thunderstorm that is said to have come upon us during the night.

Boston, 6 September, 1898. This morning I called on my old friend Dr. S. A. Green, at the temporary quarters of Massachusetts Historical Society in the Tremont building, and had a very genial and reminiscent visit with him. The old boy seemed glad to see me.

Afterward called on F. J. Garrison, and Houghton, Mifflin & Co., where I also saw for the first time Mr. Mifflin. In the afternoon for refreshment we sailed to Nantasket Beach. We saw the battleship *Massachusetts*, and hundreds of admiring citizens thronging upon her decks.

Boston, 7 September, 1898. From half-past nine till about four in the afternoon was attending the meeting of the Tyler Family Association at Tremont Temple. A rather wearisome affair, in the most execrably hot and unventilated rooms.

Later we went to get the fresh air from the electric car and were overtaken by the most tremendous rainstorm. A bad job — that excursion.

8 September, 1898. We left Boston at 10:00 A. M. and reached New London at about 12:50. We were met by Cousin G. D. C. and escorted to Cousin E.'s house on Easton place. We strolled over the beach in the afternoon and saw houses and lands owned by the Tylers — descendants of Hopestill, I suppose.

CHAPTER XXI

1899 — 1900

[Eight months of the year 1899 were spent in rest and travel in the southern countries of Europe. In a letter dated Amalfi, April 9th, he wrote to his daughter as follows:]

. . . The individual here sees only his own immediate concern — is unable to see the indirect advantage to himself to come from the promotion of other interests. I said to a German at the hotel that I was surprised at the small amount of shipping at Naples.

"Yes," he said, "and the reason is that they build no docks; ships cannot load and unload directly from the shore; passengers and goods have to be embarked or disembarked through the intervention of small boats."

"But why not build docks?"

"Ah! the owners of the small boats object — they would lose their business."

These poor men could not reason far enough to see that with docks would come increase of shipping, with far more employment for them in other capacities and a general accession of commerce to the port.

I remarked on the advantage to Amalfi, and the other villages, of the magnificent road which at so great cost has been hewn out along the mountain rocks of that coast. It tempts hundreds of thousands of tourists to drive over that magnificent coast-line highway; and these sustain hotels and the other servitors of opulent travel.

Yet the boatmen of Amalfi, who used to row passengers from that town to Positano, were in a rage at the building of the road, and used to try to stop it by mobbing the workmen and by undoing at night what the latter did by day. Yet the building of that road has brought a thousand tourists to that coast where formerly was only one. The same rage for particularism shows itself in the octroi, which is Dingleyism at its utmost extension into absurdity.

The town of Naples stations an armed guard at every road of approach and collects a tax on every egg, every cabbage, every fish that is brought into town. At the first day of our arrival at Naples we went out to Posilipo; and as the returning tram-car reached a certain point it was halted by two soldiers, one of whom rudely demanded of an old woman in the car what was under her apron. She raised it and shook it to show him that she was not committing the crime of smuggling a crumb of bread into the city. All these officers are forbearing toward tourists. Of course, the government is too wise to drive away such valuable contributors to the public and private weal.

Yesterday, before we came to Positano, I saw a cart stopped by an officer who found therein a small quantity of macaroni and a little basket of eggs. These he seized and bore off in triumph to his office near by, apparently to fix the amount which the poor peasant was to pay for the privilege of carrying this stuff into Positano.

At Naples the line of the shore is marked by a wall, with here and there an opening where stands a soldier to collect a tax on every fish that is caught in the bay and brought through for sale or consumption.

There is a monopoly in salt — which is dear in Italy; and in Naples no man may dip a pailful of water out of the sea — lest he should take it home and make a thimbleful of salt on which he had paid no tax.

Yet such political economy has prevailed in Italy since before the Cæsars. Will not our American high tariff — nay, the custom system of the nations—yet seem as preposterous to most of us as does this miserable system of local greed and jealousy — each town retaliating upon every other by petty interferences with the freedom of trade.

I asked an Italian about this. He shrugged his shoulders, cast up his eyes, and said: "In Italy even the air is taxed."

On arrival at Sorrento some days ago we were rowed along the coast nearly a mile to the landing for Hotel Cocumella. On the way we met a larger boat rowed by six oarsmen in blue livery. Two gentlemen sat in the stern. One of them, with a full black beard, apparently about thirty-five or forty years of age, was Marion Crawford. Our boatman pointed out his villa, a little way from our hotel. In the portrait of him which I have seen he is only moustached. His appearance is stronger and less commonplace with the beard. Twice we have strolled through the narrow, winding, high-walled road which passes his front gate. This is in charge of a porter who evidently needs to be told to keep out intruders. I had some thought of sending him my card, but have heard here that he is much afflicted with tourists — just as Tennyson was to a still greater degree. So I keep my card and my dignity. Besides, lion-hunting has never been my favorite sport. The last time we walked near his house, we met four wholesome-looking children — two girls and two boys — with a governess and a tutor and talking pure and pretty English. Probably they were Crawford's children.

LETTER FROM THEODORE TILTON TO MOSES COIT TYLER

Paris, 73 Ave. Kleber, July 29, 1899

MY DEAR MOSES:

Before answering your letter written from Folkestone, I wished to finish my perusal of your noble brace of volumes.

This pleasant duty has occupied me during every hour of my leisure time since you left Paris. I have at last gone carefully through the whole work; and though I must here speak of it with the enforced muteness of epistolary pen and ink, yet I feel rather like jumping up from my chair, waving my pen-handle over my head, and calling out with a living and obstreperous voice, "Well done!"

In fact, my dear fellow, I take a personal pride in these noble books — coming as they do from the brain and soul of one of my life-long and dearest friends.

How I wish I could have your literary companionship day by day or once a week — to talk with you of things past, present, and to come!

I missed you at once after you had fled away.

If we never meet again in this life, let this letter testify to you — with all my heart — that your recent visit was a great refreshment to my spirit — an episode which I shall not forget. Like many other best things, it ended too soon. . . .

Ever yours as of old,

THEODORE TILTON.

LETTERS FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS WIFE, RELATING TO HIS LAST TRIP TO BOSTON

Boston, December 24, 1899

. . . The long journey did not prove very fatiguing, but in one of the several changes, I stupidly (and characteristically!) left my—*i. e.*, your old, renovated—umbrella. I seem to be possessed this year by a sort of demon of benevolence — in endowing my fellow beings with these useful devices for protection against rain and sun. As to rain, we are getting it here to-day; and there's less sun than is usual in the glorious climate of Ithaca.

I suppose you read in yesterday's paper the account of the appalling catastrophe at Amalfi — the awful rock-slide which carried the Hotel Capucini down into the sea, and with it all the houses and people in its track, including our dear little hotel — the Santa Catarina. Perhaps those earnest and obliging people are among the victims of this new and most awful form of destruction.

Besides going to Trinity Church, where I saw the new and majestic and almost animated bust of Phillips Brooks, I have spent almost two hours in walking about the city and noting the changes. This was before the rain came on. I quite enjoyed this stroll and especially the keen, bracing, salt sea air, which really has a substantial quality that you never feel in air not saturated by the sea.

I enclose a long cutting from to-day's *Boston herald* dealing in the speculative battles that are going on in copper values.

To me they suggest danger — the uncertainty attaching to shares in copper mines as these are manipulated and played with and kicked about by the colossal financial athletes of the country. It seems like resting one's little savings on a chip that is tossing on the waves of Boston Harbor — and may come home again or may sink. In other words, say what one may, this is speculation with vengeance in the form of risk; you may win; you are quite as likely to lose.

For my part, I doubt if I shall ever put anything into copper stocks; and I should feel happy if you all would draw out of them as soon as you can without loss. As for me, give me the good, old conservative and orthodox investments in the form of real estate. Such estate is real — copper stocks are not, they are only conjectural — they are splendid possibilities. At least, so it seems to me this Sunday afternoon in Boston town — the very cradle and nursery of copper stocks.

Lovingly, M.

Bostontown, December 26, 1899

DEAREST GURRL:

Well — the rain of Sunday is no more; it died a "natoral death," as David Harum would say, on the eve-nin' of the day it was born. Yesterday was a clear, cool, beautiful Christmas day. I had a note from Professor A. B. Hart asking me to telephone him as soon as I could after my arrival. That I did yesterday morning, with the result that I was invited to a family dinner at his house at one o'clock. I enjoyed seeing his home, his wife, his two little boys, and his books and toolshop generally.

The dinner was a quiet one, the children being present in honor of the day. After a further visit I called on Mrs. Justin Winsor, who seemed rejoiced that I did so. The last time I was here to attend a meeting of the Historical Association I was her guest, and her husband and daughter were in the full tide of health. I was glad that she liked to talk about the old times I had had again and again at her house, and also about her husband and her splendid daughter.

I got back to my room by dark; and had a nice evening chuckling to myself over *David Harum*.

This day has passed in a serene sort of way. I had expected Hart to join me for a trip to Revere Beach and a morning's stroll by the surf; but he telephoned that a lot of people had piled in upon him and he couldn't come, so I went alone. I had never seen it. 'Tis a noble beach, but must be a very hive of plebeians in summer — overrun by Boston cockneydom of all colors. The air was rather bitter to-day and I concluded that I had been lucky in my decision not to go for a Christmas basking on the rocks of Cape Ann.

This afternoon I walked away out Boylston street to the Fenway, and had a nice visit with dear old Dr. Greene in the superb new home of the Historical Society. He gave me a hearty welcome and inquired cordially after you. On my way back I dropped in at the Brunswick, where our association has its headquarters. MOSES.

LETTERS FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS WIFE

Hotel Athenæum, Chautauqua, July 3, 1900

DEAREST LITTLE GIRL:

I gave my first lecture at half-past two to the usual audience in the Hall of Philosophy and was introduced by George Vincent. They are a dull and commonplace looking lot of people, and many of the faces had a depressing look as of hopeless stupidity. They were not easy to get hold of — certainly not responsive to delicate strokes. However, after it was over I was greeted by many of them — some who remembered my former visit. Our precocious Southern boy (from Florida) also spoke to me; now twenty years old and just graduated.

One old lady challenged my acquaintance, but I could not recall her name, though her face I was conscious of having seen; and she had to tell me that she was Mrs. ——, now a widow.

The main features of the place are just as they were eight years ago; and of course all now is fresh, clean, and quiet. Several new buildings, many new cottages, general, gradual improvement; every token of settled prosperity M.

Chautauqua, N. Y., July 5, 1900

It is sizzling, boiling, roasting, frying weather here — night and day; and I have no balcony to sleep on, as I had eight years ago. I do think Chautauqua hot weather is the hottest variety of hot weather I ever encountered.

However, I am surviving, and shall be off to-morrow for Wisconsin. . . . I have definite news that my last lecture there will be August 9, 5–6 P. M. If possible I shall leave for the East the same night. If C. K. Adams indicates that he really desires to have me stop at Battle Creek to see him, I shall probably shape my journey to go that way, and shall thus be a day late in reaching New York. In any case, I can get there by Sunday, August 12. So we may count on getting to the seaside by the thirteenth of August. I suppose I shall write definitely soon as to the exact day of my arrival in New York.

Phew! — how I am perspiring. M.

22 Mandota Court, Madison, Wis., July 8, 1900

Here I am at my own writing table, in my own snug bedroom, looking out on the expanse of this pretty lake — Lake Mandota, in short.

Things have taken place since I last wrote very nearly according to programme. When I left Chautauqua last Friday, wasn't it hot? Oh, Jerusalem! wasn't it? At Lakewood I got into the Pullman which took me to Chicago; but what a night! Ye images of Tophet, Gehenna, and the seven-times-heated furnace of the Prophet! Reached Madison at 12:55

and not being met by any kind friend, made my way to this abode, where my welcome was altogether hearty. My room is a corner one and faces the lake and is as cool and pleasant as the thermometer allows.

Naturally, I have not yet rested from the night journey, but shall be quite right to-morrow. I have had a nice call from Professor Turner this morning and have got a better idea of things as to my part in them. Altogether, my impression of Madison and its people is most agreeable.

Please let me know in your next whether you have a definite understanding with Miss Vail as to our being there earlier than the former date. If I can reach New York by Saturday morning, what is to hinder us from taking the boat by Saturday evening, and reaching Block Island Sunday morning? However, if I stop at Battle Creek to call on C. K. Adams I may not reach New York quite soon enough for that. Shall know more soon. Meantime, let your consciousness hover over the dates, 11–12. Here I break off with dearest love to the wife and children. M.

Madison, July 11, 1900

. . . I cannot write more now than to say that I have got well started here and expect to pull through safely. I have so far very large audiences for a summer session — nearly three hundred; but, of course, this number will soon shrink. The room is large; the hour is five in the afternoon; and the exertion fatigues me very much so far.

I have not yet got into habits of exercise, and the weather has been very hot. The place is a thing of beauty; the people are highly cultivated and cordial, and I am having a lot of calls — to return. No more summer schools for me, if you please.

Lovingly, M. C. TYLER.

Madison, July 12, 1900

Your letter of Tuesday has just come and gladdens my heart. I am feeling much better. Yesterday morning I took

a run of nine miles on the bicycle and a long rest in the afternoon; so that, with that and a sip of tea at about half-past four, I felt quite fresh for my lecture at five and was not so weary afterward. This plan I shall pursue hereafter; and hope to keep from getting fagged out.

On Saturday morning quite a crowd of us are going to form a bicycle cavalcade and take a run of fifteen or twenty miles. The roads here are far better for it than with us, and the country is very beautiful.

I am glad to know that you have definitely decided to leave on August 1 and go to New Haven. . . . I really am kept very busy here, and have to study my lectures a good deal. Must knock off now and go to work. THINE.

Madison, July 13, 1900

. . . Last night I dreamed that you were calling loudly for me to help you somewhere outside of this house, and, springing up suddenly and rushing to the window, I must have shouted out very loudly in reply, before I woke myself up — whereupon I returned meekly to bed. I wonder if you had the nightmare at about that time and the fact was revealed to me by telepathy.

I am very tired to-day, and since my lecture this afternoon feel almost gone. However, the weather may partly account for it, yet I am a very tired man, no doubt. . . . M.

Madison, Saturday evening, July 14

. . . No lecture to-day, and though I had a sixteen-mile spin this morning, I have had a long rest and, not having wearied myself by lecturing, am feeling less fatigue than yesterday. . . .

I observe your amusement at my planning to get out of Madison immediately after my arrival. Well, that represents the way I really feel; for I long to be at rest by the sea. I shall not stop over at Battle Creek unless C. K. Adams should make a very urgent request for me to do so, and that is now not likely — for he is soon to leave for Mackinac. He is said to be much better.

With heaps of love to you all, YOUR OLD MAN.

LAST LETTER FROM MOSES COIT TYLER TO HIS WIFE

Madison, August 7, 1900

It seems strange to read in your letter of Sunday that the weather was cold. Here we have been gasping in a hot wave which seems endless. Probably the thing has reached you also by this time, and of course you will enjoy it. I am taking it as quietly as possible, and I am getting all my arrangements made in advance for my departure day after to-morrow night. Is it possible? Only two more lectures after to-day. *Laus Deo.*

I am sorry that you have had an attack of your former enemy — the rheumatism — and hope you have by this time routed him — yea, hip and thigh. . . . I expect that this will be my last letter from Madison. . . . If anything delays me seriously, I will telegraph if I can do so.

Oh, how this Madison business has bored me! Never again in such a scrape, I rather think.

Lovingly, MOSES.

[During the night of Friday, December 28th, of this year, 1900, my father left this earth life, and on the following Sunday, at Sage Chapel, at three o'clock, his funeral, preceded by simple ceremonies at home, took place; and his body, escorted by his family and a few friends, was carried to that lot to which he had so often alluded in his diary, and which he had thoughtfully prepared for his final resting place.

The disease of which my father died was a cystitis, which was the result of an enlarged prostate. At the end he was ready to go. During the last few years he had talked often of dying and was almost superstitious that he would die at the same age that his father had.

A short time before his death he had written to his only surviving sister:]

"Much of the things I have toiled for in life now appear to me, as I approach the period of old age, to be mere froth and scum, and I am satisfied that to give one's life utterly to the good of others, in the ways pointed out by the Christian Church, is touching the reality of blessedness in living."

THE END

COUNTRY LIFE PRESS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

UNIV. OF MICHIGAN,

MAY 1 1912

INDEX

A

Adams, C. K., 210, 249, 250, 251, 253, 264.
  Letter from, 295.
Alcott, Louisa M., 31.
  Letter from, 31-33.
All Souls' College, Oxford, 183
American Plutarch, 254, 295, 312.
American politics, 142.
Ames, Mary Clemmer, 49.
Andover Seminary, 8, 9, 10.
Anti-Christian, Desire to meet an, 91.
Apgar, E. A., Life of, 204.
Arlington Place, Washington, 61.
Arndt, Wilhelm, 237.
Arnold, Matthew, 144.
  Culture and Anarchy, 105.
Assassination, Danger of, 71-73.
Aubrey House, London, 27.
Austen, Jessica Tyler, Letter to, 315.

B

Balfour, Clara Lucas, 25-26.
Bancroft, George, 88, 89, 131, 259.
  Letter from, 209.
  Portrait of, 210
Bay View, Mich., Lectures at, 287.
Bayly, Mrs. Mary, 25.
Beecher, H. W., 21, 24, 49, 75, 77, 81, 85, 87.
  Plans for *Christian union*, 78.
  Tribune defence of, 84.
Beecher, Thomas K., 7.
Berlin, Germany, Life in, 224.
Bible not a revelation on science, 90.
Biedermann, Karl, 227.
Bismarck, Prince von, 240.
Boston, Mass., 16.
Birth, 3.
Block Island, R. I., 284.
Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, 184.
Brownville papers, 35.
Braunschweig, Germany, 217.
Bright, John, 213.
British Museum Library, 158.
Brooklyn *Union*, 46.
  Writing for, 49.
Brooks, Phillips, 111.
Brougham, Henry, 54, 213.
Brown-Sequard, Dr., 24.
Bryant, W. C., 81, 82, 83.
Buckle, Thomas, 67.
Bull Run, Battle of, 13.
Burdett-Coutts, Baroness, 136.
Burke, Edmund, 45.
Burns, Robert, 184.
Burnside, A. E., 15, 16.
Burr, G. L., 269.

C

Cable, G. W., Letter from, 291.
Cahill, Edward, Letter from, 71.
Cambridge, Eng., 145-148.
Canada, Visit to, 306-310.
Carbondale, Pa., Lecture at, 78.
Chambre des députés, 164-166.
Chamouni, France, 173.
Channing, W. E., 15.
Chautauqua, N. Y., 320, 321.
  Lectures at, 320.
Christian union, Editor of, 77.
  Severs connection with, 86.
Clark, T. M., Bishop of R. I., 192.
Cleveland, Grover, Campaign of, 195-197.
  Letter from, 267.
Coleridge, S. T., 33.
Colfax, Schuyler, 50, 52, 55-63, 74.
Columbia University, Professorship at, 118, 120, 121, 122, 127, 128, 129.
Constantia, N. Y., 5.
Conway, M. D., 27.
Cornell University, 36.
  Professor at, 79, 118.
  Presidency, 112-114, 117.
  Work at, 179-180, 193.

Corson, Hiram, 133.
Coutts, Baroness Burdett, *See* Burdett-Coutts.
Coventry, Eng., 149, 150.
Coxe, A. C., Bishop of N. Y., 177.
Creed, Religious, N. Y. *tribune* on, 128.

D

Death, 3, 324.
Degrees, Honorary, 89, 180.
Delitsch, Friedrich, 237.
Detroit, Mich., 5.
Diaries, 40-41, 125.
Dickens, Charles, 32.
Dieppe, France, 160.
Doane, Bishop, 259.
Douglass, Frederick, 19.
Dowden, Edward, 247.
Letter from, 299, 304.
Dwight, Timothy, 257.

E

Early life, 3.
Editorial work, Dislike for, 84.
Edwards, Amelia B., 256.
Ely, Eng., 148.
Emerson, R. W., 17-18.
England, Sails for, 23.
Impressions of, 159.
Evening post, offer of editorship, 84.

F

Faith in God, 119, 121, 122, 124.
Fisher, Kuno, 244.
Frederick, Harold, 246.
Fredericksburg, 15.
Freeman, E. A., 123, 126.
Freneau, Philip, 199.
Froude, J. A., 143.

G

Gambetta, L. M, 165-166.
Garrison, Wm. L., 18, 19.
General Theological Seminary, Lectures at, 199.
Geneva, Switzerland, 173.
German language, Study of, 210, 211, 219.
German women, 223.
Germany, Life in, 214-245.
Gladden Washington, Letter from, 11.
Gladstone, W. E., 27, 137.
Letter from, 299.
Glimpses of England, 305, 311.
Goethe's *Faust*, 105
Gosse, Edmund, Letter from, 302, 305.
Graduation from Yale, 8.
Grand Pre, 292.
Grant, U. S., 51, 54, 57-63, 79.
Greeley, Horace, 80.
Greene, Dorcas, Letter to, 7.
Greene, Edward, Letter to, 11.
Greene, James, 75.

H

Halifax, N. S., 293.
Halle University, 232.
Hanover, Germany, 215.
Harris, S. S., Bishop of Mich., 220, 224.
Hart, A. B., 319. Letter from, 289.
Harte, Bret, 80.
Hasse, Ernst, 236.
Hayne, Paul, Letter to, 92.
Hillcroft, Study at, 96.
Historical novel, Plans for, 217, 237, 248, 265, 297.
History of Amer. literature, 94, 95, 97-99, 101, 102.
History of the U. S., 64, 75.
Hoge, M. D., 260.
Holyoake, G. J., 27.
House of Commons, 137, 138, 139.
Howells, W. D., Letter from, 290.
Huffcut, E. W., Letter from, 290, 305.
Hughes, C. E., 310.
Hughes, Thomas, 27.
Hugo, Victor, 167-169.
Huntington, F. E., Bishop of N. Y., 123.
Illness, 14.
Independent, Writing for, 23, 48, 49.
Italy, Taxes in, 315-317.
Ivison, Henry, 31.

J

James, Henry, 277.
Johnston, Gen. J. E., 62.
Journalism, 46.
Judd, N. B., 51.

L

Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., 268.
Law, Study of, 42, 47, 48.
Leamington, Eng., 150-151.
Lecky, W. H., Letter from, 300.
Lee, Gen. R. E., Surrender of, 60-61.
Leipzig, Germany, 225-243.
Lewis, Dio, 14, 15, 20.
  Letter to, 91.
Lincoln, Abraham, 51.
Literary History of the American revolution, 106, 107, 249, 266, 288, 289, 290, 291, 294, 295, 300, 302, 304, 318.
London, Eng., Impressions of, 23, 31, 136, 159, 245.
Lounsbury, T. R., 126, 257.
Lowell, J. R., 49, 139, 140-143.
Lowell lectures, 115, 116.
Luthardt, C. E., 226.
Lutheran Church service, 222.
Luxembourg, Palais de, 166, 167.

M

Macauley, T. B., 26.
McCarthy, J. H., 141, 143.
McClellan, Gen. G. B., 22.
McMaster, J. B., 276.
Madison, Wis., 321-324.
Marriage, 11.
Maurenbrecher, Wilhelm, 227, 229, 239-241.
Mecklenburg declaration, 83.
Michigan University, 6. Professor at, 23, 35, 37, 85.
Middletown, Conn., Lecture at, 190.
Modoc Indians, 80.
Moody, D. L., 253.
Morley, Henry, 138.
  Letter from, 103.
Morley's *Manual of English literature*, 86.
  First sketch of English literature, 103.
  Review of, 105.
Motley, J. L., 79.
Moulton, Frank, 93.
Moxon, Philip, 275.
Müller, Max, 181-182.
Mulford, Elisha, 68-69.

N

N. Y. City, Life in, 188, 190, 198, 202.
N. Y. State University convocation, 180.
N. Y. *tribune*, Letter to, 303.
Novel, Historical, plans for, 217, 237, 248, 265, 297.

O

Olmsted, F. L., 80.
Ordination, 121, 177-178.
Overbeck, J. A., 229, 230, 231.
Owego, N. Y., 13.
Oxford, Eng., 144, 182-183.

P

Palmer, Roundel, 213.
Parentage, 3.
Paris, France, Impressions of, 161-169, 185.
Parker, Theodore, 21.
Parkman, Francis, 82.
Parliament, English. *See* House of Commons.
Pattee, F. L., Letter from, 300.
Patterson, Mrs. Mark, 182.
Patrick Henry, 177, 204, 205-207, 209.
Peabody, Miss E. P., 15, 17-18.
Peabody Institute lectures, 127, 176.
Peterboro, Eng., 149.
Phillips, Wendell, 18, 19, 20-21.
Poe, E. A., 49.
Politicians, Partisan, 64.
Politics, 108, 109, 110.
Porter, Noah, 258.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 13.
  Pastorate at, 14.
Preaching, Love for, 115, 116, 175, 178, 187, 263.
Providence, R. I., Lecture at, 192.
Putnam, G. H., Letter to, 94, 95, 100.
Putnam's Sons, G. P., Letter to, 97.

Q

Quebec, Canada, 307-309.

R

Reading, Object of, 65.
Remenyi, Edouard, 108.
Richardson, Abby Sage, 49.